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THE HISTORY OF Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

IN A

SERIES of LETTERS

Publiſhed from the ORIGINALS,

By the Editor of PAMELA and CLARISSA.

In SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Richardſon;

And Sold by C. HITCH and L. HAWES, in *Pater-noſter Row*;
By J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*;
By ANDREW MILLAR, in the *Strand*;
By R. and J. DODSLEY, in *Pall-Mall*;
By JAMES LEAKE, at *Bath*. And
By R. MAIN, in *Dublin*.

M.DCC.LIV.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

LETTER I.

Miss HARRIET BYRON, *To Miss* LUCY SELBY.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a ſanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which, in others, we ſhould have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a miſleader; an idol, at whoſe ſhrine we ſometimes offer up our Sincerity; but, in that caſe, it ſhould be called *Indelicacy*.

Nothing, ſurely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: Yet how was I pleaſed with Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, for endeavouring to paſs me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known;

and would ſo remain, till the gentleman had diſcovered his.

And are there ſome ſituations, in which a woman muſt conceal her true ſentiments? In which it would be thought immodeſty to ſpeak out?—Why was I born with a heart ſo open and ſincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has ſaid in his Letter relating to the Danby's, ſhould women be blamed, for owning modeſtly a paſſion for a worthy and ſuitable object? Is it, that they will not ſpeak out, leſt, if their wiſhes ſhould not be crowned with ſucceſs by *one* man, they ſhould deprive themſelves of a chance to ſucceed with *another?* Do they not propoſe to make the man they love, happy?—And is it a crime to acknowlege, that they are ſo well diſpoſed to a *worthy* object? A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleneſs is there in the cuſtom that compels us to be inſincere? And ſuppoſe we do not ſucceed with a firſt object, ſhall we cheat a future Lover with the notion that *he* was the firſt?

Hitherto I had acted with ſome ſelf-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not ſeen the man to whom I could wiſh to give my hand at the altar: But when I found my heart engaged, I was deſirous Lady D. ſhould know that it was. But yet, miſled by this ſame notion of delicacy, I could think myſelf obliged to the two Siſters, and my Lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett: When the right meaſure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commiſſioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not have put on diſguiſes to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit, and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honeſt girl upon approving of ſuch tricks?—Begone, Love! I baniſh

baniſh thee, if thou wouldſt corrupt the ſimplicity of that heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: For, What do you think?—Miſs Grandiſon had (by ſome means or other; ſhe would not tell me how) in Dr. Bartlett's abſence on a viſit to one of the Canons of Windſor, got at a Letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his deſk.

Here, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, is the Letter ſo lately brought, not perhaps quite honeſtly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me). You are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you ſo far partake of my fault as to read it firſt?

O Miſs Grandiſon! ſaid I: And *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the peruſal of it. And I held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: But (immediately recollecting myſelf) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honeſt?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault.—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me ſo? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the firſt paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the firſt paragraph.

Tempter! ſaid I, how can you wiſh me to imitate our firſt pattern! And down I ſat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away, while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miſs Grandiſon, don't give me cauſe for ſelf-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowleged* fault.

She read a line or two; and then ſaid, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name. I will——

No, no, no, ſaid I, putting my fingers to my ears. —Yet, had you come honeſtly by it, I ſhould have longed to read it—By what means——

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so—But was it so?—And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your Letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—Shall I? (holding it out to me) Shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it—Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there any-thing in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure, there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shewn us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this Letter for half I am worth! O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison-hall!

Begone, Siren: Letters are sacred things. Replace it—Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it?—And yet——

Ah! Lucy, I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: But, recollecting myself, Begone, said I: Carry back the letter: I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while——

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give to it.—You had as good read it—Here, take it—Was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily——

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison, What *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I'll tell you——

No,

No, you ſhall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will aſk you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You ſhall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be ſo uſed myſelf.

Such praiſes did I never hear of woman!—Oh, Harriet!——Such praiſes——

Praiſes, Charlotte!—From your Brother?—O this curioſity! the firſt fault of our firſt parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to aſk queſtions, laugh at me, and welcome: But I beſeech you, anſwer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the Letter; and do not ſeek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me aſk you, Are you willing, as a third Siſter, to take Emily into your guardianſhip, and carry her down with you into Northamptonſhire?—Anſwer me that.

Ah! Miſs Grandiſon! And is there ſuch a propoſal as that mentioned?—But anſwer me not, I beſeech you. Whatever propoſal is intended to be made me, let it be made: It will be too ſoon, whenever that is, if it be a diſagreeable one.

But let me ſay, madam (and tears were in my eyes) that I will not be treated with indignity by the beſt man on earth. And while I can refuſe to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myſelf (you are a Siſter, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear) I have a title to act with ſpirit, when occaſions call for it.

My dear, you are ſerious—Twice *madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that paſſage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourſelf.

And ſhe was looking for it; I ſuppoſe, intending to read it to me.

No, Miſs Grandiſon, ſaid I, laying my ſpread hand upon the Letter; I will neither read it, nor hear it

read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occaſion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myſelf of the conſciouſneſs of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot—Excuſe me, madam.

I went to the door, and was opening it—when ſhe ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: But how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the beſt man in it! Only ſay, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you ſay, that you came not honeſtly by that Letter, and yet forgive yourſelf? But, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, inſtantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakneſs you ſhould find me deſirous to know any of the contents of a paper ſo naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: And if I had, all the information it would have given me, could never have recompenſed me for what I ſhould have ſuffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you ſhame me! I will replace the Letter. And I promiſe you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myſelf (and yet they are glorious to my brother) I will never mention any of them to you; unleſs the Letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the ſiſterly embrace. We ſeparated; ſhe retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the Letter; I at the other, to re-conſider all that had paſſed on the occaſion. And I hope I ſhall love her the better for taking ſo kindly a behaviour ſo contrary to what her own had been.

Well,

Well, but, don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my eſcape from my curioſity? I am ſure my Grandmamma, and my Aunt, will be pleaſed with their girl. Yet it was a hard ſtruggle, I own: In the ſuſpenſe I am in; a very hard ſtruggle. But tho' wiſhes will play about my heart, that I knew ſuch of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleaſed that I yielded not to the temptation, than I ſhould have been, if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the ſuperiority this Lady aſcribes to me over herſelf, whom ſo lately I thought greatly my ſuperior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since if I had conſidered only rules of policy, I ſhould have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: For what uſe could I have made of any knowlege I might have obtained by this means? If any propoſal is to be made me, of what nature ſoever, it muſt, in that caſe, have appeared to be quite new to me: And what an affectation muſt that have occaſioned, what diſſimulation, in your Harriet?—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under ſuch trials as might have ariſen from a knowlege ſo faultily obtained?

And had I been diſcovered; had I given cauſe of ſuſpicion, either to Dr. Bartlett, or Sir Charles; I ſhould have appeared as the principal in the fact: It would have been mean to accuſe Miſs Grandiſon, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And ſhould I not have caſt a ſlur upon that curioſity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refuſed to gratify, as well as ſhut myſelf out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very poſſible, beſides, that, unuſed as I have been to artifice and diſguiſe, I ſhould have betrayed myſelf; eſpecially had I found any of the contents of the Letter very affecting.

Thus you ſee, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, juſtifies me: And in this particular I am an happy girl.

Miſs Grandiſon has juſt now told her Siſter what paſſed between us. Lady L. ſays, ſhe would not have been Miſs Grandiſon, in taking the Letter, by what means ſoever come at; for how, ſaid ſhe, did I know what ſecrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it *had* been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miſs Byron.

And ſhe threw her arms about me; Dear creature, ſaid ſhe, you *muſt* be Lady Grandiſon——

Muſt! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: She *ſhall.*

Miſs Grandiſon talked to Lady L. of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: Of a viſit he is ſoon to make to Grandiſon-hall; and ſhe to go with him: Of his going to Paris, in order to ſettle ſome matters relating to the Will of his late friend Mr. Danby——

Well, Lucy, my time in town is haſtening to its period. Why am I not reminded, that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who perhaps will not be able to carry down with her the heart ſhe brought up? And yet, to go down to ſuch dear friends without it, what an ungrateful ſound has that!

Miſs Grandiſon began to talk of other ſubjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praiſe. I could have heard all ſhe had to ſay with infinite pleaſure. I *do* love to hear him praiſed. But, as I doubted not but theſe ſubjects aroſe from the Letter ſo ſurreptitiouſly obtained, I reſtrained myſelf, and withdrew.

* *

Of what a happy temper is Miſs Grandiſon! She was much affected with the ſcene that paſſed between us; but all is over with her already. One leſſon upon her harpſichord ſets every-thing right with her. She has

has been raillying Lord L. with as much life and ſpirit, as if ſhe had done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the Letter which ſhe got at diſhoneſtly, as ſhe owned, what a poor figure ſhould I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did ſhe not as ſoon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderſon's affair? How unmercifully did ſhe railly me, within a few hours after!—Yet, ſhe has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakneſs to look without abatement of affection on thoſe faults in one perſon which we ſhould hold utterly inexcuſable in another? In Miſs Grandiſon's caſe, however, don't ſay it is, Lucy. O what a partiality! Yet ſhe has within theſe few minutes owned, that ſhe thought the ſtep ſhe had taken a faulty one, before ſhe came to me with the Letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what ſhe had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occaſion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curioſity was more for my ſake than her own? No motive of friendſhip, you will ſay, can juſtify a wrong action—Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miſs Grandiſon, you would love her dearly.

LETTER II.

Sir Charles Grandison, *To Dr.* Bartlett.

[*The Letter which Miſs Byron refuſed to read, or hear read.*]

Friday Night, Mar. 17.

I HOPE my Lord L. and my Siſters will be able to make Colnebrook ſo agreeable to Miſs Byron, that I may have the pleaſure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W. is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and muſt not be denied*, was a part of his meſſage, brought me by Halden his ſteward, who ſays, That his Lordſhip has ſomething of conſequence to conſult me upon.

When, my dear friend, ſhall I find time for myſelf? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L. and to my *three* Siſters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happineſs of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myſelf.

I have a Letter from Bologna: From the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more viſit there. She tells me, that the Biſhop ſaid in her hearing, it would be *kind*, if I would. Were ſuch a viſit to be requeſted *generally*; and it were likely to be of ſervice; you may believe that I would chearfully make it.

I ſhould go, for a fortnight at leaſt, to Grandiſon-hall. Burgeſs has let me know, that the workmen have gone almoſt as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have ſignified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; ſo that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at fartheſt; and entreat my preſence, both as patron, and benefactor. I will now haſten my deſigned alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be preſent at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the entreaties of the churchwardens; who in their Letter ſignify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of ſeeing me, and my Siſter Charlotte. You will be pleaſed to mention this to her.

I wiſh, without putting a ſlight upon good Mr. Dobſon, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the firſt Sermon. All then would be decent, and

worthy

worthy of the occaſion; and the praiſe would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobſon (of whoſe praiſe only I am apprehenſive) ſo much as to hint ſuch a wiſh, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he ſay not one word, that ſhall carry the eyes of the audience to my ſeat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews ſhould be equally diſtinguiſhed and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? eſpecially as ſo many conſiderable families have ſeats there? I would not ſeem guilty of a falſe modeſty, which, breaking out into ſingularity, would give the ſuſpicion of a wrong direction, in caſes where it may be of uſe to ſuppoſe a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? She is of the ſtature of woman. She ought, according to the preſent taſte, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life: And what knowlege ſhe will gain by the introduction, ſhe had better be without. Yet I think we ſhould conform ſomething to the taſte of the times in which we live. Womens minds have generally a lighter turn than thoſe of men. They ſhould be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that laſt winter I attended her, and my Siſters, very often to the places of public entertainment; that ſhe, having ſeen every-thing that was the general ſubject of polite converſation, might judge of ſuch entertainments as they deſerve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is ſeldom anſwered) to the ideal ſcenes. This indulgence anſwered as I wiſh. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diverſions, with tranquillity; and be ſatisfied, as ſhe reads, with repreſenting over again to herſelf the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is ſet to her imagination; and

that by her own choice; for ſhe thinks lightly of them, when ſhe can be obliged by the company of my two Siſters and Lord L.

But new ſcenes will ariſe, in an age ſo ſtudious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From theſe a young woman of fortune muſt not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is ſo well grown for her years, I think I cannot ſo properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: But as I cannot intend anything with regard to my Emily, I muſt, for her ſake, be more obſervant of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to deſpiſe the world's opinion, tho' we ſhould regard it only in the ſecond place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her diſcretion. But ſhe is but a girl. Womens eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home gueſts that are very troubleſome to them, and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the houſe.

I wiſh ſhe had only ten thouſand pounds. She would then ſtand a better chance for happineſs, than ſhe can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five perſons, to one that ſhe has now, to chooſe out of: For how few are there who can make propoſals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000*l.*?

Indeed there are not wanting in our Sex forward ſpirits, who will think that ſum not too much for their merits, tho' they may not deſerve 5,000*l.* nor even one. And hence ariſes the danger of a woman of great fortune from thoſe who will not dare to make propoſals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how eaſy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greateſt fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the ſame methods

thods which ſucceed with a perſon of the ſlendereſt; and perhaps is won with equal, if not with greater eaſe; ſince, if the Lady has a little romance in her head, and her Lover a great deal of art and flattery, ſhe will call that romantic turn generoſity, and, thinking ſhe can lay the Man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, ſhe will meet him her full halfway.

Emily is deſirous to be conſtantly with us. My Siſter is very obliging. I know ſhe will comply with whatever I ſhall requeſt of her, in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a Lady is concerned, a man ſhould not depend too much upon his own character, eſpecially a young man, be it ever ſo unexceptionable. Her Mother has already given out fooliſh hints. She demands her Daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character loſt, and ſo deſervedly, will ſhe have any tenderneſs for that of Emily? Who will ſcruple to believe, what a Mother, tho' ever ſo wicked, will report of her Daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live conſtantly together? Her guardian, at the ſame time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence, as if ſhe were his Siſter. Once I had thoughts of craving the aſſiſtance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her perſon and fortune: But a hint of this nature diſtreſſed her for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that ſhe took it ſo heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future huſband for her: But, where can I find one with whom I think ſhe will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I ſaid, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's addreſs to her ſuſpected; and to make a guardian apprehenſive, that her perſon, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage

vantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the ſecond, *if* the ſecond, view of a man profeſſing to love her. And were ſhe to marry, what a damp would the ſlights of a huſband give to the genius of a young woman, whoſe native modeſty would always make her want encouragement!

I have alſo caſt an eye over the gentry within my knowlege: But have not met with one whom I could wiſh to be the huſband of my Emily. So tender, ſo gentle, ſo ductile, as ſhe is, a fierce, a raſh, an indelicate, even a careleſs or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or ſhorten her life: And as the latter would be much more eaſy to be effected than the former, what muſt ſhe ſuffer before ſhe could return indifference for diſreſpect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My Sifter only could deal with ſuch an one. A ſuperiority in her ſo viſible, he muſt fear her: Yet a generoſity ſo great, and a dignity ſo conſpicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he muſt love her: Every body's reſpect to her, would oblige Love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *ſhe* do with ſuch a man?

What would ſhe do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with ſuch a man, as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave deſcribes him? I mention theſe men; for are there not many ſuch?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations againſt the times: And yet, by what I have ſeen abroad, and now lately ſince my arrival, at home, and have heard from men of greater obſervation, and who have lived longer in the world, than I have, I cannot but think, that Engliſhmen are not what they were. A wretched effeminacy ſeems to prevail among them. Marriage itſelf is every day more and more out of faſhion; and even virtuous women give not the inſtitution ſo much of their countenance, as to diſcourage by their con-

tempt

tempt the free-livers. A good woman, as *ſuch*, has therefore but few chances for happineſs in marriage. Yet ſhall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to ſave and ſerve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, ſince my happy acquaintance with Miſs Byron, to think that the age is not entirely loſt to a ſenſe of virtue and goodneſs. See we not how every-body reveres *her?* Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the ſame time ſhe meets with the Love of all good men, and the reſpect of women, whether gay or ſerious. But I am afraid, that the firſt attraction with men, is her beauty. I am afraid, that few ſee in that admirable young Lady what I ſee in her: A mind great and noble: A ſincerity beyond that of women: A goodneſs unaffected, and which ſhews itſelf in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: A wit lively and inoffenſive: And an underſtanding ſolid and uſeful: All which render her a fit companion, either in the ſocial or contemplative hour: And yet ſhe thinks herſelf not above the knowlege of thoſe duties, the performance of which makes an eſſential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miſs Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impoſſible for me to procure for my Emily ſuch a guardian and companion as Miſs Byron, on her return to Northamptonſhire, would make her?—Such worthy Relations as ſhe would introduce her to, would be a further happineſs to my Ward.

I am far from undervaluing my Siſter's good qualities: But if Emily lives with her, ſhe muſt live alſo with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call thoſe who have a claim upon me for every inſtance of my friendſhip, *other* people) will occaſion me to be often abſent.

But

But ſtill, while Grandiſon-hall, and St. James's Square, are the viſible places of reſidence equally of the Guardian and Ward, Emily's Mother will tell the world, that we live together.

Miſs Jervois does not chooſe to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think, ſhe would be ſafe there in a family of women, tho' very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the Sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herſelf her Mother; and eſpecially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troubleſome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and ſituation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted) to conſider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miſs Byron and Emily.

I was inſenſibly drawing myſelf in to enumerate the engagements, which at preſent preſs moſt upon me. Let me add to the ſubject—I muſt ſoon go to Paris, in order finally to ſettle ſuch of the affairs of my late worthy friend, as cannot be ſo well done by any other hand. The three thouſand pounds, which he has directed to be diſpoſed of to charitable uſes, in France as well as in England, at the diſcretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited ſum from what will remain in my hands after the eſtabliſhment of the Nephews and Niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole eſtate, divided among them, would not be ſufficient to anſwer that purpoſe happily, tho' it might be enough to abate the edge of their induſtry.

The charity that I am moſt intent upon promoting in France, and in England too, is, that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honeſt men of their own degree, who might, from ſuch an

outſetting,

outſetting, begin the world, as it is called, with ſome hope of ſucceſs.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will gueſs that I have a deſign upon you. It is, that you will aſſiſt me in executing the Will of my late friend. Make enquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very deſirous, ſome time ago, to retire to the Hall: But I knew not how to ſpare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You ſhall now ſet out for that place as ſoon as you pleaſe. And that neither may be (or as little as poſſible) loſers by the ſeparation, every-thing that we would ſay to each other, were we together, *that*, as we uſed to do, we will ſay by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the firſt place, for this ſum of 3,000*l.*

Make enquiries then, as ſoon as you get down, for worthy objects — The induſtrious poor, of *all* perſuaſions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; Thoſe who labour under incurable maladies; Youth, of either Sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but deſtitute of the means; Theſe, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of aſſiſtance. You ſhall take 500 *l.* down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can ſay, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandiſon, on all benevolent occaſions, are actuated by one ſoul. My dear friend, adieu.

LETTER III.

Miſs Byron, *To Miſs* Selby.

Sat. Night, March 18.

I HAVE furniſhed the Ladies, and my Lord, with more Letters. And ſo they have all my heart before them!—I don't care. The man is Sir Charles Grandiſon; and they railly me not ſo much as before, while

while they thought I affected reſerves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I ſhould have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two Siſters uſed me ſeverely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done ſo by them, had ſituations been exchanged: And I think myſelf nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myſelf before. — But they are good women, and my ſincere friends and well-wiſhers; and I forgive them: And ſo muſt my Grandmamma.

I am ſorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occaſion. And *did* ſhe weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—O the dear, the indulgent, parent! How tender was it of my Aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, ſo hard put to it as ſhe was! It did indeed (as ſhe diſtinguiſhes in her uſual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendſhip to me, with regard to my intereſt in their Brother's heart: As if the favour done to the humbled girl, if they could jointly procure for her their Brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—— Don't, pray don't, my dear Grandmamma, call it by a ſeverer name. They did not, I am *ſure* they did not, mean to hurt me ſo much, as I really was hurt. So let it paſs. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horſe; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his ſkill in managing them, than he has reaſon to do.

My Uncle was charmed with the ſcene; and thinks the two Ladies did juſt as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I preſume: But I am of my Aunt Selby's opinion, that their *gene-*

rous

rous brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frighted Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankneſs on the occaſion are not diſapproved at Selby-houſe, and Shirley-manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter reſt.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I bluſh ten times a day, when alone, to find myſelf waiting and waiting as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an abſence, that your goodneſs makes painful to you, in the ſame hope. It looks—Don't it, Lucy?—ſo like a deſign upon—I don't know how it looks!—But at times, I can't endure myſelf. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too perſonal) is the foundation of theſe deſigns, theſe waitings, theſe emotions, I think, I am not wholly inexcuſable.

I am ſure I ſhould not eſteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray, let me aſk you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—So admired, ſo applauded—Will he never be led into doing ſomething unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I ſhould then be partial to him? O no! I am ſure I ſhould not!—I ſhould diſdain him—I might grieve, I might pity—But what a multitude of fooliſh notions comes into the head of a ſilly girl, who, little as ſhe knows, knows more of any-thing, or of any-body, than ſhe knows of herſelf!

* *

I WISH my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cheriſhing (perhaps unknown to herſelf) a flame that will devour her peace. For, to be ſure this young creature can have no hope that—Yet 50,000 *l.* is a vaſt fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian.

guardian. Do you think ſuch a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon has a price?—I am ſure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is ſpoken of: And with pity I ſee, that he cannot be named, but her eyes ſparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as ſhe happens to be engaged in either, and ſhe ſeems as if ſhe would look the perſon through who is praiſing her guardian. For the life of her, ſhe cannot *work* and *hear*. And then ſhe ſighs—Upon my word, Lucy, there is no ſuch thing as proceeding with his praiſes before her—the girl ſo ſighs—So young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more obſervant of her, than I ſhould otherwiſe perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's obſervation) is a hint given me by Lady L. which perhaps ſhe has from Miſs Grandiſon, and *ſhe* not unlikely from the ſtolen Letter: For Miſs Grandiſon hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curioſity [When one is not in good humour, how one's very ſtile is encumbred!]: The hint is this, That it is more than probable, it will be actually propoſed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonſhire this young Lady—I, who want a governeſs myſelf, to be—But *let* it be propoſed.

In a converſation that paſſed juſt now, between us women, on the ſubject of Love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unaſked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She uſed to be more attentive than talkative.

I whiſpered Miſs Grandiſon once, Don't you think Miſs Jervois talks more than ſhe uſed to do, madam?

I think ſhe does, *madam*, re-whiſpered the arch Lady.

I beg your pardon—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay,

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miſs Jervois: But I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures expoſing themſelves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whiſpering, ſaid Miſs Jervois, more pertly than ever: But my guardian loves me; and you, Ladies, love me; and ſo my heart is eaſy.

Her heart eaſy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily ſha'n't go down with me, Lucy.

Sunday Morning, March 19.

O BUT, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miſs Jervois's account, by a Letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late laſt night from Sir Charles; ſo ſhewed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfaſt. The unhappy woman, her Mother, has made him a viſit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a Mother ſhe has!

I have ſo much obliged the Doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have juſt peruſed (and, let me ſay, with high approbation) that he made no ſcruple of allowing me to ſend this Letter to you. I aſked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return every thing the Doctor ſhall entruſt me with by the firſt opportunity.

By the latter part of this Letter you will find, that the Doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his Siſter's wiſhes of a correſpondence with him by Letter. He conſents to it, you will all ſee; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* Siſters; for he puts me in. *Three Siſters!* His *third* Siſter!—The repetition has ſuch an officiouſneſs in it. He is a good man; but he can be ſevere upon our Sex—*It is not in woman to be unreſerved*—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: He adds; And, to be *impartial, perhaps they ſhould not.* Why ſo?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myſelf, to make me more reſerved than I am? But he gives not himſelf

himſelf opportunity to ſee whether I am or am not reſerved. I won't be mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deſerve* to be deſpiſed by him—No! tho' he were the ſovereign of the greateſt empire on earth. In this believe

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

March 18.

I HAVE had a viſit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's Mother. She will very probably make one alſo at Colnebrook, before I can be ſo happy as to get thither. I diſpatch this therefore, to appriſe you and Lord L. of ſuch a probability; which is the greater, as ſhe knows Emily to be there, thro' the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what paſſed between us, for your better information, if ſhe goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W. as by appointment, when ſhe ſent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the aſſurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would ſalute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fire-ſide. You have never ſeen her. She thinks herſelf ſtill handſome; and, did not her vices make her odious, and her *whole aſpect* ſhew her heart, ſhe would not be much miſtaken.

How does Emily, Sir? gallanting her fan: Is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* ſee her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is ſhe then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for ſome time.

She

She is in the beſt protection: She is with my two Siſters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandiſon, What do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart ſpoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propoſe to do with her? You know, added ſhe, affecting a ſerious air, that ſhe is my child.

If, madam, you deſerve to be thought her mother, you will be ſatisfied with the hands ſhe is in.

Piſh!—I never loved you good men: Where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know—

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk ſeriouſly with you, Mrs. Jervois; But what have you to *ſay* to my Ward?

Say!—Why, you know, Sir, I am her Mother: And I have a mind to have the care of her perſon myſelf. You muſt (ſo her father directed) have the care of her fortune: But I have a mind, for her reputation-ſake, to take the girl out of the hands of ſo young a guardian. I hope you will not oppoſe me?

If this be all your buſineſs, madam, I muſt be excuſed. I am preparing, as you ſee, to dreſs.

Where is Emily? I *will* ſee the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the Mother by her, you ſhall ſee her when ſhe is in town. But her *perſon*, and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, muſt be my care.

I am married, Sir: And my huſband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reaſon why Emily muſt not be in your care.

Let me tell you, Sir, that my huſband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourſelf; and he will ſee me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no buſineſs with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?

I did, Sir. Don't you wiſh me joy?——

Joy, madam! I wiſh you to deſerve joy, and you will then perhaps have it. You'll excuſe me—I ſhall make my friends wait.

I could not reſtrain my indignation. This woman marries, as ſhe calls it, twice or thrice a year.

Well, Sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O Hara. He is of one of the beſt families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my Daughter.

Major O Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the Daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I any-thing to ſay to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am ſorry to ſay, that ſhe never had been ſo, were not the woman who calls herſelf her Mother, the perſon leaſt fit to be entruſted with her Daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which ſhe always concludes theſe viſits. She threatened me with the reſentments of Major O Hara; and told me, He had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refuſed it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, ſaid ſhe (threatening with her head); perhaps with the Major, Sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I left her in ſilent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this eſcape you to my Emily. I think ſhe ſhould not ſee her but in my preſence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as ſhe was the laſt time ſhe ſaw her, if ſhe comes, and I am not there. But poſſibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own diſcretion, the man ſhe has married, who could have no inducement, but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not ſuffer her to

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incur ſuch a reduction of it; for, you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to ſee me to-morrow may be to amuſe me while ſhe goes. The woman is a fooliſh woman; but, being accuſtomed to intrigue, ſhe aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now haſtening to Lord W. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as ſhe generally is, let who will be preſent; yet, it ſeems, knows not how to be ſilent, whatever be the ſubject. I have never choſen either to dine or ſup with my Lord, that I might not be under a neceſſity of objecting to her company: And were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinſman to my Lord, and know the ſituation he is in with him, my complaiſance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of ſpirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, juſt as I was concluding. I am greatly intereſted in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my Siſters, tho' my abſences are ſhort, would be glad to receive now-and-then a Letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of habit, which makes me write to you with eaſe and pleaſure.—To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write any-thing. Uſe, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my Siſters. I would not have them think that there is a Brother in the world, that better loves his Siſters than I do mine: And now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not ſignified as much to me? Could I give pleaſure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myſelf, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could eaſily carry on a correſpondence with my Siſters, were they to be very earneſt about it: But then it muſt be a *correſpondence*: The writing muſt not be all of one ſide. Do they think I ſhould not be equally pleaſed to hear what *they* are about, from time

to time; and what, occaſionally, their ſentiments are, upon perſons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wiſh (for young Ladies often wiſh, and think no more of the matter); then propoſe the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I diſcover, that they are leſs frank, and more reſerved, than I am, there will be an end of the correſpondence. My *three* Siſters are moſt amiably frank, for women—But, thus challenged, dare they enter the liſts, upon honour, with a man, a *Brother*, upon equal terms?—O no! They dare not. It is not in women to be unreſerved in ſome points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they ſhould not: Yet, ſurely, there is now-and-then a man, a *Brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence repoſed in him.

Were this propoſal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few ſecrets. I only wiſh to keep from relations ſo dear to me, things that could not poſſibly yield them pleaſure. I am ſure I could truſt to your judgment, the paſſages that might be read to them from my Letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myſelf with Charlotte's humorous curioſity; for ſhe ſeems, as I told her lately, to love to ſuppoſe ſecrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own ſagacity, when ſhe thinks ſhe has found them out; and I love at ſuch times to ſee her puzzled, and at a fault, as a puniſhment for her declining to ſpeak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuſe for the diſtance, which my *two elder Siſters* obſerve to their Brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why ſhould there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is ſpontaneous, and invincible, in them, there muſt be ſome fault in my behaviour, ſome ſeeming want of freedom in my manner,

manner, with which you will not acquaint me: It is otherwiſe impoſſible, that between Brothers and Siſters, where the love is not doubted on either ſide, ſuch a diſtance ſhould ſubſiſt. You muſt conſult them upon it, and get them to explain themſelves on this ſubject to you; and when they have done ſo, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myſelf more agreeable (more familiar, ſhall I ſay?) to them. But I will not by any means excuſe them, if they give me cauſe to think, that the diſtance is owing to the will and the power I have been bleſſed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not juſtice from their Brother? But no more of this ſubject at preſent. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in ſome caſes, is it found to be, by

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Sunday Evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almoſt broken. This ignoble paſſion, what a mean-ſpirited creature had it like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble*. Did you ever know me before ſo little?—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherleſs girl, juſt ſtarting into woman, and therefore into more danger than ſhe ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *Mother*.—Dreadful circumſtance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be deſpiſed by the man I love, if I do not conquer this new-diſcovered envy,

jealouſy, littleneſs, at leaſt with regard to this unhappy girl, whoſe calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! ſweet Emily! You *ſhall* go down with me, if it be propoſed. My Grandmamma, and Uncle, and Aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous: They have no little paſſion to miſlead their beneficence: They are what I hope to be, now I have found myſelf out—And what if her gratitude ſhall make her heart overflow into Love, has ſhe not excuſe for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occaſion of the poor Emily's diſtreſs.—About twelve this day, ſoon after Lord L. and the two Siſters and I, came from church (for Emily happened not to go) a coach and four ſtopped at the gate, and a ſervant in a ſorry livery, alighting from behind it, enquired for Lord L. Two gentlemen, who by their dreſs and appearance were military men, and one Lady, were in it.

My Lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his uſual politeneſs.

Don't let me call this unhapy woman Emily's Mother; O Hara is the name ſhe owns.

She addreſſed herſelf to my Lord: I am the Mother of Emily Jervois, my Lord: This gentleman, Major O Hara, is my huſband.

The Major bowed, ſtrutted, and acknowleged her for his wife: And this gentleman, my Lord, ſaid he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: He is in foreign ſervice. His Lady is my own Siſter.

My Lord took notice of each.

I underſtand, my Lord, that my Daughter is here. I deſire to ſee her.

One of my Lord's ſervants, at that time, paſſing by the door, which was open, Pray, Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, let Miſs Jervois know, that her Mamma is come to ſee her. Deſire her to come to me.

Major. I long to ſee my new Daughter: I hear ſhe is a charming young Lady. She may depend upon the kindneſs of a Father from me.

Capt.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my Broder's general cha-*ract*-er, I do aſſure your Lordſhip.

He ſpoke Engliſh as a Frenchman, my Lord ſays; but pronounced the word character as an Iriſhman.

Major (bowing). No need of this, my dear friend. My Lord has the cha-*ract*-er of a fine gentleman himſelf, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due reſpect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whoſe protection the Lady is in.

Mrs. O Hara. I do, my Lord. Sir Charles Grandiſon is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vineſt cha-*ract*-er in de vorld. By my ſalvation, every-body ſay ſo.

Mrs. O Hara. But Sir Charles, my Lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to ſo young a creature; eſpecially now that ſhe is growing into woman. I have had ſome few faults, I own. Who lives, that has not? But I have been baſely ſcandalized. My firſt huſband had *his*; and much greater than I had. He was ſet againſt me by ſome of his own relations: Vile creatures!—He left me, and went abroad; but he has anſwered for all by this time; and for the ſcanty allowance he made me, his great fortune conſidered: But as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear!——

She ſtepped to the door on hearing the ruſtling of ſilks, ſuppoſing her at hand; but it was Miſs Grandiſon, followed by a ſervant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to ſee the viſiters; and at the ſame time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be aſked to ſtay to dinner.

It is to Miſs Grandiſon that I owe the deſcription of each, the account of what paſſed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O Hara has been a handſome woman; but

well might Sir Charles be diſguſted with her aſpect. She has a leering, ſly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dreſs denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, ſallowiſh, ſtreaked with red, makes her face (which is not ſo plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miſs Grandiſon has a way of ſaying ill-natured things in ſuch a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear ſmiling, tho' one ſhould not altogether approve of them; and yet ſometimes one would be ready to wonder how ſhe came by her images.

The Major is pert, bold, vain, and ſeemed particularly fond of his new ſcarlet coat and laced waiſtcoat. He is certainly, Miſs Grandiſon ſays, a low man, tho' a ſoldier. Anderſon, added ſhe, is worth fifty of him. His face, fiery and highly pimpled, is ſet off to advantage by an enormous ſolitaire. His bad and ſtraggling teeth are ſhewn continually by an affected laugh, and his empty diſcourſe is interlarded with oaths; which, with my Uncle's leave, I ſhall omit.

Captain Salmonet, ſhe ſays, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a perſon and ſhape uncommonly clumſy.

They both aſſumed military airs, which not ſitting naturally, gave them what Miſs Grandiſon called, The ſwagger of ſoldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almoſt fainting with terror: For the ſervant, to whom Mrs. O Hara had ſpoken, to bid her Daughter come to her, had officiouſly carried up the meſſage.

To what Mrs. O Hara had ſaid in defence of her own character, my Lord anſwered, Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleaſed with a fortune acquired by his own induſtry. A diſagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this caſe, as in a duel, the ſurvivor is hardly ever in fault. I have

nothing

nothing to do in this matter. Miſs Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandiſon's protection. *She* thinks ſo; and ſo does every-body that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

Mrs. O Hara. My Lord, I make no diſpute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no Father can give away the authority a Mother has, as well as himſelf, over her child.

Major. That child a Daughter too, my Lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to ſay. You will not be able, I believe, to perſuade my Brother Grandiſon to give up his Ward's perſon to you, madam.

Mr. O Hara. Chancery may, my Lord——

Lord L. I have nothing to ſay to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this caſe, than Sir Charles Grandiſon; and no man will be readier to do what is juſt and fitting, without Law: But I enter not into the caſe; you muſt not talk to me on this ſubject.

Miſs Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage intitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miſs Jervois?

Major (with great quickneſs). I hope, madam, that my honour and my cha-*ract*-er——

Miſs Gr. Be they ever ſo unqueſtionable, will not intitle you, Sir, to the guardianſhip of Miſs Jervois's perſon.

Major. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no Father's will, no Guardian's power, is to ſet aſide the natural authority which a Mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a diſpute with you, madam, on this ſubject.

Mrs. O Hara. Let Emily be called down to her Mother. I hope I may ſee my child. She is in this houſe, my Lord. I hope I may ſee my child.

Major. Your Lordſhip, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greateſt hardſhip in the world, to deny to a Mother the ſight of her child.

Capt. De very greateſt hardſhip of all hardſhips. Your Lordſhip will not refuſe to let de Daughter come to her Moder.

Lord L. Her Guardian perhaps will not deny it. You muſt apply to him. He is in town. Miſs Jervois is here but as a gueſt. She will be ſoon in town. I muſt not have her alarmed. She has very weak ſpirits.

Mrs. O Hara. Weak *ſpirits*, my Lord!—A child to have ſpirits too weak to ſee her Mother!—And ſhe felt for her handkerchief.

Miſs Gr. It ſounds a little harſhly, I own, to deny to a Mother the ſight of her Daughter: But unleſs my Brother were preſent, I think, my Lord, it cannot be allowed.

Major. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A Moder to be denied to ſee her Daughter! Jeſu! And he croſſed himſelf.

Mrs. O Hara (putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it ſeems ſhe wept not). I am a very unhappy Mother indeed——

Major (embracing her). My deareſt life! My beſt love! I muſt not bear theſe tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—But I came not here to threaten—You, my Lord, are a man of the greateſt honour; ſo is Sir Charles.—But whatever were the miſunderſtandings between huſband and wife, they ſhould not be kept up and propagated between Mother and child. My wife at preſent deſires only to ſee her child: That's all, my Lord. Were your Brother preſent, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear ſoul, be comforted. You will be allowed to ſee your Daughter; no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear ſoul, be comforted.

She

She ſobbed, Miſs Grandiſon ſays; and the good-natured Lord L. was moved—Let Miſs Jervois be aſked, ſaid he, If ſhe chooſes to come down.

I will go to her myſelf, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon.

She came down preſently again——

Miſs Byron and Miſs Jervois, ſaid ſhe, are gone out together in the chariot.

Major. Nay, madam——

Capt. Upon my ſalvation this muſt not paſs—And he ſwaggered about the room.

Mrs. O Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: For the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L. had been making a viſit in the chariot; and it had juſt brought her back. O ſave me, ſave me, dear madam, ſaid Miſs Emily, to me, wringing her hands. I cannot. I cannot, ſee my Mother out of my Guardian's preſence: And ſhe will make me own her new huſband. I beſeech you, ſave me; hide me!

I ſaw the chariot from the window, and, without aſking any queſtions, I hurried Miſs Emily down ſtairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive any-where, except towards London: And then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, ſmothering me with her kiſſes, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could ſuggeſt to her.

Miſs Grandiſon told the circumſtances pretty near as above; adding, I think, my Lord, that Miſs Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occaſion. That Lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reaſon for it.

Madam, ſaid the Major, my wife is cruelly uſed. Your Brother—But I ſhall talk to *him* upon the ſubject. He is ſaid to be a man of conſcience and honour: I hope I ſhall find him ſo. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will ſtand by my Broder and his Lady, ſaid the Captain, to de very laſt drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his ſword.

Lord L. You don't by theſe airs mean to inſult me, gentlemen—If you do——

Major. No, no, my Lord. But we muſt ſeek our remedy elſewhere. Surpriſing! that a Mother is denied the ſight of her Daughter! *Very* ſurpriſing!

Capt. Very ſurpriſing, indeed! Ver dis to be done in my country—In France—Engliſh liberty! Begar ver pretty liberty!—A Daughter to be ſupported againſt her Moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my ſalvation!——

Mrs. O Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid ſeeing her Mother?—Strange! Does ſhe always intend to do thus?—She *muſt* ſee me—And dearly ſhall ſhe repent it!

And ſhe looked fierce, and particularly ſpiteful; and then declared, that ſhe would ſtay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam?

Major. Had we not beſt go into our coach, and let that drive in queſt of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be eaſy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried ſo far, let me tell you, that, in the abſence of her Guardian, I will protect her. Since Miſs Jervois is thus averſe, ſhe ſhall be indulged in it. If you ſee her, madam, it muſt be by the conſent and in the preſence, of her Guardian.

Major. Well, my dear, ſince the matter ſtands thus; ſince your child is taught to ſhun you thus; let us ſee what Sir Charles Grandiſon will ſay to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged*. If *he* thinks fit—And there he ſtopped, and bluſtered; and offered his hand to his bride.—I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will*. But you have a Letter for the girl, written on a ſuppoſition that

ſhe

ſhe was not here.—Little did you, or I think, that ſhe was in the houſe when we came; and that ſhe ſhould be ſpirited away to avoid paying her duty to her Mother.

Very true. Very true. And, Very true, ſaid each; and Mrs. O Hara pulled out the Letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and deſired it might be given to her Daughter. And then they all went away, very much diſſatisfied; the two men muttering and threatening, and reſolving, as they ſaid, to make a viſit to Sir Charles.

I hope we ſhall ſee him here very ſoon. I hope theſe wretches will not inſult him, or endanger a life ſo precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occaſion, as I was, in dread of the reſentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you ſome account of what paſſed between Emily and me: You will be charmed with her beautiful ſimplicity.

When we were in the chariot, ſhe told me, that the laſt time ſhe ſaw her Mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: The bad woman made a pretence of private buſineſs with her Daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then inſiſted that ſhe ſhould go off with her, unknown to any-body. And becauſe I deſired to be excuſed, ſaid ſhe, my Mother laid her hands upon me, and ſaid ſhe would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) ſhe was——— [Then the dear girl whiſpered me, tho' nobody was near us—ſweet modeſt creature, loth to reveal this part of her Mother's ſhame even to me aloud, and bluſhed as ſhe ſpoke—] ſhe was in her cups.—My Mamma is as naughty as ſome *men* in that reſpect: And I believe ſhe would have been as good as her word; but on my ſcreaming (for I was very much frighted) Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two ſervants, and one of her Daughters, and reſcued me. She *had* torn my cap—Yet it was a ſad

thing, you know, madam, to ſee one's Mother put out of the houſe againſt her will. And then ſhe raiſed the neighbourhood. Lord bleſs me, I thought I ſhould have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a ſad woman my Mother was!—It was ſuch a diſgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look any-body in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was of her ſide; and my Guardian's goodneſs was a help—Shall I ſay a help againſt my Mother?—Poor woman! we heard afterwards, ſhe was dead; but my Guardian would not believe it. If it would pleaſe God to take me, I ſhould rejoice. Many a tear does my poor Mother, and the trouble I give to the beſt of men, coſt me, when nobody ſees me; and many a time do I cry myſelf to ſleep, when I think it impoſſible I ſhould get ſuch a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I claſped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle boſom. Her calamity, which was the greateſt that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my Siſter.

And ſo I will: Dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myſelf for ſome paſſages in my laſt Letter. O how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it poſſible that mine could have been ſo narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my aſſurances, and promiſed grateful love to the lateſt hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, ſaid ſhe, for all I am ſo unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of thoſe ſort of faults that give me a reſemblance in any way to my poor Mother. But how ſhall I make out what I ſay? You will miſtruſt me, I fear: You will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promiſe to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you pleaſe?—Indeed it is an honeſt one. I wiſh you ſaw it thro' and thro'.—If ever I do a wrong

thing,

thing, miſtruſt my head, if you pleaſe, but not my heart. But in every-thing I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her, that good often reſulted from evil. It was a happy thing perhaps for both, that her Mother's viſit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: We will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this ſweet girl into confeſſions of her infant Love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, tho' the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not; I now call upon all you, my dear friends, to deſpiſe and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She beſought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as ſhe wanted it, whether here, in my dreſſing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I conſented very chearfully, and at her requeſt (for indeed, ſaid ſhe, I would not be an intruder for the world) promiſed by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if ſhe came when I was buſy, that ſhe muſt retire, and come another time.

You are too young a Lady, added ſhe, to be called my Mamma——Alas! I have never a Mamma, you know: But I will love you and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my Mother, were ſhe as good as you.

Does not the beautiful ſimplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes ſwimming in tears, her earneſt looks, her throbbing boſom, her hands now claſped about me, now in one another, added ſuch graces to what ſhe ſaid, that it is impoſſible to do juſtice to it: And yet I am affected as I write; but not ſo much, you may believe, as at the time ſhe told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an abſolute poſ-

ſeſſion of my heart. I, who had ſuch good parents, and have had my loſs of them ſo happily alleviated, and even ſupplied, by a Grandmamma and an Aunt ſo truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happineſs to be related; how unworthy of ſuch bleſſings ſhould I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who muſt reckon a living Mother as her heavieſt misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the diſturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that ſhe ſhould never again be allowed to ſee his Ward but in his preſence: And ſhe has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now ſhe ſeems, on this her marriage with Major O Hara, to have meditated new ſchemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the perſons to whom, in her cups, ſhe once boaſted of it: Which was, that as ſoon as Miſs Emily was marriageable, ſhe would endeavour, either by fair means, or foul, to get her into her hands: And if ſhe did, but for *one* week, ſhe ſhould the *next* come out the wife of a man ſhe had in view, who would think half the fortune more than ſufficient for himſelf, and make over the other half to her; and then ſhe ſhould come into her right, which ſhe deems to be half of the fortune of which her Huſband died poſſeſſed.

This that follows is a copy of the Letter left for Emily by this Mother; which, tho' not well ſpelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardſhips to complain of which might have intitled her to pity:

My

My dear Emily,

IF you have any love, any duty, left, for an unhappy Mother whoſe faults have been barbarouſly aggravated, to juſtify the ill uſage of a huſband who was not faultleſs; I conjure you to inſiſt upon making me a viſit, either at my new lodgings in Dean-ſtreet, Soho; or that you will ſend me word where I can ſee you, ſuppoſing I am not permitted to ſee you as this day, or that you ſhould not be at Colnebrook, where, it ſeems, you have been ſome days. I cannot believe that your Guardian, for his own reputation-ſake, as well as for juſtice-ſake, as he is ſuppoſed to be a good man, will deny you, if you inſiſt upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me, that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* inſiſt upon it? I cannot. I long to ſee you: I long to lay you in my boſom. And I have given hopes to Major O Hara, a man of one of the beſt families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wiſhes to proceed amicably, that you will not ſcruple, as my huſband, to call him Father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told, that you are grown very tall and pretty. O my Emily!---What a grievous thing is it to ſay, that I am *told* theſe things; and not to have been allowed to ſee you; and to behold your growth, and thoſe improvements, which muſt rejoice my heart, and do, tho' I am ſo baſely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, deſpiſe her that bore you. It is a dreadful thing, with ſuch fortunes as your Father left, that I muſt be made poor and dependent; and then be deſpiſed for being ſo.

But if you, my Child, are taught to be, and will be, one of thoſe; what, tho' I have ſuch happy proſpects in my preſent marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter

bitter death, which your want of duty will haſten? For what Mother can bear the contempts of her child? And in that caſe your great fortune will not ſet you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her

Indulgent, tho' heretofore

Saturday, March 18. *unhappy Mother,*

HELEN O HARA.

My Lord thought fit to open this Letter: He is ſorry that he did; becauſe the poor girl is ſo low-ſpirited, that he does not chooſe to let her ſee it; but will leave it to her Guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleaſes.

Miſs Grandiſon lifted up her hands and eyes as ſhe read it. Such a wretch as this, ſaid ſhe, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the reſt! How was it poſſible, if her wicked heart could ſuggeſt ſuch words, that her fingers could ſteadily write them? But indeed ſhe verifies the words of the wiſe man; *There is no wickedneſs like the wickedneſs of a woman.*

We all long to ſee Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy till he comes.

While we expect a favoured perſon, tho' rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneaſy, not content with itſelf, and always looking out for the perſon wanted.

Emily was told, that her Mother left a Letter for her; but is adviſed not to be ſolicitous to ſee it till her Guardian comes. My Lord owned to her, that he had opened it; and pleaded tenderneſs, as he juſtly might, in excuſe of having taken that liberty. She thanked his Lordſhip, and ſaid, it was for ſuch girls as ſhe to be directed by ſuch good and kind friends.

She has juſt now left me. I was writing, and

wanted

wanted to cloſe. I gave her a nod, with a ſmile, as agreed upon a little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, ſaid ſhe, for this freedom. She ſtopped at the door, and, with it in her hand, in a whiſpering accent, bending forwards, Only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if poſſible: Becauſe I have been putting part of our converſation upon paper, and ſo have faſtened your merits on my memory.

God bleſs you, madam, I am gone. And away ſhe tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to reſt; and confirm all that I ſaid to her in the chariot; for moſt cordially I can.

I am, my dear Lucy, and will be,

Ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VI.

Mr. DEANE, *To Mrs.* SELBY.

London, Friday Night, Mar. 17.

YOU wiſhed me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my obſervations on the ſtate of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all ſo deſirous ſhould be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at diſtance ſound Sir Charles himſelf on the ſubject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that ſhe herſelf ſhould not have reaſon to miſtruſt me on this nice ſubject.

It ſeems his great engagements in town, and ſome he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L. and his Siſters much of his company, tho'

your

our Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L. is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon are charming women. Miſs Jervois is a pertty young Lady.—But more of her by-and-by.——The couſin Grandiſon you ſpoke of, is gone down to Grandiſon-hall; whither Sir Charles himſelf thinks ſhortly of going—But this and other diſtant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My viſit to Sir Charles is moſt in my head, and I will mention that, and give place to other obſervations afterwards.

After dinner I purſued my journey to London. As my own buſineſs was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to ſtay in town, I alighted at his houſe in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on ſending in my name, introduced to him.

Let me ſtop to ſay, He is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majeſty and ſweetneſs are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuſe the intruſion of a man who was perſonally a ſtranger to him; but who had long wiſhed for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young Lady in whom I claimed an intereſt that was truly paternal. At the ſame time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himſelf, to the confuſion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be aſhamed, that they were ſavages.

He received my compliments as a man might be ſuppoſed to do, to whom praiſe is not a new thing; and made me very handſome ones, declaring himſelf acquainted with my character, with my connexions with your family, and with one of the moſt excellent of

young

young Ladies. This naturally introduced the praiſes of our Harriet; in which he joined in ſo high and ſo juſt a ſtrain, that I ſaw his heart was touched. I am ſure it is: So ſet yours at reſt. It muſt do. Everything is moving, and that not ſlowly, to the event ſo deſirable. I led to the graces of her perſon; he to thoſe of her mind: He allowed her to be, for both, one of the moſt perfect beauties he had ever ſeen. In ſhort, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itſelf. His Siſters, Lord L. Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit ſo extraordinary; it muſt do. Don't you remember what the old ſong ſays?

When Phœbus *does his beams diſplay,*
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is, to ſuppoſe them blind.

All I want, methinks, is, to have them oftener together. Idleneſs, I believe, is a great friend to Love. I wiſh his affairs would let him be a little idle. They muſt be diſpatched ſoon, be they what they will; for Lord L. ſaid, that when he is maſter of a ſubject, his execution is as ſwift as thought. Sir Charles hinted, that he ſhould ſoon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett ſaid, that he conſiders all nations as joined on the ſame continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Conſtantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as ſome others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's-end. Indeed he appears to be juſt that kind of man. Yet he ſeems not to have any of that ſort of fire in his conſtitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and ſmoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a deſpicable one. He may, no queſtion, have a woman with a much greater; and ſo may ſhe a man.—What ſay you to Lady D's propoſal, rejected for his ſake;

at *hap-hazard* too, as the ſaying is? But let it once come to that queſtion, and leave it to *me* to anſwer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think, not quite ſo lively, and ſomewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a ſickly paleneſs: And there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never ſaw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but ſhe has more meekneſs and humility in her countenance, than, methinks, I would *wiſh* her to have; becauſe it gives to Miſs Grandiſon, who has fine ſpirits, ſome advantages, in converſation, over Harriet, that, if ſhe *had*, methinks ſhe ſhould not take. But they perfectly underſtand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miſs Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miſs Byron, of the greedineſs, with which ſhe eats and drinks the praiſes given her Guardian; of the glow that overſpreads her cheeks, and of a ſigh that now-and-then ſeems to eſcape even her own obſervation, when he is ſpoken of [So like a Niece of mine, who drew herſelf in, and was afterwards unhappy]; and by theſe ſymptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to Love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and womanly. I thought her ſixteen or ſeventeen; but it ſeems, ſhe is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls, as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may ſay. My Mother, I remember, once ſaid of an early bloom in a Niece of hers, that ſuch were born to woe. I hope it won't be ſo with this; for ſhe certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herſelf. Brought up in a confined manner in her Father's houſe at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; what opportunities could ſhe have? No Mother's wings to be ſheltered under; her Mother's wickedneſs giving occaſion the more to ſtreighten her education, and at a time of life ſo young, and in ſo reſtraining a country as Italy, for girls and

young

young maidens; and, ſince brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—What can ſhe know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miſs Grandiſon, and that but as a gueſt: So that the world before her is all new to her: And, indeed, there ſeems to be in her pretty wonder, and honeſt declarations of her whole heart, a ſimplicity that ſometimes borders upon childiſhneſs, tho' at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our *Harriet's account*; and yet Harriet (Lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: But I am on *her own*. I wiſh, as I ſaid before, Sir Charles was more among them: He would ſoon diſcover whoſe Love is fit to be diſcountenanced, and whoſe to be encouraged; and, by that means, give eaſe to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that ſuch a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reſerve to ſuch a young Lady as ours, were he but to have the ſhadow of a thought that he has an intereſt in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: But on my return to Peterborough I will call at Sherley-houſe and Selby-manor—and then (as I hope to ſee Sir Charles again, either in London, or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all theſe matters. Mean time believe me to be

Your affectionate and faithful humble ſervant,

THOMAS DEANE.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, March 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miſs Byron? ſaid ſhe, running to me. How good this is! I am

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to paſs an agreeable half-hour with you, if it will not be unſeaſonable.

That it can never be.

You muſt then let your Anne go to bed, ſaid I: Elſe, as her time is not her own, I ſhall ſhorten my viſit. I will aſſiſt you in any little ſervices myſelf. I have diſmiſſed Jenny.

God bleſs you, madam, ſaid ſhe; you conſider every-body. Anne tells me, that the ſervants, throughout the houſe, adore you: And I am ſure their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your reſt.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miſs Jervois loves to ſit up late either reading, or being read to, by Anne; who, tho' ſhe reads well, is not fond of the taſk.

Servants, ſaid I, are as ſenſible as their maſters and miſtreſſes. They ſpeak to their feelings. I queſtion not but they love Miſs Jervois as well as they do me. I ſhould as ſoon chooſe to take my meaſures of the goodneſs of principals by their ſervants love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you ſee, by the ſilent veneration and aſſiduities of the ſervants of Sir Charles Grandiſon, how much they adore their maſter?

I am very fond of being eſteemed by ſervants, ſaid ſhe, from that *very* obſervation of my Guardian's goodneſs, and his ſervants worthineſs, as well as from what my maid tells me, all of them ſay of you. But you and my Guardian are ſo much alike in every-thing, that you ſeem to be born for one another.

And then ſhe ſighed, involuntarily; yet ſeemed not to endeavour to reſtrain or recal her ſigh.

Why ſighs my dear young friend? Why ſighs my Emily?

That's good of you, to call me *your* Emily. My Guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me ſo—I don't know why I ſigh: But I have lately got a trick of ſighing, I think. Will

it

it do me harm? Anne tells me, it will; and ſays, I muſt break myſelf of it. She ſays, it is not pretty in a young Lady to ſigh: But where is the un-prettineſs of it?

Sighing is ſaid to be a ſign of being in Love; and young Ladies——

Ah! madam! And yet *you* ſigh, very often——

I felt myſelf bluſh.

I often catch myſelf ſighing, my dear, ſaid I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reaſon* for ſighing, madam; which you have not—Such a Mother! A Mother that I wanted to be good, not ſo much to me, as to herſelf: A Mother ſo unhappy, that one muſt be glad to run away from her. My poor Papa! ſo good as he was to every-body, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my boſom) Have I not cauſe to ſigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: So *dutifully* ſenſible of her calamity! and for *ſuch* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a diſgrace too! ſaid ſhe, raiſing her head. Poor woman!—Yet ſhe has the worſt of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one ſigh?

Amiable goodneſs! (kiſſing her cheek) I ſhall love you too well.

You are too good to me: You muſt not be ſo good to me: That, even *that*, will make me ſigh. My *Guardian*'s goodneſs to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I ſigh more ſince laſt I left Mrs. Lane, and have ſeen more of his goodneſs, and how every-body admires, and owns obligation to, him, than I did before.—To have a ſtranger, as one may ſay, and ſo *very* fine a gentleman, to be ſo good to one, and to have ſuch an unhappy Mother—who gives *him* ſo much trouble—how can one help ſighing for both reaſons?

Dear

Dear girl! ſaid I, my heart overflowing with compaſſion for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to eſteem him.

Ah, madam! you will one day be the happieſt of all women—And ſo you *deſerve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I ſee, don't I hear, what is deſigned to be brought about by Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon? And don't I hear from my Anne, what every-body expects and wiſhes for?

And *does* every-body expect and wiſh, my Emily—

I ſtopped. She went on.—And don't I ſee that my Guardian himſelf loves you?

Do you think ſo, Emily?

O how he dwells upon your words, when you ſpeak!

You fanſy ſo, my dear.

You have not obſerved his eyes ſo much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too; but have not ſeen that you mind him quite ſo much as he does you.—Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then ſhe ſighed again.

But why *that* ſigh, my Emily?—Were I ſo happy as you think, in the eſteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you!—I, ſuch a ſimple girl as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why ſhould I envy you?—But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; Don't you love my Guardian?

Every-body does. You, my Emily, love him.

And ſo I do: But you love him, madam, with a hope that no one elſe will have reaſon to entertain—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: MyGuardian ſhall never know it from me, by the *leaſt* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myſelf.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly eſteem your Guardian.

Eſteem! Is that the word? Is that the Ladies word for Love? And is not the word *Love*, a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am ſure.

And I am ſure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be ſincere with my Emily. But you muſt not let any one living know what I ſay to you of this nature. I would prefer your Guardian, my dear, to a King, in all his glory.

And ſo, madam, would I, if I were you. I ſhould be glad to be thought like you in every-thing.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miſs Jervois, Would you not *have* me eſteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I moſt wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wiſh ſuch a good young Lady, as Miſs Byron, to be ungrateful? No, indeed.—And again ſhe ſighed.

Why *then* ſighed my Emily? You ſaid you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I ſighed then. I wiſh my Guardian to be the happieſt man in the world: I wiſh you, madam, to be the happieſt woman: And how can either be ſo, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there ſeems to be ſomething in the way of your mutual happineſs—I don't know whether that is all, neither—I don't know what it is—If I did, I would tell you—But I have ſuch throbs ſometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—Such a weight here, as *makes* me ſigh; and I have a pleaſure, I think, becauſe I have an eaſe in ſighing—What can it be?—

Go on, my dear: You are a pretty deſcriber.

Why now, if any-body, as Anne did laſt time my

Guardian came hither, were to run up ſtairs, in an hurry; and to ſay, Miſs, Miſs, Miſs, your Guardian is come! I ſhould be in *ſuch* a flutter! my heart would ſeem to be too big for my boſom! I ſhould ſit down as much out of breath, as if I had run down a high hill.—And, for half an hour, may be, ſo tremble, that I ſhould not be able to ſee the dear Guardian that perhaps I had wanted to ſee. And to hear him with a voice of gentleneſs, as if he pitied me for having ſo unhappy a Mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a ſweet voice?—And *your* voice, too, madam, is alſo *ſo* ſweet—Every-body ſays, that even in your common ſpeech your voice is melody.—Now Anne ſays—

O my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very ſincere girl: Indeed I am.

I dare ſay you are; but you raiſe my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people ſay of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—But you were going to tell me what Anne ſays, on your being ſo much affected, when ſhe tells you in a hurry, that your Guardian is come?

Why Anne ſays, That all thoſe are ſigns of Love. Fooliſh creature!—And yet ſo they may: But not of ſuch Love as ſhe means.—Such a Love as ſhe as good as owns ſhe had in her days of *flutteration*, as ſhe whimſically calls them; which, as ſhe explains it, were when ſhe was two or three years older than I am. In the firſt place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: And ſuch a *ſimple* thing!—I never had a Mother, nor Siſter neither; nor a companion of my own Sex.—Mrs. Lane's Daughters, what were they?—They looked upon me as a child, as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my Father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my Father.

But

But you had not, my dear, any of thoſe flutters, thoſe throbs, that you ſpoke of, on any returns of your Father, after little abſences?

Why, no; I can't ſay I had. Nor, tho' I always rejoiced when my Guardian came to ſee me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any ſuch violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is—Can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this ſweet girl?

My dear Emily!—Theſe *are* ſymptoms, I doubt—

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me ſincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear—

What then, madam?—

It *would be* Love, I doubt.—That ſort of Love that would make you uneaſy—

No; that cannot be, ſurely. Why, madam, at that rate, I ſhould never dare to ſtand in your preſence. Upon my word, I wiſh no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandiſon. I have but one fear—

And what's that?

That my Guardian won't love me ſo well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow ſo large a heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly! (and ſhe looked down) he would not take my hand ſo kindly as now he does: He would not look in my face with pleaſure, and with pity on my Mother's account, as he does now: He would not call me *his* Emily: He would not beſpeak every one's regard for his Ward.

My dear, you are now almoſt a woman. He will, if he remain a ſingle man, ſoon draw back into his heart that kindneſs and love for you, which, while you

are a girl, he ſuffers to dwell upon his lips. You muſt expect this change of behaviour ſoon, from his prudence. You yourſelf, my love, will ſet him the example: You will grow more reſerved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reaſon to be.

O, madam! never tell me that! I ſhould break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderneſs that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an incroacher; if he find me forward, and indiſcreet, and troubleſome; then let him call me *any*-body's Emily, rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time—

Then, I think, I ſhan't deſire to live to ſee the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to ſet againſt my unhappineſs from my Mother, is, that ſo good, ſo virtuous, and ſo prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandiſon, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandiſon (now, tell me, would you) grudge me theſe inſtances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: If I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out—Will you permit me to live with my Guardian and you?—This is a queſtion I wanted to put to you; but was both aſhamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your Guardian had no objection.

That don't ſatisfy me, madam. Would you be my earneſt, my ſincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you any-thing. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it—Would you) ſay, 'Look you here, Sir Charles Grandiſon; This girl, 'this Emily, is a good ſort of girl: She has a great 'fortune. Snares may be laid for her; She has no 'Papa but you: She has, poor thing!' [I hope you would call me by [names of pity to move him] 'no 'Mamma;

'Mamma; or is more unhappy than if ſhe had none.
'Where can you diſpoſe of her ſo properly, as to let
'her be with us? I will be her protectreſs, her friend,
'her Mamma' [Yes, do, madam, let me chooſe a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a Mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am ſure I will ſtudy to give you pleaſure, and not pain] —'I *inſiſt*
'upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl's
'heart eaſy. She is told of the arts and tricks of
'men where girls have great fortunes; and ſhe is al-
'ways in dread about them, and about her unhappy
'Mother. Who will form plots againſt, her if ſhe is
'with us?'—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who, Lucy, could have forborn being affected by her tender prattle?] She threw her arms about me; I ſee you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my Guardian.

I could not bear this—No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irreſiſtible girl!—Were it come to that [It became me to be unreſerved, for more reaſons than one, to this ſweet child]—Not one requeſt ſhould my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: Not one wiſh that I would not endeavour to promote and accompliſh for her.

I folded her to my heart, as ſhe hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, ſaid ſhe—Henceforth let me call you my mamma.—*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *Mother*—The unhappy Mrs. Jervois ſhall be Mrs. O Hara, if ſhe pleaſes; and only *Mother*: A child muſt not renounce her *Mother*, tho' the Mother ſhould renounce, or worſe than renounce, her child.

I muſt leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I muſt leave you, *my*, and *more* than *my* Emily.—You have cured me of ſleepineſs for this night!

O then I am ſorry—

No; don't be ſorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the ſweeteſt pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodneſs! ſuch innocence! ſuch generoſity!—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowlege ſo worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again ſhe wrapped her arms about me) And will you go?

I muſt, I muſt, my dear!—I can ſtay no longer.—But take this aſſurance, that my Emily ſhall have a firſt place in my heart for ever. I will ſtudy to promote your happineſs; and your wiſhes ſhall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am ſure I ſhall live with my Guardian and you for ever, as I may ſay: And God grant, and down on her knees ſhe dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happieſt of women, and that ſoon, for my ſake, as well as your own, in marriage with the beſt of men, my Guardian! (exultingly, ſaid ſhe): And ſay, Amen—Do, God bleſs you, madam, ſay Amen to my prayer.

I ſtruggled from her.—O my ſweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I haſtened out at the door to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kiſſing it with eagerneſs. Say you are not diſpleaſed with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have diſtreſſed me, by your ſweet goodneſs of heart?

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now ſay, once more, *my* Emily-—Say, Good reſt to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all thoſe tender names—and ſay, God bleſs you, my child, as if you were my

Mamma;

Mamma; and I will leave you, and I ſhall in fancy go to ſleep with angels.

Angels only are fit company for *my* Emily—God bleſs *my* Emily! Good night! Be your ſlumbers happy!

I kiſſed her once, twice, thrice, with fervor; and away ſhe tript; but ſtopt at the door, courteſying low, as I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had ſaid, and on what might be my fate; ſo many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not cloſe my eyes: I therefore aroſe before day; and, while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting ſubject, had recourſe to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my Grandmamma, my Aunt, my Uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it ſhall be propoſed, to bring down with me my Emily: And yet ſhe ſhall not come, if you don't all promiſe to love her as well as you do

Your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Monday, Mar. 20.

THE active, the reſtleſs goodneſs, of this Sir Charles Grandiſon, abſolutely dazles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the ſight of two Letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W. his Uncle. He has been more than a Father to his *Uncle*: Does not that ſound ſtrange? But he is to be the obliger of every-body.

The Doctor ſaid, that ſince Miſs Grandiſon had claimed the benefit of her Brother's permiſſion for

him to uſe his own diſcretion in communicating to us ſuch of the Letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L. and the Siſters, than by reading to them thoſe two Letters, as they were a kind of family ſubject.

After the Doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his cloſet. I ſtole up after him, and obtained his leave to tranſmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when peruſed.

There is no ſuch thing as pointing out particular paſſages of generoſity, juſtice, prudence, diſintereſtedneſs, beneficence, that ſtrike one in thoſe Letters, without tranſcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other obſervations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me ſay, That I think, if Sir Charles Grandiſon could and would tender himſelf to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I ſhould not live in continual dread of a ſeparation from him, even by that inevitable ſtroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his exiſtence?

LETTER IX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Sat. Night, Mar. 18.

AS ſoon as I had ſeen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W.

He received me with great expreſſions of eſteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character roſe upon him

him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he ſaid. I was my *Mother*'s Son.

He commended me for my oeconomy, and complimented into *generoſity* the *juſtice* I had done to ſome of my *friends*.

I frankly own, ſaid he, that at your firſt arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, Couſin, would wiſh me to be) I had thought it but prudent to *hold back*: For I imagined, that your Father had lived at ſuch a rate, that you would have applied to me, to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly, for money, to marry your elder Siſter, at leaſt. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others obſerve, that you had not eyes to ſee any of your Father's faults; either when he was living, or departed; and this gave me reaſon to apprehend, that you had your Father's extravagant turn: And I was reſolved, if I were applied to, *to wrap myſelf cloſe about in a general denial.* Elſe, all I had been gathering together for ſo many years paſt, might ſoon have been diſſipated; and I ſhould only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out ſome diſagreeable reflections on my Father's ſpirit.

To thoſe I anſwered, That every man had a right to judge for himſelf, in thoſe articles for which he himſelf is only accountable. My Father, and your Lordſhip, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taſte: Prudence (ſo your Lordſhip muſt account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both taſtes: But would not your Lordſhip think it very preſumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as miſtaken in the meaſures of your prudence?

Look you, Nephew, I don't well know what to

make of your ſpeech; but I judge, that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my Lord. While you were apprehenſive, that you might be a ſufferer by me, you acted with your uſual prudence to diſcourage an application. My Father had, in your Lordſhip's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal ſufferer by it himſelf: Had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the neceſſity of doing ſeveral things that were diſagreeable to hm, and muſt ever be, to a man of ſpirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may ſay, the ax, would have furniſhed him with all he wanted: And he paid intereſt for a leſs ſum of money than actually was in the hands of his ſtewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, Couſin—

No compliment to me, my Lord, I pray you, to the diſcredit of my Father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your Lordſhip, does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own maſter, do as I pleaſe. My taſte is different from both. I purſue mine, as he did his. If I ſhould happen to be more right than my Father in ſome things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in thoſe I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? Since all this time (directed by a natural byas) I am purſuing my own predominant paſſion; and that, perhaps, with as much ardor, and as little power to reſiſt it, as my Father had to reſtrain his.

Bravo! bravo! ſaid my Lord—Let me aſk you, Nephew—May *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling, as you have done?—If they may, by my troth, nine parts in ten of thoſe who go abroad, ought to be hanged up at their Fathers doors on their return.

Very ſevere, my Lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad, or at home: Unthinking ones call for our pity.

well,

Well, Sir, I do aſſure you, that I am proud of my Nephew, whatever you are of your Uncle: And there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would conſult you upon.

He rang, and aſked, What time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour was the anſwer.

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with paſſion. My Lord ſeemed affected at her entrance. It was eaſy to ſee, that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my Lord was more afraid of her, than ſhe was of him.

She endeavoured to aſſume a complaiſant air to me; but it was ſo viſibly ſtruggled for, that it ſat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when ſhe broke ſilence, to aſk officiouſly, as ſhe did, after the health of my Siſter Charlotte.

I would be alone with my Nephew, ſaid my Lord, in a paſſionate tone.

You *ſhall* be alone, my Lord, impertinently replied ſhe, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that ſhe had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeneſs that he only could take, and deſerve, who was conſcious of having degraded himſelf.

Fooliſh woman! Why came ſhe in when I was there, except to ſhew her ſuppoſed conſequence, at the expence of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her intereſt with my Lord; but I ſhould have thought meanly of myſelf, had I not, with diſdain, rejected the tender of her ſervices.

A damn'd woman! ſaid my Lord; but looked, firſt, as if he would be ſure ſhe was out of hearing.

This woman, Nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the ſubjects I wanted to conſult you upon.

Defer this ſubject, my Lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not deſign to begin with it. You are diſcompoſed.

And ſo I am : And he puffed and panted, as if out of breath.

I aſked him ſome indifferent queſtions : To have followed him upon the ſubject at that time, whatever reſolutions he had taken ; they would probably have gone off, when the paſſion to which they would have owed their vigour, had ſubſided.

When he had anſwered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praiſes again, and particularly, for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham ; who, he ſaid, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily ; and never opened her lips, when ſhe was led to mention me, but with bleſſings heaped upon me.

That woman, my Lord, ſaid I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a perſon is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wiſhed for, in the latter, is, that ſhe may be made unhurtful. Her higheſt good was never more than harmleſſneſs. She that was once good, cannot be eaſy, when ſhe is in a ſtate of true penitence, till ſhe is reſtored to that from which ſhe was induced to depart.

You underſtand theſe matters, Couſin : I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I ſhall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I muſt talk about this woman, Nephew. I am calm now. I muſt talk of this woman now—I am reſolved to part with her : I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how ſhe pulled the door after her, though you were preſent ?

I did, my Lord. But it was plain, that ſomething diſagreeable had paſſed before ; or ſhe could not ſo totally have forgotten herſelf. But, my Lord, we will poſtpone this ſubject, if you pleaſe. If you yourſelf

lead

lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.

Well, then, be it ſo. But now tell me, Have you, Nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the ſtate; and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well ſaid—And are you at liberty, kinſman, to receive a propoſal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for my anſwer, he propoſed Lady Frances N. and ſaid, he had been ſpoken to on that ſubject.

Lady Frances, anſwered I, is a very deſerving young Lady. My Father ſet on foot a treaty with her family: But it has long been broken off: It cannot be reſumed.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S.? I am told, that *ſhe* is likely to be the Lady. She has a noble fortune. Your Siſters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My ſiſters wiſh me happily married. I have ſuch an opinion of both thoſe Ladies, that it would give me ſome little pain, to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuſe me, were I offered to her, as I cannot, myſelf, *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my Lord, to think of returning ſlight for reſpect, to my *own* Sex: But as to Ladies; how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your Mother: She was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed ſhe was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinſman too! Now I know your reverence for your Mother, I will allow of all you ſay of your Father, becauſe I ſee it is all from principle. I have known ſome men who have ſpoken with reverence of their Mothers, to give themſelves dignity; that

that is to ſay, for bringing creatures ſo important as themſelves into the world; and who have exacted reſpect to the good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incenſe offered the Parent, into their own noſtrils. This was duty in parade.

The obſervation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W. I think I have heard one like it, made by my Father, who ſaw very far into men; but was ſometimes led, by his wit, into ſaying a ſevere thing: And yet, whenever I hear a man praiſed highly for the performance of common duties; as for being a good Huſband, a good Son, or a kind Father; tho' each is *comparatively* praiſe-worthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be ſaid of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed compriſing all the duties in one word: For friendſhip is the balm, as well as ſeaſoning, of life: And a man cannot be defective in *any* of the ſocial duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly underſtood.

Well, Couſin, ſince you cannot think of either of thoſe Ladies, how ſhould you like the rich and beautiful Counteſs of R.? You know what an excellent character ſhe bears.

I do. But, my Lord, I ſhould not chooſe to marry a widow: And yet, generally, I do not diſreſpect widows, nor imagine thoſe men to blame who marry them. But as my circumſtances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; eſpecially as I ſhall hope (and I ſhould not deſerve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I ſhall be married for my whole life.

The Counteſs once declared, ſaid my Lord, before half a ſcore in company, two of them her particular admirers, That ſhe never would marry any man in the world, except he were juſt ſuch another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Ladies,

Ladies, my Lord, who in abſence ſpeak favourably of a man who forms not pretenſions upon them, nor is likely to be troubleſome to them, would ſoon convince that man of his miſtake, were his preſumption to riſe upon their declared good opinion of him.

I wonder, proceeded my Lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, Couſin, praiſed in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a ſtranger, as I may ſay. Many youthful follies may perhaps be over-paſſed, that we ſhall never know any-thing of: But, be that as it will, I can tell you, Sir, that I have heard ſuch praiſes of you, as have made my eyes gliſten, becauſe of my relation to you. I was told, within this month paſt, that no fewer than Five Ladies, out of one circle, declared, that they would ſtand out by conſent, and let you pick and chooſe a wife from among them.

What your Lordſhip has heard of this nature, let me ſay, without affecting to diſclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one Sex, than of the other. I ſhould be glad, that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it) would mend us men.

So ſhould I, Nephew: But I [Poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not deſpiſe me, in your heart, Couſin?—You muſt have heard—That curſed woman—But I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either cenſorious, or uncharitable. Tell me, however, Do you not deſpiſe me?

Deſpiſe my Mother's Brother! No, my Lord. Yet were a ſovereign to warrant my freedom, and there were a likelihood that he would be the better for it; I would, with decency, tell him my whole mind. I am ſorry to ſay it; but your Lordſhip, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated,

have too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cauſe you to be cenſured for *ſingularity*. But your Lordſhip adds, to a confeſſion that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, Couſin, has made me half-aſhamed of myſelf.

I am not accuſtomed, my Lord, to harangue on theſe ſubjects to men who know their duty: But let me ſay, That your Lordſhip's good reſolutions, to be efficacious, muſt be built upon a better foundation than occaſional diſguſt or diſobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a ſubject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, Couſin. I ſhall, for my own ſake, adore my Siſter's Son. Had I conſulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my Lord, muſt do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed, than I could have imagined: And after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refuſal of a duel, he, by a tranſition that was very natural, mentioned the *reſcued Lady*, as he called her. I have heard, Couſin, ſaid he, that ſhe is the moſt beautiful woman in England.

I think her ſo, my Lord, replied I: And ſhe has one excellence, that I never before met with in a Beauty: She is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miſs Byron in ſuch terms, as made my Lord challenge me, as my Siſters once did, on the warmth of my deſcription and praiſes of her.

And does your Lordſhip think, that I cannot do juſtice to the merits of ſuch a Lady as Miſs Byron, but with an intereſted view? I do aſſure you, that what I have ſaid, is ſhort of what I think of her.

But

But I can praiſe a Lady without meaning a compliment to myſelf. I look upon it however, as one of the moſt fortunate accidents of my life, that I have heen able to ſerve her, and ſave her from a forced marriage with a man whom ſhe diſliked, and who could not deſerve her. There is hardly any-thing gives me more pain, than when I ſee a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at firſt conſulted; and who yet, tho' deeply ſenſible of her misfortune, irreproachably ſupports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the Sex, kinſman.

I am. I think the man who is not, muſt have fallen into bad company; and deſerves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-ſighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the beſt company: But perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are ſpeaking of.

Were we men, my Lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for thoſe qualities which are principally valuable in the Sex; the leſs eſtimable, if they would not be reformed, would ſhrink out of our company, into company more ſuitable to their taſte; and we ſhould never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to aſſociate with. There is a kind of magnetiſm in goodneſs. Bad people will indeed find out bad people, to accompany with, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of ſand; while truſt, confidence, love, ſympathy, twiſt a cord, by a reciprocation of beneficent offices, which ties good men to good men, and cannot be eaſily broken.

I have never had theſe notions, Couſin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and,

to

to own the truth, meaning to ſerve myſelf, rather than any body elſe, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with, had the ſame views upon *me*, as I had upon *them*; and thus I went on in a ſtate of hoſtility with all men; miſtruſting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impoſe upon me, if I placed a confidence in him.—But as to this Miſs Byron, Nephew, I ſhall never reſt till I ſee her—Pray, what is her fortune? They tell me, it is not above 15000 *l.*—What is that, to the offers you have had made you?

Juſt then we were told, dinner was on the table.

I am wiſhing for an inclination to reſt; but it flies me. The laſt Letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as thoſe from the Biſhop, afflict me. Why have I ſuch a feeling heart? Were the unhappy ſituation of affairs there owing to my own enterpriſing ſpirit, I ſhould deſerve the pain it gives me. But I ſhould be too happy, had I not theſe *without-door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they ariſe not from *within*, tho' they make themſelves too eaſy a paſſage to my heart!

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowſy moment, I ſhall welcome its approach: If not, I will riſe, and continue my ſubject.

LETTER X.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Sunday, Mar. 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulneſs, I could not, tho' I tried for it, prevail for more: And I will continue my ſubject.

After dinner, every attendant being diſmiſſed, my Lord, making me firſt ſee that nobody was liſtening in the paſſages, began as follows:

I am

I am determined, Nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occaſion that I will not mention to you, becauſe you would deſpiſe me, if I did, for my weakneſs: And now ſhe wants to bring in upon me a Siſter of hers, and her huſband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reaſon, ſhe is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: For this man and his wife have ſix children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honeſtly ſupported.

And have you any difficulty, my Lord, in parting with her, but what ariſes from your own want of reſolution?

The moſt inſolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the moſt whining at another. Don't deſpiſe me, Nephew; you know I have taken her as—— You know what I mean——

I underſtand you, my Lord.

But ſay, you don't deſpiſe me, Sir Charles Grandiſon. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my Lord, where I ſee compunction, is ſtronger than my cenſure.

That is well ſaid.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and ſhe has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150 *l.* for life; which was to be made up 250 *l.* if I parted with her, without her conſent; and here we have been, for ſeveral months, plaguing one another, whether I ſhall turn *her* out of the houſe, or ſhe will leave *me*: For ſhe has told me, that ſhe will not ſtay, unleſs I take in her Siſter and Brother; yet will not go, becauſe ſhe will then have no more than the 150 *l.* a year: And that is too much for her deſerts for theſe two years paſt.

Your Lordſhip ſees the inconveniencies of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much

much happier that ſtate is, which binds a man and woman together by intereſt, as well as by affection, if diſcretion be not forgotten in the choice. But let me expreſs my ſurprize, that your Lordſhip, who has ſo ample an eſtate, and no child, ſhould ſeem to value your peace of mind at ſo low a rate as 100 *l.* a year.

I will not let her go away with ſuch a triumph. She has not deſerved from me—

Pray, my Lord, was ſhe of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow—

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty diſorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men-fellows—

Well, my Lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't ſay I have. Her curſed temper would frighten, rather than invite, Lovers. I *heard* it was no good one; but it broke not out to *me* till within theſe two years.

Your Lordſhip, ſurely, muſt not diſpute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250 *l.* a year, and let her go.

To reward a curſed woman for miſbehaviour!—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to ſay, that your Lordſhip has deſerved ſome puniſhment: Give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a puniſhment to yourſelf.

You hurt my ſore place, Nephew.

Conſider, my Lord, that 250 *l.* a year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price, for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condeſcended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment muſt ſtrike her to the heart, if ſhe live to have compunction ſeize her, when ſhe thinks that ſhe

is

is receiving, for ſubſiſtence, the wages of her ſhame. Be *that* her puniſhment. You intimate, that ſhe has ſo behaved herſelf, that ſhe has but few friends: Part with her, without giving her cauſe of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expence. A woman who has loſt *her* reputation, will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppoſe ſhe ſue you for non-performance of covenants: Would your Lordſhip appear to ſuch a proſecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a proſecution that would otherwiſe go againſt you. You cannot be in earneſt to part with this woman, ſhe cannot have offended you beyond forgiveneſs, if you ſcruple 100 *l.* a year to get rid of her.

He fervently ſwore, that he was in earneſt; and added, I am reſolved, Nephew, to marry, and live honeſt.

He looked at me, as if he expected I ſhould be ſurpriſed.

I believe I could not change countenance, on ſuch a hint as this. You have come to a good reſolution, my Lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your Lordſhip will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and intereſt. And ſhall the difference of 100 *l.* a year—Don't let me ſay, that I am aſhamed for my Lord W.

I knew that you would deſpiſe me, Sir Charles.

I know that I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, were I not to deal freely with your Lordſhip in this reſpect. Indeed, my Lord, you have not had ſo good reaſon (forgive me!) to think hardly of my Father's ſpirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, Nephew. He looked diſpleaſed.

You muſt not be angry, my Lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, conſulting me, ſhall be diſpleaſed with me for ſpeaking my mind with freedom and ſincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment [You have ſpirit, Nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles] and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and ſobs, and threatens, by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once ſhe was going to tie herſelf up—Would to God I had not prevented her—And then (O my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was aſhamed of my Uncle. But you ſee what an artful, as well as inſolent woman, this is. What *folly* is there in wickedneſs! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it ſucceed ſo often as it does?—Yet my Mother's Brother to wiſh he had ſuffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to deſtroy herſelf!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be ſerving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I ſhould not have kept my ſeat—But we ſee in my Mother, and in her Brother, how habitual wickedneſs debaſes, and how habitual goodneſs exalts, the human mind. In their youth they were ſuppoſed nearer an equality in their underſtandings and attainments, than in their maturity, when occaſion called out into action their reſpective talents. But perhaps the Brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted proſperity that attended him, and for having never met with check or controul; whereas the moſt happily married woman in the world muſt have a will to which ſhe muſt ſometimes reſign her own. What a glory to a good woman muſt it be, who can not only reſign her will, but make ſo happy an uſe of her reſignation, as my Mother did!

My Lord repeated his requeſt, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and ſent for her, accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with paſſion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehenſion for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I ſee,

I ſee, Mrs. Giffard, ſaid I, that you are in great emotion. I am deſired to talk with you; a taſk I am not very fond of: But you will find nothing but civility, ſuch as is due to you, for your Sex's ſake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will ſee you again, in a few moments.

I took a turn, and ſo on came back. Her face looked not quite ſo bloated; and ſhe burſt into tears. She began to make a merit of her ſervices; her care; her honeſty; and then inveighed againſt my Lord for the narrowneſs of his ſpirit. She paid ſome compliments to me; and talked of being aſhamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what ſhe was prepared to ſay of her ſacrifices, the loſs of her good name, and the like; on which, with reſpect to my Lord, and his ingratitude to her, as ſhe called it, ſhe laid great ſtreſs.

I am never diſpleaſed, my dear friend, with the teſtimony which the moſt profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to ſet a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to ſay, Mrs. Giffard, that my Lord betrayed, ſeduced, or deceived you. I ſay not this ſo much for reproach, as for juſtice-ſake; and not to ſuffer you to deceive yourſelf, and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own miſtreſs: You had no Father, Mother, Huſband, to queſtion you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a ſole and independent perſon. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, tho' a ſmall price for the virtue of a good woman, which is indeed above all price, is, nevertheleſs, greatly above the price of common ſervice. I never ſeek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; tho' it is not my meaning to affront, a woman eſpecially, and one who ſuppoſes herſelf in diſtreſs. You *muſt know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: You ſtipulated, therefore,

therefore, for a proviſion, accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardſhip, to take the ſtipulation, and once more give herſelf the opportunity to recover her loſt fame. This independence my Lord is deſirous to give you—

What independence, Sir?

One hundred and fifty—

Two hundred and fifty, Sir, if you pleaſe—If my Lord think fit to diſmiſs me.

My Lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the ſtipulation; but he pleads miſbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100 *l.* a year, tho' I thought my *Lord* ought not—And as to miſbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to puniſh a woman for that, to her keeper. Does ſhe not firſt miſbehave to herſelf, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her firſt duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere diſcretionary obligation? I would have all theſe *Moraliſts*, as they affect to call themſelves, ſuffer by ſuch libertine principles as cannot be purſued, but in violation of the very firſt laws of morality.

Miſbehaviour! Sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baſeneſs of heart. I never miſbehaved, as he calls it, till I ſaw—

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can anſwer no end. I preſume, you are as willing to leave my Lord, as he is to part with you. It muſt be a wretchedneſs beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I muſt not palliate in this caſe) and yet of hatred and animoſity, with the perſon who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal taſk, Sir, to talk with *you* on this ſubject. My Lord will not refuſe to ſee me, I hope. I know what to ſay to *him*.

He has requeſted me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the taſk. We have all, our faults. God knows what he will pardon, and

what

what he will puniſh. His pardon, however, in a great meaſure depends upon yourſelf. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: Your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: But you have now a proſpect opened of future happineſs, thro' your mutual miſunderſtandings, that you never otherwiſe *might* have had. And let me make an obſervation to you; That where hatred or diſlike have once taken place of liking, the firſt ſeparation, in ſuch a caſe as this, is always the beſt. Affection or eſteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth—Don't you as heartily diſlike my Lord, as he does you?

I do, Sir——He is——

I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers---But if you might, would you chooſe to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me——

Diabolical temper!---Woman! (and I ſtood up, and looked ſternly) Can you forget *to* whom you ſay this---and *of* whom?---Is not Lord W. my Uncle?

This (as I intended it ſhould) ſtartled her. She aſked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a Peer of the realm made of it! to have this ſaid *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his preſence, *to* him, by a woman whoſe courage is founded in his weakneſs?---Let me tell you, madam——

She held up her claſped hands---For God's ſake, forgive me, Sir! and ſtand my friend.

A hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for *any* conſideration that a woman could give, who has more ſpirit the virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, tho' the Daughter of cot-

tagers, have been ſuperior to the greateſt man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.---But thus far, and as a puniſhment to my Lord for his wilful weakneſs, I *will* be your friend---Retire from my Lord: You ſhall have 250 *l.* a year: And as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, beſtow the hundred a year, that was in debate, upon young creatures of your Sex, as an encouragement to them to preſerve that chaſtity, which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and, with the reſt, live a life ſuitable to that diſpoſition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wiſh you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: She could not, ſhe ſaid, ſtand in my preſence.

I had, indeed, ſpoken with warmth. She withdrew, trembling, courteſying, mortified; and I returned to my Lord.

He was very earneſt to hear my report. I again put it to him, Whether he adhered to his reſolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earneſtneſs than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that ſhe ſhould go, and that without ſeeing him? I cannot bear to ſee her, ſaid he.

Bravoes of the Law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are theſe keepers, generally. I have ever ſuſpected the courage (to magnanimity they muſt be ſtrangers) of men who can defy the Laws of Society. I pitied him: And believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak Lord afraid of her; I ſaid, Have you a mind, my Lord, that ſhe ſhall quit the houſe this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake, that ſhe ſhall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you ſhall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: For the moment you are gone, ſhe will force herſelf into my preſence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my ſtomach. She reproaches me, as if ſhe had

had been an innocent woman, and I the moſt ungrateful of men. For God's ſake, Nephew, releaſe me from her, and I ſhall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but ſhe would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: She ſtands in awe of nobody elſe. You will be my guardian Angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my Lord, you will leave it to me to do the beſt I can with her: But it cannot be the beſt on your ſide, for your honour's ſake, if we do her not that juſtice that the Law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my Lord, you muſt forgive me for ſaying, that you ſhall not reſume that dignity to diſtreſs this women, which you laid aſide when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myſelf to your management: Only this 100 *l.* a year---Once again, I ſay, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: And 150 *l.* a year is two-thirds more than ever ſhe, or any of her family, were intitled to.

The worſt and meaneſt are intitled to juſtice, my Lord; and I hope your Lordſhip will not refuſe to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: You muſt *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Juſt then the woman ſent in, to beg the favour of an audience, as ſhe called it, of me.

She addreſſed me in terms above her education. There is ſomething, ſaid ſhe, in your countenance, Sir, ſo terrible, and yet ſo ſweet, that one muſt fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveneſs, when one has offended. I was too free in ſpeaking of my Lord to his Nephew---And then ſhe made a compliment to my character, and told me, She would be determined by my pleaſure, be it what it would.

How ſeldom are violent ſpirits true ſpirits! When over-awed, how tame are they, generally, in their

ſubmiſſion! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She ſaw, that, diſpleaſed as ſhe apprehended I was with her, I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her ſo acquieſcent.

I was indeed diſpleaſed with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you ſaid, but conclude in your diſfavour, in juſtification of my Lord's complaints againſt you.

Will you give me leave, Sir, to lay before you the true ſtate of every-thing between my Lord and me? Indeed, Sir, you don't know——

When two perſons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is ſeldom wholly on one ſide: But thus far I judge between you, and deſire not to hear particulars; The man who diſpenſes with a known duty, in ſuch a caſe as this before us, muſt render himſelf deſpicable in the eyes of the very perſon whom he raiſes into conſequence by ſinking his own. Chaſtity is the crown and glory of a woman. The moſt profligate of men love modeſty in the Sex, at the very time they are forming plots to deſtroy it in a particular object. When a woman has ſubmitted to put a price upon her honour, ſhe muſt appear, at times, deſpicable in the eyes even of her ſeducer; and when theſe two break out into animoſity, ought either to wiſh to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am ſtruck with remorſe: I ſee my error. And ſhe put her handkerchief to her eyes, and ſeemed to weep.

I proceeded; You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my Lord's paſſion: You made your terms, therefore, and propoſed a penalty beſides. My Lord ſubmitted to the terms, and by that means ſecured his right of diſmiſſing you, at his pleaſure; the only conveniency that a man diſhonouring himſelf by deſpiſing marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be ſaid (tho' you are both

anſwer-

anſwerable at a tribunal higher than your own) but that you ſhould have ſeparated long ago? Yet you would not conſent to it: You would not leave him at liberty to aſſert the right he had reſerved to himſelf. Strange weakneſs in him, that he would ſuffer that to depend upon you!—But one weakneſs is the parent of another.

She then viſibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your Lord in a higher degree, than he could torment you*; and how, acting upon ſuch principles, you have lived together for ſome time paſt, you have let every one ſee.

She, on her knees, beſought my pardon for the freedom of that expreſſion:—Not from motives of contrition, as I apprehend; but from thoſe of policy.

She was ſtrong enough to raiſe herſelf, without my aſſiſtance. She did, unbidden, on ſeeing me ſtep backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do ſo; and looked very ſilly; and the more, for having miſſed my aſſiſting hand: By which I ſuppoſed, that ſhe had uſually better ſucceſs with my Lord, whenever ſhe had prevailed on herſelf to kneel to him.

It is eaſy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from ſmall crevices, to diſcover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an obſerver, who himſelf diſdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her ſtudy. In a departure from honeſt nature, there will be ſuch curvings, as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart: And if ſhe either breaks out into uncalled for apologies, or affects undue reſerve, ſhe gives room to confirm the ſuſpicion, that all is not right in her mind.

I excuſe you, Mrs. Giffard, ſaid I; my Lord has deſervedly brought much of what has diſtreſſed him, upon himſelf: But now it is beſt for you to part. My Lord chooſes not to ſee you. I would adviſe you to remove this very afternoon.

What, Sir, and not have my 250*l.* a year!

Will you leave the houſe this night, if I give you my word—

For the whole ſum, Sir?—Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, Sir?

Yes, for the whole ſum.

I will, Sir, with all my heart and ſoul. Moſt of my things are in the country. My Lord came up in a paſſion, to talk with you, Sir. Two or three band-boxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my Lord's favourite) ſhall go down, and ſee I take nothing but my own—I will truſt to your word of honour, Sir—and leave, for ever, the moſt ungrateful—

Huſh, Mrs. Giffard, theſe tears are tears of paſſion. There is not a female feature, at this inſtant, in your face—[What a command of countenance! It cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her] A penitent ſpirit is an humble, a broken ſpirit: You ſhew, at preſent, no ſign of it.

She dropt me a courteſy, with ſuch an air (tho' not deſigned, I believe,) as ſhewed that the benefit ſhe was to reap from the advice, would not be ſudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her queſtion, If ſhe had my honour for the payment of the entire ſum—And you don't inſiſt, Sir (I have poor relations) that I ſhall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you pleaſe. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their neceſſities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at ſome atonement.

The woman could too well bear this ſeverity. Had a finger been ſufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She aſſured me, that ſhe would leave the houſe in two hours time. I returned to my Lord, and told him ſo.

He

He aroſe from his ſeat, embraced me, and called me his good Angel. I adviſed him to give his orders to Halden, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himſelf juſtice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my Lord. If you have brought me off for 150 *l.* I will adore you.

Theſe are the terms (You promiſed to leave them to me): You pay no more than 150 *l.* a year for her life, till you aſſure me, upon your honour, that you chearfully, and on mature conſideration, make it up 250 *l.*

How is that! How is that, Nephew?—Then I never ſhall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever aſk you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembred by the pain, and cried Oh!—

But how did you manage it, kinſman?—I never ſhould have brought her to any-thing—How did you manage it?

Your Lordſhip does not repent her going?

He ſwore, that it was the happieſt event that could have befallen him. I hope, ſaid he, ſhe will go without wiſhing to ſee me—Whether ſhe would whine, or curſe, it would be impoſſible for me to ſee her, and be myſelf.

I believe ſhe will go without deſiring to ſee you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—— But is it poſſible, kinſman, that you could bring me off for 150 *l.* a year? Tell me, truly.

It is: And I tell your Lordſhip, that it ſhall coſt you no more, till you ſhall know how to value the comfort and happineſs of your future life at more than 100 *l.* a year: Till then, the reſpect I pay to my Mother's Brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me chearfully pay the 100 *l.* a year in diſpute, out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at laſt, burſting out into tears and ſpeech together—And is it *thus*, Is it *thus*, you ſubdue me? is it *thus* you convince me of my ſhameful littleneſs? I cannot bear it: All that this woman has done to me, is nothing to this. I can neither leave you, nor ſtay in your preſence. Leave me, leave me, for ſix minutes only—Jeſus! how ſhall I bear my own littleneſs?

I aroſe. One word, only, my Lord. When I reenter, ſay not a ſyllable more on this ſubject: Let it paſs as I put it. I would part with a greater ſum than a hundred a year, for the ſatisfaction of giving to my Uncle the tranquillity he has ſo long wanted in his own houſe, rather than that a perſon who has had a dependence upon him, ſhould think herſelf intitled to complain of injuſtice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it haſtily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himſelf.

When I returned, he thruſt into my hand a paper, and held it there, and ſwore that I ſhould take it. If the wretch live ten years, Nephew, ſaid he, *that* will reimburſe you; if ſhe dies ſooner, the difference is yours: And, for God's ſake, for the ſake of your Mother's memory, don't deſpiſe me; that is all the favour I aſk of you: No man on earth was ever ſo nobly overcome. By all that's good, you ſhall chalk me out my path. Bleſſed be my Siſter's memory, for giving me ſuch a kinſman! The name of Grandiſon, that I ever diſliked till now, is the firſt of names: And may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done ſpeaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000 *l.* I was earneſt to return it; but he ſwore ſo vehemently, that he would have it ſo, that I, at laſt, acquieſced; but declared, that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the ſum went; and this,

as

as well in juſtice to him, as to ſave him the pain of attending to an affair that muſt be grievous to him: And I inſiſted upon giving him an acknowlegement under my hand, for that ſum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like caſe.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My Lord ſtarted up, at her voice: His complexion varied: He whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not ſee her, ſaid he.

I ſtepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept; yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things againſt my Lord: But I ſtopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaſter, quarterly, of the 250*l.* a year; and ſhe turned her execrations againſt her Lord, into bleſſings on me: But, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderneſs, was viſibly the occaſion. Could ſhe have ſecured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but ſhe would have gratified that pride, by leaving her Lord in triumph while ſhe thought her departure would have given him regret: But to be *diſmiſſed*, was a diſgrace that affected her, and gave bitterneſs to her inſolent ſpirit.

LETTER XI.

Sir Charles Grandison, *To Dr.* Bartlett, *In Continuation.*

MY Lord, tho' he had acquitted himſelf on the occaſion, in ſuch a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved Mother's ſpirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleneſs, when he was aſſured Giffard was out of the houſe. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, ariſing (as it came out) from the ſame occaſion;

ſion; and ordered him to make all his domeſtics happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: Aſking, If there were any-body in the houſe who loved her? Not a ſingle ſoul, ſaid Halden; and I am ſure, that I may venture to congratulate your Lordſhip, in the names of all your ſervants: For ſhe was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranneſs, to all beneath her.

I then, for the firſt time, pitied the woman; and ſhould have pitied her ſtill more (true as this might, in ſome meaſure, be) had ſhe not gone away ſo amply rewarded: For, in this little family I looked forward to the family of the State; the Sovereign and his miniſters. How often has a miniſter, who has made a tyrannical uſe of power (and even ſome who have not) experienced, on his diſmiſſion, the like treatment, from thoſe who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad an uſe of it; who, in its plenitude, were fawning, creeping ſlaves, as theſe ſervants might be to this miſtreſs of their Lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the ſuperb train of Wolſey, when he had fallen into diſgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, ſome not ignobly born, and all of them leſs meanly deſcended than their magnificent maſter.

Halden addreſſed himſelf to me, as having been the means of making his Lord and his whole houſhold happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, ſaid I: The poor woman might, poſſibly, have numbered among her well-wiſhers (ſhe could not have diſobliged *every*-body) ſome of thoſe, who now will be moſt forward to load her with obloquy. You muſt not make her too conſiderable: It is beſt for my Lord, as well as for thoſe who loved her not, to forget there ever was ſuch a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boaſts of her honeſty and management: My Lord charges her not with infidelity, of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My Lord ſwore, by his ſoul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Bleſſed, ſaid he, be the name of the Grandiſons! This laſt plaudit gratified my pride [I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett, that I have pride]; the more gratified it, as Lord W's animoſity to my Father made him not pleaſed with his name.

I did not think, when my Lord began his ſtory to me, that I ſhould ſo ſoon have brought about a ſeparation of guilt from guilt: But their mutual diſguſts had prepared the way; reſentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one ſide, and ſelf-intereſtedneſs, founded (reaſonably) on a ſtipulation made, and not complied with, on the other; were all that hindered it from taking place as from themſelves. A mediator had nothing then to do, but to adviſe an act of juſtice, and ſo to gild it by a precedent of diſintereſtedneſs in himſelf, as ſhould excite an emulation in a proud ſpirit, which, if not then, muſt, when paſſion had ſubſided, have ariſen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my Lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my Lord, and now as to your hints of marriage—

Bleſſed God!—Why, Nephew, you *overturn* me with your generoſity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your conſent, were I to aſk it, that I ſhould marry?

I give you not only my *conſent*, as you condeſcendingly phraſe it, but my *advice*, to marry.

Good God? *I* could not, in the like caſe, do thus. But, Nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a diſcreet, a tender aſſiſtant. Your Lordſhip hinted, that you liked not men-ſervants about your perſon, in your illneſs. You are often indiſpoſed with the gout: Servants will not always *be* ſervants when they find themſelves of uſe. Infirmity requires indulgence: In the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exiſt with ſervility; between man and wife it may: The ſame in-

tereſt unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at leaſt, that reſults from mutual confidence? A man gives his own conſequence to the woman he marries; and he ſees himſelf reſpected in the reſpect paid her: She extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is ſuch a tenderneſs, ſuch a helpfulneſs, ſuch a ſympathy in ſuffering, in a good woman, that I am always for excuſing men in years, who marry prudently; while I cenſure, for the ſame reaſon, women in years. Male nurſes are unnatural creatures! [There is not ſuch a character that can be reſpectable] Womens ſphere is the houſe, and their ſhining-place the ſick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, ſhall I ſay, lenient qualities? Marry, my Lord, by all means. You are not much more than Fifty; but were you Seventy, and ſo often indiſpoſed; ſo wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealouſies; I would adviſe you to marry. The man or woman deſerves not to be benefited in the diſpoſition of your affairs, that would wiſh you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deſerves to be made your equal, in degree. Only, my Lord, marry ſo, as not to defeat your own end: Marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wiſhing for her preſence.

Bleſſings on your heart, my Nephew! Beſt of men! I can hold no longer. There was no bearing, *before*, your generoſity: What can I ſay now?—But you *muſt* be in earneſt.

Have you, my Lord, aſked I, any Lady in your eye?

No, ſaid he; indeed I have not.

I was the better pleaſed with him, that he had not; becauſe I was afraid, that, like our VIIIth Henry, he had

had ſome other woman in view, which might have made him more uneaſy than he would otherwiſe have been with Giffard: For tho' it were better that he ſhould marry, than live in ſcandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world ſee that ſhe could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better juſtified in his complaints of that woman's miſbehaviour, than in the other caſe he would have been: And that it was a happineſs to both (if a right uſe were made of the event) that they had been unable to live on, as they had ſet out.

He told me, that he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addreſſes; and even would court her for him.

Your Lordſhip ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She ſhould be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a ſerious turn: Such a one is not likely in affluence to run into thoſe ſcenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has reſtrained the gayer creature. I would not have your Lordſhip fix an age, tho' I think you ſhould not marry a girl. Some women at Thirty are more diſcreet than others at Forty: And if your Lordſhip ſhould be bleſſed with a child or two to inherit your great eſtate, that happy event would domeſticate the Lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My Lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears ſeemed to make themſelves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he ſaid on this occaſion, and with anger, till he explained himſelf.

By my ſoul, ſaid he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your Father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My Lord!

Don't be ſurpriſed. I hate him for keeping ſo long abroad a Son, who would have converted us both. Leſſons of morality, given in ſo noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (thoſe were his words) not only where there is no intereſt propoſed to be ſerved, but *againſt* intereſt, muſt have ſubdued us both; and that by our own conſents. O my Siſter! and he claſped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly addreſs before him; how have you bleſſed me, in your Son!——

This apoſtrophe to my Mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W.! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own maſter!—His Father died before he was of age.

He declared, that I had deſcribed the very wife he wiſhed to have. Find out ſuch a one for me, my dear kinſman, ſaid he; and I give you *carte blanche*: But let her not be younger than between Forty and Fifty. Make the ſettlements for me: I am very rich: I will ſign them blindfold. If the Lady be ſuch a one as *you* ſay I *ought* to love, I *will* love her: Only let her ſay, ſhe can be grateful for my Love, and for the proviſion you ſhall direct me to make for her; and my firſt interview with her ſhall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye ſuch a woman as my Lord ought to do very handſome things for, if ſhe condeſcend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know ſhe will encourage ſuch a propoſal; and, for her own fortune's ſake, I think ſhe ſhould: But I had her not in my thoughts when I propoſed to my Lord the character of the woman he ſhould wiſh for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Tueſday, Mar. 21.

DR. Bartlett went to town yeſterday. He returned early enough to breakfaſt with us. He found at dinner with his patron, the whole Danby family and Mr. Sylveſter; as alſo, the two maſters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whoſe Son is in love with Miſs Danby, and ſhe with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodneſs of Sir Charles, of which he had aſſured Mr. Sylveſter and the two Brothers and Siſter before.

I am ſorry, methinks, the Doctor went to town: We ſhould otherwiſe, perhaps, have had the particulars of all, from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, ſuch admiration, ſuch gratitude, the Doctor ſays, were expreſſed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylveſter's, and moſt of thoſe preſent, more than once, were ready to overflow.

Every-thing was there ſettled, and even a match propoſed by Sir Charles, and the propoſal received with approbation on both ſides, between the elder Miſs Galliard, and that audacious young man the *drug-merchant*; who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and every-body.

The Doctor ſays, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Pouſſin, the two maſters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; ſo is Mr. Galliard: And they behaved ſo handſomely on the occaſion, that Sir Charles expreſſed himſelf highly pleaſed with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of leſs money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miſs Danby; the other for ad-

admitting the elder Danby into a partnerſhip with him, on his marriage with his Niece: But Sir Charles had no notion, he ſaid, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: The greateſt expences, he obſerved, were then incurred. In ſlight or ſcanty beginnings, ſcanty plans muſt be laid, and purſued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby ſhould have the handſomer fortune with his Daughter, if ſhe approved of him, for the very handſome one Miſs Danby would carry to his Son.

Sir Charles's example, in ſhort, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happieſt proſpects, are likely very ſoon to follow theſe noble inſtances of generoſity. Mr. Sylveſter propoſed the celebration on one day: In that caſe, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would hononr them with his preſence. He aſſentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once, made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, ſaid, on our joining in one general bleſſing of his patron, You know not, Ladies, you know not, my Lord, what a general *Philanthropiſt* your brother is: His whole delight is in doing good. It has always been ſo: And to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes, of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the Doctor on his having ſo conſiderable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L. ſaid, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at ſo critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The Doctor very modeſtly received the compliment, and, to wave our praiſes, gave us another inſtance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits; as follows:

He once, ſaid the Doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honeſt man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he reſided there (as he did ſometimes

times for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the Engliſh chapel) a conſiderable ſum; and took his bond for it: After a while, things not anſwering to the poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandiſon took notice to me, ſaid the Doctor, that he appeared greatly depreſſed and dejected, and occaſionally came into his company with ſuch a ſenſe of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: And why, ſaid he, ſhould I keep it in my power to diſtreſs a man, whoſe modeſty and diffidence ſhew, that he deſerves to be made eaſy?—I may die ſuddenly: My executors may think it but juſtice to exact payment: And that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as thoſe were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Inſtead of ſuffering him to ſigh over his uncertain proſpects at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed eaſy to him. His wife and his five children ſhall rejoice with him; they ſhall ſee the good man's countenance, as it uſed to do, ſhine upon them; and occaſionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: And, at the ſame time, fearing the man's diſtreſs might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further ſum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, that the ſum ha owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honeſt man's grievance. He declined, with gratitude, the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the Doctor; and, juſt before Mr. Grandiſon left Italy, would have made him ſome part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably, was owing to his revived ſpirits: But Mr. Grandiſon aſked, What he thought he meant, when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: For free minds, he ſaid, loved not to be ungenerouſly dealt with.

What

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W. and the Danby's, said Lord L. and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! But *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my Lord! said the Doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—You don't know—He stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: A good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, Ladies!

The Doctor arose; for breakfast was over—Dear Doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—As to that Bologna, that Camilla, that Bishop—Tell us more of them, dear Doctor.

Excuse me, Ladies; excuse me, my Lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed!—At what?——

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: He must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles; for *his*: And would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—What shall I say?—O this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!

jectures !—But a'l will too ſoon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandiſon is come——

O no !—A falſe alarm !—He is *not* come : It is only my Lord L. returned from an airing.

I could beat this girl ! this Emily !—It was owing to her !—A chit !—How we have fluttered each other !—But ſend for me down to Northamptonſhire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

* *

Pray—Do you know, Lucy, What is the buſineſs that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this ſeaſon of the year ? He has made a viſit to Sir Charles Grandiſon : For Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleaſed with him ; yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me*, that he deſigned it. I beſeech you, my dear friends—Do not—But you would not ; you *could* not !—I would be torn in pieces : I would not accept of—I don't know what I would ſay. Only add not diſgrace to diſtreſs.—But I am ſafe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my Grandmamma and Aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane, or any-body, to make *improper* viſits.—But don't you think, that it muſt look particular to Sir Charles, to have a viſit paid him by a man expreſſing for me ſo much undeſerved tenderneſs and affection, ſo long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it ?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's ſake as my own, every-thing that may be conſtrued into officiouſneſs or particularity, by ſo nice a diſcerner. Does he not ſay, that no man is more quick-ſighted than himſelf, to thoſe faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy ?

I have been very earneſt with Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, that they do not ſuffer their friendſhip for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promiſed to conſult my punctilio, as well as my inclination. Miſs Grandiſon was more kindly in earneſt,

in

in her aſſurances of this nature, than I was afraid ſhe would be: And my Lord ſaid, It was fit that I ſhould find even niceneſs gratified, in this particular.

[I abſolutely confide in you Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my Uncle) to omit thoſe paſſages which very few men have delicacy or ſerioufneſs enough to be truſted with. Yet, a mighty piece of ſagacity, to find out a girl of little more than Twenty, in Love, as it is called! and to make a jeſt of her for it!]—[But I am peeviſh, as well as ſaucy.—This alſo goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my Dear.

LETTER XIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Monday Night, Mar. 20.

I AM very much diſſatisfied with myſelf, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer thoſe ſudden guſts of paſſion, to which, from my early youth, I have been ſubject, as you have often heard me confeſs! yet to find, at times, that I am unqual—to myſelf, ſhall I ſay?—To *myſelf*, I *will* ſay; ſince I have been ſo much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occaſion.

My gueſts, and you, had but juſt left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O Hara, and another bullying man, deſired to ſpeak with me.

I bad the ſervant ſhew the woman into the drawing-room next my ſtudy, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little ſtiff civility (I could not help it) aſked, If theſe gentlemen had buſineſs with me?

That

That gentleman is Major O Hara, Sir: He is my huſband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet: He is the Major's Brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themſelves airs of importance and familiarity; and the Major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my ſtudy. The woman aroſe, and would have come with them.

If you pleaſe to ſtay where you are, madam, I will attend you preſently.

They entered; and, as if they would have me think them connoiſſeurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures, and buſts.

I took off that ſort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O Hara, Sir: I am the huſband of the Lady in the next room, as ſhe told you.

And what, pray, Sir, have I to do, either with you, or your marriage? I pay that Lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200*l.* a year: I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me; much leſs has her huſband.

The men had ſo much the air of bullies, and the woman is ſo very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which ſhe ſo lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandiſon, I would have you to know—

And he put his left hand upon his ſword-handle, preſſing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely inſolent.

What am I to underſtand by that motion, Sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles—D—n me, if I mean any-thing by it.—

You

You are called *Major*, you ſay, Sir—Do you bear the king's commiſſion, Sir?

I *have* borne it, Sir, if I do not now.

That, and the houſe you are in, give you a title to civility. But, Sir, I cannot allow, that your marriage with the Lady in the next room gives you pretence to buſineſs with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man ſeemed at a loſs what to ſay; but not from baſhfulneſs. He looked about him, as if for his woman; ſet his teeth; bit his lip; and took ſnuff, with an air ſo like defiance, that, for fear I ſhould not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, ſaid I, what are *your* commands with me?

He ſpoke in broken Engliſh; and ſaid, He had the honour to be Major O Hara's Brother: He had married the Major's Siſter.

And why, Sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any buſineſs with me, Sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, ſaid he, to ſee my Brother righted, Sir—

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr. O Hara, what are your pretenſions?

Why look ye, Sir Charles Grandiſon (throwing open his coat, and ſticking one hand in his ſide, the other thrown out with a flouriſh) Look ye, Sir, repeated he—

I found my choler riſing. I was afraid of myſelf.

When I treat *you* familiarly, Sir, then treat *me* ſo: Till when, pleaſe to withdraw—

I rang: Frederick came in.

Shew theſe gentlemen into the little parlour—You will excuſe me, Sirs; I attend the Lady.

They muttered, and gave themſelves briſk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the ſervant into that parlour.

I went

I went to Mrs. O Hara, as ſhe calls herſelf.

Well, madam, what is your buſineſs with me, *now?*

Where are the gentlemen, Sir? Where is my huſband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that ſhall paſs between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your preſence, Sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any buſineſs with me, or I with them.

Has not a huſband buſineſs where his wife is?

Neither wife nor huſband has buſineſs with me.

Yes, Sir, I am come to demand my Daughter. I come to demand a Mother's right.

I anſwer not to ſuch a demand: You know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrook: She was kept from me: My child was carried out of the houſe, that I might not ſee her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a Letter for her; and I expect to ſee her upon it.—Her new Father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourſelf, Sir, longs to ſee her—

Her *new Father!* madam.—You *expect to ſee her!* madam.—What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the laſt time you ſaw her? But if you *do* ſee her, it muſt be in my preſence, and without your man, if he form pretenſions, on your account, that may give either her or me diſturbance.

You are only, Sir, to take care of her fortune; ſo I am adviſed: I, as her Mother, have the natural right over her perſon. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then ſeek your remedy in Chancery: Let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were. They

They are not officers, I dare ſay: Common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dreſſed for the occaſion. O Hara, as ſhe calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary huſbands only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, ſaid I. This Lady intimates to me, that ſhe will apply to Chancery againſt me. The Chancery, if ſhe has any grievance, will be a proper *recourſe*. She can have no buſineſs with me, after ſuch a declaration—Much leſs can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, ſaid I, attend the Lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them, to go into my ſtudy.

The Major, as he was called, aſked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his ſword, If this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This houſe, in which, however, you are an intruder, Sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean any-thing by either, would coſt you dear.

I am, Sir, the protector of my wife: You have inſulted her, Sir—

Have I inſulted your wife, Sir?—And I ſtepped up to him; but juſt in time recovered myſelf, remembring where I was—Take care, Sir—But you are ſafe here—Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door—

Frederick was not in hearing: The well-meaning man, apprehending conſequences, went, it ſeems, into the offices, to get together ſome of his fellow-ſervants.

Salmonet, putting himſelf into violent motion, ſwore, that he would ſtand by his friend, his Brother, to the laſt drop of his blood; and, in a poſture of offence, drew his ſword half-way.

I wiſh, friend, ſaid I (but could hardly contain myſelf) that I were in *your* houſe, inſtead of your

being in *mine*.—But if you would have your ſword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he ſaid, if he bore that! My *own* houſe, on ſuch an inſult as this, ſhould not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himſelf into a poſture of defence.

Now, Major! *Now*, Major! ſaid the wicked woman.

Her Major alſo drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dreſſed. I knew not but the men were aſſaſſins. I drew, put by Salmonet's ſword, cloſed with him, diſarmed him, and, by the ſame effort, laid him on the floor.

O Hara, ſkipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a puſh with ſafety to himſelf, loſt his ſword, by the uſual trick whereby a man, anything ſkilled in his weapons, knows how ſometimes to diſarm a *leſs* ſkilful adverſary.

The woman ſcreamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, firſt one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deſerved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who, by that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly perhaps, turned them into the Square.

They limped into the coach they came in: The woman, in terror, was already in it. They curſed, ſwore, and threatened.

The pretended Captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid my ſervants tell me, That I was--That I was—And avoiding a worſe name, as it ſeemed—*No Gentleman*; and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a Lady.

The Major, in eagerneſs to ſay ſomething, by way of reſentment and menace likewiſe—(beginning with damning his blood)—had his intended threatening cut ſhort, by meeting the Captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his ſpeech to the

ſervant: And each curſing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to aſk for their ſwords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has diſturbed me: I cannot forgive myſelf—To ſuffer myſelf to be provoked by two ſuch men, to violate the ſanction of my own houſe Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if perſonally made, muſt do it.

My only excuſe to myſelf is, That there were two of them; and that, tho' I drew, yet I had the command of myſelf ſo far as only to defend myſelf, when I might have done any-thing with them. I have generally found, that thoſe that are the readieſt to give offence, are the unfitteſt, when brought to the teſt, to ſupport their own inſolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How muſt ſhe be terrified!—I will be with you very ſoon. Let not her know any-thing of this idle affair; nor any-body but Lord L.

Tueſday Morning.

I HAVE juſt parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed againſt me: But, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in perſon, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himſelf, from me, of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility intitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, That if I pleaſed to reſtore the ſwords, and the hat, by him, and would promiſe not to ſtop the future quarterly payments of the 200*l.* a year, about which they were very apprehenſive; he dared to ſay, that, after ſuch an exertion of ſpirit, as he called a choleric exceſs, I ſhould not hear any more

of

of them for one while; ſince he believed, they had only being trying an experiment; which had been carried farther, he dared to ſay, than they had deſigned it ſhould.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commiſſions in any ſervice.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, ſince it is very probable, that ſhe has not a real title to that of O Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hyſterics, as O Hara told him; who, in conſulting Mr. Blagrave, may be ſuppoſed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accuſed the men of cowardice, before Mr. Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excuſed themſelves, as being loth to hurt me; which, they ſaid, they eaſily could have done; eſpecially before I drew.

They both pretended to Mr. Blagrave, perſonal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *moſt* hurt; for I am not at all pleaſed with myſelf. They, poſſibly, tho' they have no cauſe to be ſatisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accumſtomed to ſuch ſcuffles, than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrave took the ſwords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it wouid not have looked like a compromiſe, and encouraged their inſolence, I could freely have ſent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to ſuch men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that, depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not ſure, that ſhe was intitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, That no provo-

cation ſhould hinder me from doing ſtrict juſtice, tho' I were ſure that they would go to law with the money I ſhould cauſe to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore know, Sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon, to ſupport a law-ſuit, ſhould they commence one, and think fit to employ in it ſo honeſt a man as you ſeem to be, is 100*l.* a year. It would be madneſs, if not injuſtice, to pay the other 100*l.* for ſuch a purpoſe, when it was left to my diſcretion to pay it, or not, with a view to diſcourage that litigious ſpirit which is one, of an hundred, of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the preſent, ſtands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over, till ſome new ſcheme ariſes, either among theſe people, or from others whom ſhe may conſult or employ. You and I, when I have the happineſs to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the ſubject.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Colnebrook, Wedn. Mar. 22.

SIR Charles arrived this morning, juſt as we had aſſembled to breakfaſt; for Lady L. is not an early riſer. The moment he entered, ſunſhine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologized to all, but me, for his long abſence, eſpecially when they had *ſuch* a gueſt, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he ſighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not aſk Miſs Grandiſon whether ſhe ſaw any-thing particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeneſs, I preſume, that he did not include me in his apologies; becauſe that would

would have been to ſuppoſe, that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not diſpleaſed, in the main, that he did not compliment me, as a *third* Siſter. See, Lucy, what little circumſtances a doubtful mind will ſometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleaſed that he had been ſo long abſent, and had my thoughts to myſelf upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *ſhould*, could I have fanſied myſelf of importance enough to make him uneaſy by it [The Sex! the Sex! Lucy, will my uncle ſay; but I pretend not to be above its little foibles]: But the moment I ſaw him, all my diſguſts were over. After the Anderſon, the Danby, the Lord W. affairs, he appeared to me in a much more ſhining light than an hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *The Friend of Mankind*, than that of *The Conqueror of Nations!*

He told me, that he paid his compliments yeſterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's viſit to him; and ſaid very kind, but juſt things in his praiſe. I read not any-thing in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneaſineſs on the viſit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily ſat generouſly uneaſy, I ſaw, for the trouble ſhe had been the cauſe of giving to her beſt friend, tho' ſhe knew not of a viſit, that her Mother, and O Hara, and Salmonet, made her guardian on Monday, as the Doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodneſs, as he called it, in getting the good girl ſo happily out of her Mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to ſee her: And he thanked Lord L. for his tenderneſs to his Ward on that occaſion.

My Lord gave him the Letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her Daughter. Sir Charles preſented it to

the young Lady, without looking into it: She inſtantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by-and-by, my Emily, ſaid he. Dr. Bartlett tells me, there is tenderneſs in it.

The Doctor made apologies to him, for having communicated to us ſome of his Letters—Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, ſaid Sir Charles, muſt be right. But what ſay my Siſters to my propoſal of correſpondence with them?

We ſhould be glad, replied Lady L. to ſee all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you Letter for Letter.

Why ſo?

Miſs Byron, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, has put us quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative Letter-writing.

I ſhould be greatly honoured with a ſight of ſuch Letters of Miſs Byron as you, my Lord, have ſeen. Will Miſs Byron, applying to me, favour *one* Brother, and exclude *another?*

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite ſo handſome a man as when he firſt entered the room.

I was ſilent, and bluſhed. I knew not what anſwer to make; yet thought I ſhould ſay ſomething.

May we, Sir Charles, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, hope for a peruſal of your Letters to Dr. Bartlett for the ſame number of weeks paſt, Letter for Letter, if we could prevail on Miſs Byron to conſent to the propoſal?

Would Miſs Byron conſent, upon that condition?

What ſay you, Miſs Byron? ſaid my Lord.

I anſwered, that I could not preſume to think, that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to pleaſe my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

They all anſwered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the moſt reſpectful manner,

inſiſting upon not being denied to ſee what Lord L. had peruſed; and Miſs Grandiſon having ſaid, that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my Letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity, if I refuſed to oblige him, in the light (tho' not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* Brother: I told him, that I would ſhew him very willingly, and without condition, all the Letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my firſt coming to London, to the dreadful maſquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had ſo generouſly given me.

How did he extol me, for what he called my noble frankneſs of heart! In that grace, he ſaid, I excelled all the women he had converſed with. He aſſured me, that he, would not wiſh to ſee a line that I was not willing he ſhould ſee; and that, if he came to a word or paſſage that he could ſuppoſe would be of that nature, it ſhould have no place in his memory.

Miſs Grandiſon called out—But the *condition*, Sir Charles—

Is only this, replied I (I am ſure of your *candor*, Sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or ſentiments. I have been very pert and forward in ſome of my Letters; particularly in a diſpute that was carried on in relation to Learning and Languages. If I could not, for *improvement*-ſake, more heartily beſpeak your correction than your approbation, I ſhould be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miſs Byron! Beauty ſhall not bribe me on your ſide, if I think you wrong in any point that you ſubmit to my judgment: And if I am Beauty-proof, I am ſure nothing on earth can byaſs me.

Miſs Grandiſon ſaid, ſhe would number the Letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me, that I might make ſuch conditions with

her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miſs Grandiſon renewed the talk of the viſit made here by Mrs. O-Hara on Sunday laſt. Miſs Jervois very prettily expreſſed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy Mother. He drew her to him, as he ſat, with looks of tenderneſs; and called her his dear Emily; and told her, ſhe was the *Child of his compaſſion*. You are called upon, my dear, ſaid he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have ſhone in it: I wiſh the poor woman would be but half as much the Mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her Letter.

His goodneſs overwhelmed her. He took her Mother's Letter out of his pocket: She ſtood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to ſuppreſs her emotion: And when he had unfolded the Letter, he put his arm round her waiſt. Surely, Lucy, he is the tendereſt, as well as braveſt of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which ſhone out in his looks, as he caſt his eyes, now on the Letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! ſaid he, two or three times, as he read; And, when he had done, You *muſt* read it, my dear, ſaid he; there is the *Mother* in it: We will acknowlege the Mother, where-ever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck, juſt then?—She was ready to do ſo. O my beſt of guardians! ſaid ſhe; and, it was plain, was but juſt reſtrained, by virgin modeſty, from doing ſo; her hands caught back, as it were, and reſting for a moment on his ſhoulder: And ſhe looked as much abaſhed, as if ſhe had *not* checked herſelf.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion, than any-body elſe. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And

And *muſt* I, Sir, would you *have me*, read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He roſe, took her hand, and, coming with her to me, put it into mine: Be ſo good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while ſhe reads the *Mother*, in the only inſtance that I have ever known it viſible in this unhappy woman.

Emily and I withdrew into the next room; and there the good girl read the Letter; but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: And more than once, as wanting a refuge, ſhe threw her arms about my neck, in ſilent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not ſay much: What could I? The Letter in ſome places affected *me*. It was the Letter of a Mother who ſeemed extremely ſenſible of hardſhips. Her guardian had promiſed obſervations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedneſs: I knew not but the huſband might be in ſome fault.—What could I ſay? I could not think of giving comfort to a Daughter at the expence of even a *bad* Mother.

Miſs Grandiſon came to us: She kiſſed the ſobbing girl, and with tenderneſs, calling us her two Loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it ſeems, had owned, in our abſence, that Mr. and Mrs. O Hara, and Captain Salmonet, had made him a viſit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expreſſed himſelf to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miſs Jervois gave the Letter to her guardian, and went behind his chair, on the back of which ſhe leaned, while he looked into the Letter, and made obſervations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

An unhappy Mother, whoſe faults have been barouſly aggravated—My Emily's Father was an in-

dulgent huſband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes, which very few men would have forgiven: She was the wife of his choice: He doted on her: His firſt forgiveneſs of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: At laſt, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackeſt nature, he went abroad, in order to purſue that traffick in perſon, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having firſt, however, made a handſome proviſion for his wife.

Thither, after ſome time paſſed in riot and extravagance, ſhe followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a ſenſible and honeſt man; and every one whom he could ſerve, or aſſiſt, experienced his benevolence. Not a ſingle ſoul who knew him, but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time inſiſted upon his giving up to her management, his beloved Emily; and ſolemnly promiſed reformation, on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois, on her firſt viſit to him at Leghorn; and, tho' I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was ſpecious. I hoped that a Mother, whatever *Wife* ſhe made, could not but be a *Mother*; and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to ſay the worſt of her. But ſhe did not long ſave appearances. The whole Engliſh factory at Leghorn were witneſſes of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an exceſs that left her no guard, and made her a ſtranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that ſhe is leſs frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I ſhould be glad of the leaſt ſhadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into

every

every other, and hardened her to a ſenſe of ſhame. Other vices, perhaps, at firſt, wanted *that* to introduce them; but the moſt flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the juſtice due to the character of my departed friend, could have induced me to ſay what I have ſaid of this unhappy woman. Forgive me, my Emily: But ſhall I not defend your Father?—I have not ſaid the *worſt* I could ſay of his wife.

Yet ſhe writes, *That her faults have been barbarouſly aggravated, in order to juſtify the ill uſage of a huſband, who,* ſhe ſays, *was not faultleſs.* Ill uſage of a huſband! Wretched woman! She knew I muſt ſee this Letter: How *could* ſhe write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my cuſtody, of his unexceptionable goodneſs to her; and confeſſions, under her own hand, of her guilt, and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he aroſe, and took her hand her face overwhelmed with tears, You may rejoice in your Father's character: He was a good man, in *every* ſenſe of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault; and that was, his indulgence.—Shall I ſay, That after repeated elopements, after other men had caſt her off, he took her back? When ſhe had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and ſhe was hardened enough to deſpiſe the man who could much more eaſily forgive than puniſh her. I am greived to be obliged to ſay this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend muſt not be unjuſtly loaded. Would to heaven that I could ſuggeſt the ſhadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileneſs, either reſpecting him or herſelf; let whoſe-ſoever character ſuffer by it, I *would* ſuggeſt it. How often has this worthy huſband wept to me, for thoſe faults of his wife, for which *ſhe* could not be ſorry.

I diſcourage not theſe tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me ſay; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unneceſſary, proceeded he, to ſay any-thing further, at this time, in defence of your Father's character; we come dow to other parts of the Letter, that will not, I hope, be ſo affecting to the heart of a good child.

She inſiſts upon your making her a viſit, or receiving one from her: She longs, ſhe ſays, to ſee you; to lay you in her boſom. She congratulates you, on your improvements: She very *pathetically* calls upon you, not to deſpiſe her—

My dear girl! you *ſhall* receive her viſit: She ſhall name her place for it, provided I am preſent. I ſhall think it a ſign of her amendment, if ſhe is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you muſt diſtinguiſh between the *crime* and the *Mother:* The one is intitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *chooſe*, my dear, to ſee your Mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cauſe to complain of unkindneſs from us. There are faults that muſt be left to heaven to puniſh; and againſt the conſequences of which it behoves us only to *guard*, for our own ſakes. I hope you are in a ſafe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: You are *guarded*, therefore. Can my Emily forget the terrors of the laſt interview, and calmly, in my preſence, kneel to her Mother?

Whatever you command me to do, I will do.

I would have you anſwer this Letter. Invite her to the houſe of your guardian—I think you ſhould not go to her lodgings: Yet, if you incline to ſee her there, and ſhe inſiſts upon it, I will attend you.

But, Sir, muſt I own her huſband for my Father?

Leave that to me, my dear: Little things, punctilios, are not to be ſtood upon: Pride ſhall have no concern with us. But I muſt firſt be ſatisfied, that the man and ſhe are actually married. Who knows, if they *are*, but his dependence on her annuity, and the pro-

protection ſhe may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both, to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto ſhe has aimed to do? If ſhe ſave but *appearances*, for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in every-thing, Sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will adviſe: If they are really married; if there be any proſpect of their living tolerably together; you ſhall, if you pleaſe (your fortune is very large) make them a handſome preſent; and give hope, that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your Mother. She complains, that ſhe is made poor, and dependent. Poor if ſhe be, it is her own fault: She brought not 200 *l.* to your Father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I hinted, for Love. With 200 *l*, a year well paid, ſhe ought not to be poor; but *dependent* ſhe muſt be. Your Father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known, by experience, that it was but ſtrengthening her hands to do miſchief; and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good uſe to be made of it, juſtifies my advice to you, to *enlarge* her ſtipend: I will put it in ſuch a way, that you, my dear, ſhall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myſelf the advice of reſtraining it to good behaviour, for their own ſakes, and for yours.

O Sir! how good you are! You now give me courage to wiſh to ſee my poor Mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: Continue to your Emily the bleſſing of your direction, and I ſhall be a happy girl indeed. O that my Mother *may* be married! that ſo ſhe may be intitled to the beſt you ſhall adviſe me to do for her.

I doubt, her man is a man of the town, added he; but

but he *may* have lived long enough to ſee his follies. She *may* be tired of the life ſhe has led. I have made ſeveral efforts to do her ſervice; but have no hope to reclaim her; I wiſh ſhe may now be a wife in earneſt. But this, I think, ſhall be my laſt effort—Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If ſhe is not married, things muſt remain as they are.

She haſtened up-ſtairs, and very ſoon returned, with the following lines:

Madam,

I Beſeech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my Mother. You rejoice my heart, when you tell me, that you love me. My guardian was ſo good, before I could have time to aſk him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know, that he will himſelf preſent me to you, whenever you pleaſe to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his houſe in St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear Mamma, that you will not be ſo angry with your poor girl, as you was laſt time I ſaw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will ſee you with all the duty that a child owes to her Mother. For I am, and will ever be,

Your dutiful Daughter,
EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generouſly ſcrupled the laſt paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, ſaid he, remind a Mother, who has written ſuch a Letter as that before us, of a behaviour that ſhe ſhould be glad to forget.

Miſs Grandiſon deſired it might ſtand. Who knows, ſaid ſhe, but it may make her aſhamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deſerves not generous uſage, ſaid Lady L.; ſhe cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we ſhould do proper things, *for our own ſakes*, whether the perſons

are

are capable of feeling them as they ought, or not. What ſay *you*, Miſs Byron, to this laſt paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reaſon he gave; but the two Ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earneſt manner, and my Lord ſaying he thought it might paſs, I was afraid it would look like beſpeaking his favour at their expence, if I adopted his ſentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who ſat ſuſpended in her judgment, as one who feared ſhe had done a wrong thing; I ſaid, It was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miſs Jervois's pen, as it was written, I dared to ſay, rather in apprehenſion of hard treatment, from what ſhe remembred of the laſt, than in a ſpirit of recrimination or reſentment.

The good girl declared, it was. Both Ladies, and my Lord, ſaid, I had diſtinguiſhed well: But Sir Charles, tho' he ſaid no more upon the ſubject, looked upon each Siſter with meaning; which I wondered they did not obſerve. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honeſty to ſpeak out, which I had not: But the point was a point of delicacy and generoſity; and I thought I ſhould not ſeem to imagine, that I underſtood it better than they: Nor did I think, that Sir Charles would have acquieſced with their opinion.

Miſs Jervois retired, to tranſcribe her Letter. We all ſeparated, to dreſs; and I, having ſoon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his cloſet.

I am ſtealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography: I am delighted with my tutor, and he profeſſes to be pleaſed with his ſcholar; but ſometimes more intereſting articles ſlide in: But now he had juſt begun to talk of Miſs Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the propoſal hinted at by Miſs Grandiſon, from the Letter ſhe had ſo clandeſtinely

deſtinely ſeen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the Doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn, when he ſaw me; but the Doctor, riſing from his chair, beſought him to oblige us with his company.

I was ſilly: I did not expect to be caught there. Bnt why was I ſilly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himſelf, at firſt addreſſing me, ſeemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, Doctor: Here I am. But if you were upon a ſubject that you do not purſue, I ſhall look upon myſelf as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one ſubject, Sir, and were beginning another—I had juſt mentioned Miſs Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miſs Byron? ſaid Sir Charles.

Indeed, Sir, ſhe is.

We then had ſome general talk of the unhappy ſituation ſhe is in from ſuch a Mother; and I thought ſome hints would have been given of his deſire that ſhe ſhould accompany me down to Northamptonſhire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I ſhould behave upon it: And the more, as I was not to be ſuppoſed to have ſo much as *heard* of ſuch a deſigned propoſal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the Letter? But not one word paſſed, leading to that ſubject.

I now begin to *fear*, that he has changed his mind, if that *was* his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was poſſible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it?

But I ſee not, that there is the leaſt likelihood that any-thing, on which you had all ſet your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily,

Emily, flattering girl! told me, ſhe ſaw great ſigns of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I ſee no grounds for ſuch a ſurmiſe: His affections are certainly engaged. God bleſs him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was abſent, encouraged by his Siſters and Lord L. I thought pretty well of myſelf; but, now he is preſent, I ſee ſo many excellencies ſhining out in his mind, in his air and addreſs, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I ſay? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the paſſion we are ſo fooliſhly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debaſe, one's ſelf?—You ſee how Lord W. depreciates me on the ſcore of fortune. [I was loth to take notice of that before, becauſe I knew, that were ſlenderneſs of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would ſooner die than ſuffer to be made. This, Lucy, obſerve, is between hooks.]

I forget the manner in which Lord W's objection was permitted to go off—But I remember, Sir Charles made no attempt to anſwer it: And yet he tells my Lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him; and that he has an ample eſtate of his own. No queſtion but a man's duties will riſe with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a leſs eſtate, as with a larger: And is not goodneſs the eſſential part of happineſs? Be our ſtation what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquieſce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that ſtation?

But who, for ſelfiſh conſiderarions, can wiſh to *circumſcribe* the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher muſt be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourſelves.

Sir Charles rejoices, on Sir Hargrave's having juſt now, by Letter, ſuſpended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his houſe on the Foreſt.

LET-

LETTER XV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I Left Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to ſtay longer; but I thought the Ladies would miſs me, and think it particular to find me with him in the Doctor's cloſet.

My Lord and the two Siſters were together in the drawing room adjoining to the library: On my entrance, Well, Harriet, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, we will now endeavour to find out my Brother: You muſt be preſent to yourſelf, and put in a word now-and-then. We ſhall ſee if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he ſays, that my Brother is the moſt unreſerved of men.

Juſt then came in Dr. Bartlett—I think, Doctor, ſaid Lady L. we will take your advice, and aſk my Brother all the queſtions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done ſpeaking, when Sir Charles entered, and drew his chair next me; and juſt *then* I thought myſelf he looked upon me with equal benignity and reſpect.

Miſs Grandiſon began with taking notice of the Letter from which Dr. Bartlett, ſhe ſaid, had read ſome paſſages, of the happineſs he had procured to Lord W. in ridding him of his woman. She wiſhed ſhe told him, that ſhe knew who was the Lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my Lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my Lord, and my Siſters. I am ſure my Siſters will approve of their Aunt, if ſhe accept of my Lord for a huſband: I ſhall pay my compliments to her, in my return from Grandiſon-hall.—Do you, Charlotte, chooſe to accompany me thither? I muſt, I think, be preſent at the opening of the church. I

don't

don't aſk you, my Lord, nor you, Lady L: ſo ſhort as my ſtay will be there. I purpoſe to go down on Friday next, and return the Tueſday following.

Miſs Gr. I think, Brother, I ſhould wiſh to be excuſed. If, indeed, you would ſtay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and ſo, I dare ſay, would Lord and Lady L.

Sir Ch. I muſt be in town on Wedneſday next week; but you may ſtay the time you mention: You cannot paſs it diſagreeably in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and there you will find your Couſin Grandiſon: He will gallant you from one neighbour to another: And, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him, than perhaps you know you have.

Miſs Gr. Your ſervant, Sir, bowing—But I will take my revenge—Pray, Sir Charles, may I aſk (we are all Brothers and Siſters)—

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlorte *(pleaſantly)*: If you are going to aſk any queſtions by way of *revenge*, I anſwer them not.

Miſs Gr. Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W. as by the *paſſages* Dr. Bartlett was ſo good as to read to us, propoſed to you this Lady for a wife, and that Lady; your anſwers gave us apprehenſion that you are not inclined to marry—

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte—

Indeed, Lucy, ſhe made me tremble. Snre he can have no notion that I have ſeen the *whole* Letter—ſeen myſelf named in it.

Miſs Gr. What ſignifies ceremony among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miſs Gr. Why then, Sir, I would aſk—Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir Ch. I do, Charlotte. I ſhall not think myſelf happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, viſibly affected: I knew not

not how to ſtay; yet it would have looked worſe to go.

Miſs Gr. Very well, Sir—And pray, Have you not, either abroad or at home, ſeen the woman you could wiſh to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent Brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know any-thing of me, it pleaſes me beſt, when you come directly to the point.

Miſs Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are beſt pleaſed when you are moſt freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the propoſals mentioned by Lord W. in behalf of Lady Frances N. of Lady Anne S. and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the firſt-named Lady proceeded not generouſly with my Father, in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the intereſt and quality of her Father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I choſe, as much as poſſible, to fix my happineſs within my own little circle. I have ſtrong paſſions: I am not without ambition. Had I looſened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this ſatisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miſs Gr. Why yes; and the eaſier, becauſe there is a Lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I ſhould not, thought I, have been preſent at this converſation. Lord L. looked at me. Lord L. ſhould *not* have looked at me: The Ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is ſhe?

Miſs Gr. Lady Anne S. you know, Sir—Pray, may I aſk, Why that *could not be?*

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deſerving woman; but her fortune muſt have been my principal inducement, had I made my addreſſes to her. I never

yet

yet went ſo low as that alone, for an inducement to ſee a Lady three times.

Miſs Gr. Then, Sir, you *have* made your addreſſes to Ladies—Abroad, I ſuppoſe?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curioſity extended only to the Ladies in England.

Miſs Gr. Yes, Sir, it extends to Ladies in England, and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a ſingle man, when ſuch offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, Sir, that there *are* Ladies abroad—

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a reſpondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a queſtioner.

Miſs Gr. By your anſwers to my queſtions, Sir, teach me how I am to anſwer yours, if you have any to ask.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not anſwered ſatisfactorily your queſtions about the Ladies you named?

Miſs Gr. Pretty well. But, Sir, have you not ſeen Ladies abroad whom you like better than either of thoſe I have named?—Anſwer me to that.

Sir Ch. I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miſs Gr. I don't know what to ſay to you—But, pray, Sir, Have you not ſeen Ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever ſaw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miſs Gr. Only, Brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this propoſal and that, is owing to ſome previous attachment—And now *all* is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear Brother, all *is* out.—

Lady L. If our Brother will gratify our curioſity—

Had I ever before, Lucy, ſo great a call upon me as now, for preſence of mind?

Sir

Sir Charles ſighed: He pauſed: And at laſt ſaid—You are very generous, very kind, in your wiſhes to ſee me married. I *have* ſeen the Lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine bluſh overſpread, his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you bluſh? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not preſent, was ſhe?—Ah, No! no! no! —

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other queſtions have you to aſk, before it comes to your turn to anſwer ſome that I have to put to *you?*

Miſs Gr. Only one.—Is the Lady a foreign Lady?

How every-body but I looked at him, expecting his anſwer!—He really heſitated. At laſt, I think, Charlotte, you will excuſe me, if I ſay, that this queſtion gives me ſome pain—Becauſe it leads to *another*, that, *if* made, I *cannot at preſent myſelf anſwer* [But why ſo, Sir? thought I]: And if *not* made, it cannot be of any ſignification to ſpeak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: And yet—

Sir Ch. What *yet*, my dear Lord L.?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk—

Sir Ch. Of a Lady of that city—Olivia, my Lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others leſs approveable.—But I have nothing to wiſh for from Olivia. She has done me too much honour. I ſhould not ſo readily have named her now, had ſhe herſelf been more ſolicitous to conceal the diſtinction ſhe honoured me with. But your Lordſhip, I dare hope, never heard even *ill-will* open its mouth to her diſreputation, only that ſhe deſcended *too much* in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to the reputation of her favour, as—

Sir Ch. *(interrupting)* O my Lord, how *brotherly* partial!

partial! But, this Lady out of the queſtion, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my conſtitution—And yet I would not be without it.

The ſweet Emily aroſe, and, in tears, went to the window. A ſob, endeavoured to be ſuppreſſed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went, and took her hand; Why weeps my Emily?

Becauſe you, who ſo well deſerve to be happy, ſeem not to be ſo.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to reſtrain *my* tears.

He kindly conſoled her. My unhappineſs, my dear, ſaid he, ariſes chiefly from that of other people. I ſhould but for *that* be happy in myſelf, becauſe I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if poſſible, a virtue of neceſſity: But, Charlotte, ſee how grave you have made us all! and yet I muſt enter with *you* upon a ſubject that poſſibly may be thought as ſerious by you, as that which, at preſent, I wiſh to quit.

"Wiſh to quit!" "The queſtion gave him ſome "pain, becauſe it led to another, which he cannot "himſelf, at preſent, anſwer!—" What, Lucy, let me aſk you, before I follow him to his next ſubject, can you gather from what paſſed in *that* already recited? If he is himſelf at an uncertainty, he may deſerve to he pitied, and not blamed: But don't you think he might have anſwered, whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next queſtion would have been?

I had the aſſurance to aſk Miſs Grandiſon afterwards, aſide, Whether any-thing could be made out, or gueſſed at, by his eyes, when he ſpoke of having *ſeen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he ſat next me; ſhe over againit him.

I know not what to make of him, ſaid ſhe: But be the Lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion,

that

that my Brother is in love. He has all the ſymptoms of it, that I can gueſs by.

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy. Such tender ſentiments; ſuch ſweetneſs of manners; ſuch gentleneſs of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: And the Lady, to be ſure, is a foreigner. It would be ſtrange if ſuch a man ſhould not have engaged his heart in the ſeven or eight years paſt; and thoſe from Eighteen to Twenty-ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſuſceptible of a man's life.

But what means he by ſaying, "His peace has been "broken in pieces by a tender fault in his conſtitu-"tion?"—Compaſſion, I ſuppoſe, for ſome unhappy object.—I will ſoon return to town, and there prepare to throw myſelf into the arms of my deareſt relations in Northamptonſhire: I ſhall otherwiſe, perhaps, add to the number of thoſe who have broken his peace. But it is ſtrange, methinks, that he could not have anſwered, Whether the Lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are miſtaken: Sir Charles Grandiſon is not ſo very *un*-reſerved a man as you ſaid he was.

But Oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and ſaw them always kindly bent on me?—Yes, perhaps, when you thought ſo, he was drawing compariſons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my leſs agreeable features!—

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know ſomething more of *her*. "Nothing," he ſays, "to wiſh for "from Olivia."—Poor Lady! Methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but, I will proceed now to his next ſubject. I wiſh I could find ſome faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of neceſſity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: And yet, in the next converſation, you will ſee *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to ſee how Sir Charles Grandiſon will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XVI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

NOW, Charlotte, ſaid he (as if he had fully anſwered the queſtions put to him—O theſe men !) let me aſk *you* a queſtion or two—I had a viſit made me yeſterday, by Lord G. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—But, perhaps, you would chooſe to withdraw with me, on this queſtion.

Miſs Gr. I wiſh I had made to you the ſame overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the queſtions I put to you: If I had, I ſhould have received more ſatisfaction, I fanſy, than I can now boaſt of.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you pleaſe, and hear any other queſtions you have to put to me.

Miſs Gr. You can put no queſtions to me, Sir, that I ſhall have any objection to anſwer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my queſtion, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. What would *you* adviſe me to do in that affair, Brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, that you will either encourage or diſcourage his addreſs—if you know your own mind.

Miſs Gr. I believe, Brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Does that follow, Sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have ſuppoſed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to get a direct anſwer to ſuch queſtions as theſe, from Ladies, before company, tho' the company be ever ſo nearly related to them.

Miſs Gr. I can anſwer, before this company, any queſtions that relate to Lord G.

Ser Ch. Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

Miſs Gr. I don't ſee how that follows, neither, from what I ſaid.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an abſolute ſtranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. I thought my Brother too polite to reflect upon the Sex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the Sex, to ſay, that I am not an abſolute ſtranger to their language?

Miſs Gr. I proteſt, I think ſo, in the way you ſpoke it.

Sir Ch. Well, then, try if you cannot find a language to ſpeak in, that may *not* be capable of ſuch an interpretation.

Miſs Gr. I am afraid you are diſpleaſed with me, Brother. I will anſwer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promiſed Lord G. to procure him an anſwer.

Miſs Gr. Is the queſtion he puts, Sir, a brief one—*On* or *off?*

Sir Ch. Truſt *me*, Charlotte: You *may*, even with your punctilio.

Miſs Gr. Will you not adviſe me, Sir?

Sir Ch. I will!—To purſue your inclination.

Miſs Gr. Suppoſe, if I knew *yours*, that *that* would turn the ſcale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miſs Gr. I can't ſay that, neither.

Sir Ch. Then *diſmiſs* my Lord G.

Miſs Gr. Indeed, Brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. *(addreſſing himſelf to me)* I am ſure, Miſs Byron, that I ſhall find, in ſuch points as this, a very different *Siſter* in you, when I come to be favoured with the peruſal of your Letters. Your Couſin Reeves once ſaid, That when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in ſuſpenſe.

Miſs Gr. But I, Brother, can't ſay that I *know* my mind abſolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing, I am ſilent. Only when you do, I ſhall take it for a favour, if you will communicate it to me, for your ſervice.

Miſs Gr. I am among my beſt friends—Lord L. what is *your* advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me *his*.

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to diſpleaſure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G. What is yours, my dear? to Lady L.

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G. What is yours, Miſs Byron?

Harriet. I believe Miſs Grandiſon muſt be the ſole determiner, on this occaſion. If *ſhe* has no objection, I preſume to think, that no one elſe can have any.

Miſs Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet—

Sir Ch. Miſs Byron anſwers as ſhe always does: Penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her ſentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G. is a good-natured, mild man: He will make a woman happy, who has ſome ſhare of prudence, tho' ſhe has a ſtill greater ſhare of will. Charlotte is very lively: She loves her jeſt *almoſt* as well as ſhe loves her friend—

Miſs Gr. How, Brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G. will not ſtand in competition with her, in that reſpect: There ſhould not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verſes than he. Let Charlotte agree upon thoſe qualities in which ſhe will allow her huſband to excel; and he allow, in her, thoſe ſhe has a deſire to monopolize; and all may do well.

Miſs Gr. Then Lord G. muſt not be diſputed

with, I preſume, were I to be his wife, on the ſubject of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G. may give them up, when he has a more conſiderable trifle to amuſe himſelf with. Pardon me, Charlotte—Are you not, as far as we have gone in this converſation, a pretty trifler?

Miſs Gr. *(bowing)* Thank you, Brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers of harſh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, ſo *good-natured* a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that diſtinction, Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. You think it a neceſſary one in my caſe, I ſuppoſe, Sir?

Sir Ch. I have a Letter of his to anſwer. He i very urgent with me for my intereſt with you. I am to anſwer it. Will you tell me, my Siſter (giving her the Letter) what I ſhall ſay?

Miſs Gr. *(after peruſing it)* Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: But I ſhould have ſome trouble to teach him to ſpell: And yet, they ſay, he has both French and Italian at his fingers ends.

She then began to pull in pieces the Letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the Letter. No woman is intitled to ridicule a Lover whom ſhe does not intend to encourage. If ſhe has a good opinion of herſelf, ſhe will pity him. Whether ſhe has or not, if ſhe wounds, ſhe ſhould heal. Sir Walter may addreſs himſelf to a hundred women, who, for the ſake of his gay appearance and good eſtate, will forgive him his indifferent ſpelling.

Miſs G. The fluttering ſeaſon is approaching. One wants now-and-then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: Perhaps I have not ſeen enough of *either* of theſe to determine which to *chooſe*. Will you

you not allow one, ſince neither of them have *very* ſtriking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's ſelf to judge which is the moſt *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a ſtill more *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She ſpoke this in her very archeſt manner, ſerious as the ſubject was; and ſeriouſly as her Brother wiſhed to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L. and gravely ſaid, I wonder how our Couſin Everard is amuſing himſelf at this inſtant, at the Hall.

She was ſenſible of the intended rebuke, and aſked him to forgive her.

Wit, my Lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon ſhe aſked, is a dangerous weapon: But that ſpecies of it which cannot ſhine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The Lady before me (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a miſtake: I took her for my Siſter Charlotte: She took me for our Couſin Everard.

Every one felt the ſeverity. It ſeemed to pierce me, as if directed to me. So unuſually ſevere from Sir Charles Grandiſon; and delivered with ſuch ſerious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miſs Grandiſon for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L. (amiable woman!) felt it for her Siſter: Tears were in the eyes of both.

At laſt Miſs Grandiſon aroſe. I will take away the impoſtor, Sir; and when I can rectify my miſtake, and bring you back your *Siſter*, I hope you will receive her with your uſual goodneſs.

My Charlotte! my Siſter! (taking her hand) you muſt not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit: But when I was beſpeaking your attention upon a very ſerious ſubject; a ſubject that concerned the happineſs of your future life, and, if *yours*, mine; and you could be able to ſay ſome-

thing that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to ſay; how could I forbear to wiſh that ſome *other* woman, and not my Siſter, had ſaid it?—*Times* and *occaſions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beſeech you, Sir: I am ſenſible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the comfort your friends are diſpoſed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her againſt failing into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in ſilence.

Lady L. expreſſed her concern for her Siſter; but ſaid, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L. blamed her. Indeed, Siſter, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a ſerious one. He had engaged very ſeriouſly, and even from principle, in it. O Miſs Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and ſees your treatment of the humble ſervants you reſolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will ſhine, at my expence; but *may* ſhe!—Since I have loſt my Brother's favour, I pray to heaven, that ſhe may gain it. But he ſhall never again have reaſon to ſay I take him for my Couſin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with me: Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you laſt ſaid, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and ſeeming to aim at making new conqueſts, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your Brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? (whiſpering her) They were the words of a very coquet; and the air was ſo arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!—Every-body againſt me!—I muſt have been wrong indeed—

The

The *time*, the *occaſion*, was wrong, Siſter Charlotte, ſaid Lord L. Had the ſubject been of leſs weight, your Brother would have paſſed it off as pleaſantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied ſhe, to have ſuch a character, that every-body muſt be in fault who differs from him or offends him.

In the midſt of his diſpleaſure, Charlotte, ſaid Lady L. he forgot not the Brother. The ſubject, he told you, concerned the happineſs of your future life; and, if *yours*, his

One remark, reſumed Lord L. I muſt make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiſs, Siſter Charlotte): Not the leaſt hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he muſt think of it, ſo lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim, evidently, is, to amend, not to wound.

I think, my Lord, retorted Miſs Grandiſon, with a glow in her checks, you might have ſpared your remark. If the one Brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My Lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L. Pray, Siſter, blame not my Lord: You will loſe *my* pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cauſe? Surely, Charlotte, we are to ſpeak our whole hearts to each other!

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Pleaſe the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *ſomebody* on my ſide. But, Harriet, ſay, am I wrong *again?*

I hope, my dear Miſs Grandiſon, replied I, that what you ſaid to my Lord, was in pleaſantry: And if ſo, the fault was, that you ſpoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day. I am ſorry I ſpoke not my pleaſantry with a pleaſant air—Yet were not you

likewiſe guilty of the ſame fault, Lady L.? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L. it ſhould paſs ſo: But, my dear, you muſt not, by your petulance, rob yourſelf of the ſincerity of one of the beſt hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her Lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid ſo heavy a hand upon me: And ſo *he* ſeemed to think, by what he ſaid at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do aſſure you, ſaid my Lord, I did pity you: But had I not thought my Siſter in fault, I ſhould *not*.

Your ſervant, my Lord. You are a *nice* diſtinguiſher.

And a *juſt* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L.

No doubt of it, Lady L. and that was *your* motive too. I beſeech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* alſo Harriet, upon the ſame kind conſideration.

Why now *this* archneſs becomes you, Charlotte, ſaid I [I was willing it ſhould paſs ſo, Lucy]: This is *pretty* pleaſantry.

It is a *pretty* ſpecimen of Charlotte's penitence, ſaid Lady L.

I was glad Lady L. ſpoke this with an air of good humour; but Miſs Grandiſon withdrew upon it, not well pleaſed.

We heard her at her harpſichord, and we all joined her. Emily alſo was drawn to us, by the muſic. Tell me, my dear, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon to her (ſtopping) Have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian ſaid but one word about you; and this was it: I love my Siſter: She has amiable qualities: We are none of us right at all

times.

times. You ſee, Emily, that I, in chiding her, ſpoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bleſs my Brother! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, in a kind of rapture: But now his goodneſs makes my flippancy odious to myſelf—Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of ſerenity, as if nothing had paſſed to diſturb him.

When Emily had done playing and ſinging, Miſs Grandiſon began to make apologies: But he ſaid, let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaiſantly led his Siſter Charlotte to her ſeat at the table.

A moſt *intolerable* ſuperiority!—I wiſh he would do ſomething wrong; ſomething cruel: If he would but bear malice, would but ſtiffen his air by reſentment, it would be ſomething. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly, and aſſuming, and where he is ſo much regarded, I may ſay *feared*, nod his imperial ſignificance to his vaſſals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to ſervants, to ſhew his diſpleaſure with principals?—No! it is *natural* to him to be good and juſt. His whole aim, as my Lord obſerved, is, "to convince "and amend; and not to wound or hurt."

After dinner, Miſs Grandiſon put into my hands the parcel of my Letters which I had conſented Sir Charles ſhould ſee. Miſs Byron, Sir, ſaid ſhe, will oblige you with the peruſal of ſome of her Letters. You will in them ſee another ſort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good!—When you have read them, you will ſay, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be ſatisfied with your Siſter.

He received them from me, ſtanding up, bowing; and kiſſed the papers, with an air of gallantry that I thought greatly became him [O the vanity of this

girl! methinks my Uncle ſays, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? ſaid Miſs Grandiſon. Except thoſe of candor, yet correction, anſwered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to ſay to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleaſed to hear me praiſed; and the Ladies and my Lord miſs no opportunity to ſay kind things of me. But could he not have anſwered Miſs Grandiſon's queſtion, whether his favourite was a *foreigner*, or not?—Had any other queſtion ariſen afterwards, that he had not cared to anſwer, he could but have declined anſwering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's converſation make, when there are three or four ſpeakers in company; and one attempts to write what each ſays in the *firſt* perſon! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be ſo in narrative Letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long Letters, when you went with your Brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was ſorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwiſe with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D. is angry with me: Yet, methinks, ſhe ſhews, by her anger, that ſhe had a value for me. As to what you tell me of Lord D's ſetting his heart on the propoſed alliance, I am not ſo much concerned at that, becauſe he never ſaw me: And had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very ſolicitous about his ſucceſs. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardor, when repulſed, which they would never have known, had they ſucceeded.

Lady Betty, and Miſs Clements were ſo good as to make me a viſit, this afternoon, in their way to Windſor,

Windſor, where they are to paſs two or three days. They lamented my long abſence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me, the many fine entertainments I had loſt, both public and private, by my country excurſion at this unpropitious ſeaſon of the year, as ſhe called it; ſhrugging her ſhoulders, as if in compaſſion for my ruſtic taſte.

Good Lady! ſhe knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themſelves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: On the contrary, our conſtant complaint is, that time flies too faſt: And I am ſure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; ſince, between converſation and writing, I have not a moment to ſpare: And I never in my life devoted ſo few hours to reſt.

Sir Charles ſpoke very handſomely of Miſs Clements, on occaſion of Miſs Grandiſon's ſaying, She was a plain, but good young woman. She is not a beauty, ſaid he; but ſhe has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would ſhe not, aſked Lady L. make a good wife for Lord W.? There is, ſaid Sir Charles, too great a diſparity in years. She has, and muſt have, too many hopes. My Lord W's wife will, probably, be confined ſix months, out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She muſt therefore be one who has outlived half her hopes: She muſt have been acquainted with affliction, and known diſappointment. She muſt conſider her marriage with him, tho' as an act of condeſcenſion, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderneſs will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity ſupported: And if ſhe is not too much in years to bring my Lord an heir, he will then be the moſt grateful of men to her.

My dear Brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, forgive me all my faults: Your actions, your ſentiments, ſhall

be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danby's—Lord W.—

Any-body may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *Doing to others, as you would they ſhould do unto you.* Were you in the ſituation of the Danby's, of Lord W. would you not wiſh to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What muſt be thoſe who, with hungry eyes, wait and wiſh for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to ſavages on the ſea-ſhore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the ſpoils of the miſerable? Lord W. has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I ſhall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong courſe, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wiſh for a Nephew that had the ſame notions? And can I expect ſuch a one, if I ſet not the example?

Pretty ſoon after ſupper, Sir Charles left us; and Miſs Grandiſon, ſeeing me in a reverie, ſaid, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fanſy my Brother is gone up to read your Letters—Nay, you are in the right; for he whiſpered as much to me, before he withdrew. But do not be apprehenſive, Harriet (for ſhe ſaw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am ſure.

Lady L. ſaid, That her Brother's notions and mine were exactly alike, on every ſubject: But yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cauſe to be under actual examination, one cannot but have ſome heart-akes.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what ſignifies his opinion of my Letters?—And yet it does: One would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Thurſday, Mar. 23.

WE ſat down early to breakfaſt this morning: Miſs Grandiſon diſmiſſed the attendants, as ſoon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addreſſed himſelf, to me, the moment he ſaw me: Admirable Miſs Byron, ſaid he, what an entertainment have your Letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they diſtreſſed me; for your ſufferings from a ſavage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I ſaw not ſooner this latter part of your affecting ſtory: I have read thro' the whole parcel.

He took it from his boſom, and, with a reſpectful air, preſented it to me—Ten thouſand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for further indulgence—Yet not to ſay, how deſirous I am—But forgive me—Think me not too great an incroacher—

I took them.

Surely, Brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, you cannot already have read the whole!

I have—I could not leave them—I ſat up late—

And ſo, thought I, did your *Siſter* Harriet, Sir.

Well, Brother, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, and what are the *faults?*

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! ſuch an amiable frankneſs! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet ſo much, and ſo juſtly, admired by as many as have had the happineſs to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodneſs, the *greatneſs* of your heart.

How I bluſhed! how I trembled! How, tho' ſo greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is

Is Miſs Byron, in thoſe Lettors, all perfect, all faultleſs, all excellence, Sir Charles? aſked Miſs Grandiſon: Is there no—But I am ſenſible (tho' you have raiſed my envy, I aſſure you) that Miſs Byron's is another ſort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, Sir, ſaid I, that you will correct—

You called upon me yeſterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have ſomething to obſerve upon that ſubject. I told you, that beauty ſhould not bribe me. I have very few obſervations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, Brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read *(a)*?

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: And it would be almoſt all panegyric.

How flattering!—But *this* foreign Lady, Lucy!—

Lady L. began another ſubject.—

Pray, Brother, ſaid ſhe, let me revive one of the topics of yeſterday—Concerning Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns—And I hope you, Charlotte, will excuſe me.

Miſs Gr. If it *can* be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—Not elſe will I excuſe you, Lady L. And, caſting her eye baſhfully round her, Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had buſineſs to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my Siſter. You ſaid, Brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G. either hope, or otherwiſe—

Sir Ch. Lord G. was very earneſt with me for my intereſt with my Siſter. I, ſuppoſing that ſhe is now abſolutely diſengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, That I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid, that you would not, of yourſelf, from diſpleaſure, have revived the ſubject—Not that ſhe values—

(a) This ſubject is ſpoken to by Sir Charles, Vol. vi. p. 363.

There ſhe ſtopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant: But I *ſhould* have revived the ſubject, becauſe I had engaged to procure an anſwer for an abſent perſon, to a queſtion that was of the higheſt importance to him: But, perhaps, I ſhould have entered into the ſubject with Charlotte when we were alone.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are preſent, know her mind, on this occaſion,

Miſs Gr. To be ſure I have not.

Lady L. What ſignifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* deſire, to recal the ſubject, becauſe you had ſeemed to intereſt yourſelf in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L. as I ought to be inquiſitive about.

Lady L. How ſo, Brother? What have I ſaid?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you ſtopt at—*Not that ſhe values?*—Now, tho' I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince*; yet would I be *earneſt* to oppoſe her marriage with a man for whom ſhe declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little ſudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You muſt not think the words you ſtopt at, Lady L. ſlight words: *Principle*, and Charlotte's future happineſs, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But perhaps you mean no more, than to give a little ſpecimen of Lady-like pride in thoſe words. It is a very hard matter for women, on ſuch occaſions as theſe, to be abſolutely right.—Dear Miſs Byron, bowing to me, excuſe me.—There is one Lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to ſee, on her *own* account, to take amiſs my freedom with her Sex, tho' ſhe perhaps will on *that* of thoſe ſhe loves. But have I not ſome reaſon for what I ſay, when even Lady L. ſpeaking

for

for her Sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her Sex?

Harriet. I doubt not, Sir, but Lady L. and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L. then called upon her Sister.

Miss Gr. Why, as to value—and all that—To be sure—Lord G.—is not a man, that—(and she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, Brother, I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things.—Not that—And there she stopt.

Sir Ch. *(smiling)* O my dear Lord L.! What shall we say to these *Not that's?* Were I my Cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when Ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowlegement of *self denial*—

Miss Gr. Good God! Brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our Sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

Sir Ch. You will consider, Lady L. that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember, that Lord G. is not *here*; we are *all* Brothers and Sisters: And why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company; yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G. had his Father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values*, and so-forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: You are an excellent

pleader,

pleader, on occaſion. You know, or at leaſt you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L. excuſe me—Will you give up yours?) where principals can be preſent.

Lady L. With all my heart. I ſtumbled at the very threſhold. E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cauſe is on.

Miſs Gr. Why, I don't know what to ſay.—My Brother will be *ſo* peremptory, perhaps—

Sir Ch. A good ſign for ſomebody—Don't you think ſo, madam? to me.—But the ſnail will draw in its horns, if the finger haſtily touch it—Come, *no* good ſign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You ſhall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages* cuſtomary on theſe occaſions.

Miſs Gr. This is charming!---But pray, Sir, what is your advice, on this ſubject?

Sir Ch. In our former converſation upon it, I told you what I thought of my Lord's good humour; what of your vivacity—Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G. content yourſelf now-and-then to make him ſtart, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the ſkin? Without expoſing him (and yourſelf for doing ſo) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours?* And if the forbearance is greater on *his* ſide, than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good humour?

Miſs Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only, that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am ſorry to have cauſe to ſay, thar I have ſeen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!---Waller was not abſolutely wrong, as to *ſuch*, when he ſaid, "that women were born to be controul'd." If controul is *likely* to be neceſſary, it will be with women of ſuch charming ſpirits as you know whoſe, Charlotte,

Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

Miss Gr. Well, but, Sir, if it should chance to *be* so, and I were Lord G's upper servant; for *controul* implies *dominion*; what a fine advantage would he have in a Brother, who could direct him so well (tho' he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

Miss Gr. (archly) Pray Lord L. Did we not once hear our *Cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte!--But how *came* your Cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L.

Miss Gr. Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, Brother, Is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

Sir Ch. A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

Miss Gr. I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, Do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L. to introduce, in relation to Lord G. and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: Be not *afraid* to answer.

Miss Gr. Why that's kind, No, I can't say, that I do: And yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask*, than *answer* questions. You *know*, Sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

Sir

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To ſome things that you may want to know, in relation to my ſituation, you needed not now to have been a ſtranger, had I had the pleaſure of being more with you, and had you yourſelf been as explicit as I would have wiſhed you to be. But the criſis is at hand. When I am certain myſelf, you ſhall not be in doubt. I would not ſuppoſe, that my happineſs is a matter of indifference to my Siſters; and if it be not, I ſhould be ungrateful, not to let them know every-thing I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this ſpeech has a noble ſound with it: Don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon. But by what clouds does this ſun ſeem to be obſcured? He ſays, however, that the *criſis is at hand*—Solemn words, as they ſtrike *me*. Ah, Lucy!—But this is my prayer—May the criſis produce happineſs to him, let who will be unhappy!!

Miſs Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curioſity*, get thee behind me, and lie ſtill!—And yet, Brother, like a favoured ſquirrel repulſed, I am afraid it will be ſoon upon my ſhoulder, if the criſis be ſuſpended.

"Criſis is at hand," Lucy!—I *cannot* get over theſe words; and yet they make my heart ake.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers—

Miſs Gr. Why, Sir, methinks I would not be a *petty-chapwoman*, if I could help it: And yet, What can I ſay?—I don't think highly of either of the men: But, pray now, *what*—Lady L. (affecting an audible whiſper) Will you aſk a queſtion for me!—

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miſs Gr. whiſpering (but ſtill loud enough for every one to hear). What ſort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl!—You heard the queſtion, Brother.

Miſs

Miſs Gr. No!—You did not hear it, Sir, if it will diſpleaſe you. The whiſpers in converſation are no more to be heard, than the *aſides* in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whiſperings in converſation are cenſurable, to a proverb: The *aſides*, as you call them, and the ſoliloques, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (becauſe unnatural) ſhifts of bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whiſper, Charlotte, or not?

Miſs Gr. I think the man my Brother ſo much eſteems, muſt be worth a hundred of ſuch as thoſe we have juſt now heard named.

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am ſuppoſed to be anſwered, I preſume, as to the two gentlemen. I will ſhew you the Letter, when written, that I ſhall ſend to Sir Walter Watkyns. I ſhall ſee Lord G. I ſuppoſe, the moment he knows I am in town—

Miſs Gr. The Lord bleſs me, Brother!—Did you not ſay, you would not be *peremptory?*

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my Siſter part with the *two*, without being ſure of a *third.*

Miſs Gr. Pray, Lord L. do you be quiet: Your Siſter is in no hurry, I do aſſure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L.—*Not that ſhe values.*

Harriet. Well, but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miſs Grandiſon's queſtion in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

Miſs Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impoſſible that Miſs Byron can give offence.—Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man; about Five-and-twenty, not more: He is brave, learned, ſincere, chearful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his perſon. Has my good Miſs Byron any further queſtions to aſk? Your frankneſs of heart,

madam,

madam, intitles you to equal frankneſs. Not a queſtion *you* can aſk, but the anſwer ſhall be ready upon my lips.

Is the Lady, Sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an Engliſh Lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I aſked him this queſtion?—O no! but I had a mind to ſtartle you. I *could* have aſked it, I can tell you: And, if it had been proper, it would have been the firſt of queſtions with me: Yet had not the anſwer been ſuch as I had liked, perhaps I ſhould not have been able to ſtay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe bluſhed with complacency, at the kind manner, in which he ſpoke to me: Every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleaſure.

Lady L. Well, Brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's queſtion? Charlotte ſays, That ſhe does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That, at preſent, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G. know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for: That Ladies muſt not be eaſily won. Milton juſtifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the firſt interview between her and the man *for whom* ſhe *was created*. Charming copiers! You, Miſs Byron, are an exception. You know no hing of affectation. You—

Miſs Gr. (unſeaſonably interrupting him) Pray, Sir, be pleaſed, ſince we are ſuch fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Ch. She heard me thus; and, tho' divinely brought,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That wou'd be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Wrought in her ſo, that, ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd.
I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon——

I have

I have looked for the paſſage, ſince, Lucy. He miſſed ſeveral lines.

Now, Charlotte, ſaid Sir Charles, tho' theſe lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of the Daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an inſtruction to *them*, ſince it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the ſtate of innocence, could not be conſcious of *diſhonour* in receiving his addreſs; yet, if you know what is meant by *obſequious majeſty*, you had as good try for it: And as you are *followed*, and ſhould not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reaſon* of one or other of your admirers.

Miſs Gr. After hearing the *pleaded reaſon* of *both*, ſhould you not ſay? *I* have the choice of two; that had not Eve. But, hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant, again; and then you would have enquired after my Couſin Everard, *and-ſo-forth*, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not *now*, Charlotte: We are now at play together. I ſee there is conſtitution in your fault. The ſubjects we are upon, *courtſhip* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked ſeriouſly of by a Lady, before company. Shall I retire with you to ſolitude? Make a Lover's *Camera Obſcura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the moſſy bank of a purling ſtream, gliding thro' an enamelled mead; in ſuch a ſcene, a now deſpiſed Lord G. or a Sir Walter, might find his account, ſighing at your feet. No witneſſes but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered ſongſters from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonize and fan the lambent flame—

Miſs Gr. (interrupting) Upon my word, Brother, I knew you had travelled thro' Greece, but dreamt not that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy!*— But, one queſtion let me aſk you, concerning your friend Beauchamp—We women don't love to be

ſlighted

ſlighted—Whether do you think him *too* good, or not good *enough*, for your Siſter?

Sir Ch. The friendſhip, Charlotte, that has for ſome years ſubſiſted, and I hope will for ever ſubſiſt, between Mr. Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of relation to ſtrengthen it.

Lord L. Happy Beauchamp!

Sir Ch. Lord L. himſelf is not dearer to me, Brother as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my plaeſures, my Lord, that I am aſſured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L. bowed, delighted; and if *he* did, his good Lady, you may be ſure, partook of her Lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not ſenſe; they have both fine underſtandings! But, O! my Lucy, they are not the ſtriking, dazling qualities in men and women, that make happy. Good ſenſe, and ſolid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a deſire of obliging, and an eaſineſs to be obliged, procure the ſilent, the ſerene happineſs, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous, fervors of paſſion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be laſting.

Miſs Gr. Not that I value—There, Brother—You ſee, I am a borrower of Lady L.—

Lady L. Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into thoſe words; ſo don't ſay you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on ſuch ſubjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorouſly round, as if he had loſt ſomething which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, Ladies, to ſay, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a neceſſary reſerve in another.—Charlotte has genius enough, I am ſure, to vary her humour to the occaſion; and, if ſhe would give herſelf time for reflection, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miſs

Miſs Gr. I don't know *that*, Brother: But let me ſay for Charlotte, that I believe you ſometimes think better for her (as in the preſent caſe) ſometimes worſe, than ſhe deſerves. Charlotte has not much reflexion; ſhe is apt to ſpeak as the humour comes upon her, without conſidering much about the fit, or the unfit. It is *conſtitution*, you know, Brother; and ſhe cannot eaſily cure it: But ſhe will try.—Only, Sir, be ſo good as to let me have an anſwer to my laſt queſtion, Whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Becauſe the anſwer will let me know what my Brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reaſon, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your Brother loves you—

Miſs Gr. With all my faults, Sir?—

Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear; and I had almoſt ſaid, *for* ſome of them. I love you for the pretty playfulneſs, on ſerious ſubjects, with which you puzzle yourſelf, and bewilder me: You ſee I follow your lead. As to the other part of your queſtion (for I would always anſwer directly, when I can); my friend Beauchamp deſerves the beſt of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy perſons, who, taken ſeparately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miſs Gr. Is it poſſible? To what could their unhappineſs be owing?--- Both, I ſuppoſe, *continuing* good?

Sir Ch. To a hundred almoſt nameleſs reaſons—Too little conſideration on one ſide; too much on the other: Diverſions different: Too much abroad the man—Too much at home will ſometimes have the ſame effect: Acquaintance approved by the one—Diſapproved by the other: One liking the town; the

the other the country: Or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte—

Miſs Gran. No more, no more, I beſeech you, Brother—Why this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing! I think, Lady L. I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some ſuch trifles, as theſe I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellencies, not ſo happy as I wiſh you to be. If you cannot have a man of whoſe underſtanding you have a higher opinion than you have of your own, you ſhould think of one who is likely to allow to yours a ſuperiority. If—

Miſs Grandiſon interrupted him again: I wiſhed ſhe would not ſo often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our Sex. I am afraid, with all his politeneſs, he thinks us poor creatures. But why ſhould not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miſs Gr. Well, but, Sir; I ſuppoſe the gentleman abroad has more underſtanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: Not what I, or the world, will judge.

Miſs Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not *generally*, in *matrimonial* inſtances. A wife, in general, may allow of a huſband's ſuperior judgment; but in particular caſes, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult, to have it allowed in any one inſtance.

Miſs Gr. I think you ſaid, Sir, that bachelors were *cloſe* obſervers.

Sir Ch. We may in the *ſiſter*, ſometimes, ſee the *wife*. I admire you, myſelf, for your vivacity; but I am not ſure that a huſband would not think himſelf hurt by it, eſpecially if it be true, as you ſay, "that "Charlotte has not much reflection, and is apt to

" ſpeak as the humour comes upon her, without " troubling herſelf about the fit or the unfit."

Miſs Gr. O, Sir, what a memory you have! I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, i'n't it?) will not have half your memory.

Sir Ch. For his ſake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miſs Gr. Let me ſee—Why for *both* our ſakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell the man, in courtſhip, I hope, that all this livelineſs is " conſtitution;" and " that " you know not how to cure it."

Miſs Gr. No, by no means, Sir: Let him in the *miſtreſs*, as ſomebody elſe in the *ſiſter*, gueſs at the *wife*, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well anſwered, Charlotte, in the play we are at; but I am willing to think highly of my Siſter's prudence; and that ſhe will be happy, and make the man ſo, to whom ſhe may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the queſtion recurs, What ſhall I ſay to Lord G.? What to Sir Walter?

Miſs Gr. Why I think you muſt make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be ſo good; and, after the example of my Siſter Harriet to the men ſhe ſends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as ſoon as he pleaſes; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wiſh not to lower this lively ſpirit—You will put your determination into Engliſh.

Miſs Gr. In plain Engliſh, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the addreſs of Sir Walter Watkins.

Sir Ch. Well, and what ſhall I ſay to Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Why that's the thing—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, Sir, you muſt tell him, I think—I profeſs I can't tell what—But, Sir, will you

you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can — Can you, do you think, love Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Love him! love Lord G? what a queſtion is that!—Why no! I verily believe, that I can't ſay that.

Sir Ch. Can you eſteem him?

Miſs Gr. Eſteem! — Why that's a quaint word, tho' a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honeſt man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaiſant, very obſervant, and all that—Pray, Brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte, ſmiling. It is *conſtitution*, you ſay.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very obſervant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he ſhall ſubſcribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you ſhall anſwer to the man's.

Miſs Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll conſider of it. If I find, in courtſhip, the man will bear it, I may make the propoſal.—Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to *ſuppoſe* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a ſingularity, for fear of putting the parſon out. I heard an excellent Lady once adviſe a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do any-thing that he would wiſh to be done, except ſhe choſe to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Harriet. Nay now, Miſs Grandiſon, you are much more ſevere upon your Sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been ſevere upon either, my dear Miſs Byron?

Harriet. Indeed I think ſo.

Sir Ch. I am ſorry for it; I only intended to be

juſt. See, Charlotte, what a cenſure, from goodneſs itſelf, you draw upon me! — But I am to give encouragement (*am* I?) to Lord G.?

Miſs Gr. Do as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Ch. That is ſaying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G?

Miſs Gr. In the world, Sir!—A very wide place, I profeſs.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miſs Gr. Why No—Yes—No — What can I ſay to ſuch a queſtion?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: Help me to underſtand it.

Lady L. I believe, Brother, you may let Lord G. know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come—

Sir Ch. "Will not be denied an audience, if he come!" And this to Charlotte's Brother! Women! Women! Women! —*You*, Miſs Byron, I repeat with pleaſure, are an exception—In your Letters and behaviour we ſee what a woman is, and what ſhe ought to be—Yet, I know, you have too much greatneſs of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expence of your Sex—But my *heart* does you juſtice.

Lord L. See, however, Brother Grandiſon, this excellence in the two Siſters! You ſay, indeed, but juſt things in praiſe of Miſs Byron; but they are more than women: For they *enjoy* that praiſe, and the acknowleged ſuperiority of the only woman in Britain to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments ſo high? I did.

You DID, Harriet?

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to ſurpriſe you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcaſt ſilence, and by a glow in my cheeks, that was even painful to me to feel.

The

The Siſters have ſince obſerved to me (flattering Ladies!) that their Brother's eyes — But is it not ſtrange, Lucy, that they did not aſk him, in this long converſation, Whether his favourite of our Sex is a *foreigner*, or not? If ſhe be, what ſignifies the eye of pleaſure caſt upon your Hairriet?

But what do you think was Miſs Grandiſon's addreſs to me, on this agreeable occaſion? You, my Grandmamma, will love her again, I am ſure, tho' ſhe ſo lately incurred your diſpleaſure.

Sweet and ever amiable Harriet! ſaid ſhe; Siſter! Friend! enjoy the juſt praiſes of two of the beſt of men! — You *can* enjoy them with equal modeſty and dignity; and we can (What ſay *you*, Lady L.?) find our praiſe in the honour you do our Sex, and in being allowed to be ſeconds to you.

And what do you think was the anſwer of Lady L. (generous woman!) to this call of her Siſter?

I can chearfully, ſaid ſhe, ſubſcribe to the viſible ſuperiority of my Harriet, as ſhewn in all her Letters, as well as in her whole conduct: But then you, my Lord, and you, my Brother, who in my eye are the firſt of men, muſt not let me have cauſe to dread, that your Caroline is ſunk in yours.

I had hardly power to ſit, yet had leſs to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: My return to company muſt have been aukward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my Letters, to deſerve all theſe fine ſpeeches?—But my Lord and his Siſters are my true friends, and zealous well-wiſhers. No fear that I ſhall be too proud, on this occaſion: It is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than neceſſary to eſtabliſh me with ſomebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* Lady, what ſignify all theſe fine things?

But how (you will aſk) did the Brother acknowlege theſe generous ſpeeches of his Siſters and Lord L.?—

How? Why as he ought to do. He gave them for their generous goodneſs to their Harriet, in preference to themſelves, ſuch due praiſes, as more than reſtored them, in my eye, to the ſuperiority they had ſo nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addreſſed himſelf to me jointly with his Siſters: I ſee, with great pleaſure, ſaid he, the happy underſtanding that there is between you three Ladies: It is a demonſtration, to me, of ſurpaſſing goodneſs in you all. To expreſs myſelf in the words of an ingenious man, to whoſe works your Sex, and if *yours*, *ours*, are more obliged, than to thoſe of any ſingle man in the Britiſh world,

Great ſouls by inſtinct to each other turn,
*Demand alliance, and in friendſhip burn**.

The two Siſters and your Harriet bowed as they ſat.

Encouraged by this happy underſtanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you*, Miſs Byron, will be ſo good as to inform your-*ſelf*, and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be *our* Charlotte's inclinations with reſpect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that ſhe *can* or *does* prefer to the moſt favoured of either of them. From *you* I ſhall not meet with the "Not that ſhe values" — The depreciating indifferences, the affected ſlights, the *female circumamlages*, if I may be allowed the words; the coldly-expreſſed conſent to viſits not deſerving to be diſcouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be ſo; that I have had to encounter with in the paſt converſation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my Siſter's vivacity: But as the affair is of a very ſerious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interpoſition, having really

* ADDISON's *Campaign*.

no

no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man, at preſent; on *your* noble frankneſs I can rely; and Charlotte will open her mind to you: If not, ſhe has very little profited by the example you have ſet her in the Letters you have permitted her to read.

He aroſe, bowed, and withdrew; Miſs Grandiſon called after him, Brother, Brother, Brother—One word—Don't leave us—But he only kiſſed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a ſmiling air, left us looking at each other in a ſilence that held a few moments.

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

LOrd L. broke the ſilence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your Brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

O my Lord, ſaid ſhe, if we women play our cards right, we ſhall be able to manage the beſt and wiſeſt of you all, as we pleaſe. It is but *perſevering*, and you men, if not out-*argued*, may be out-*teazed*.—But, Harriet—upon my word—The game ſeems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my Brother to be among us, ſaid Lady L. Beauty would ſoon find its power: And *ſuch* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their Brother and I were born for each other.

Miſs Grandiſon told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G. She ſaid, ſhe was glad that her Brother had propoſed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, ſaid ſhe, may riſe in the tête-à-tête converſation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But ſhall I truſt myſelf with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*ſelf*, rather. My

own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself, for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—If—Why, what *if?*—In one word, Should this *if* be more than *if*—Why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danby's being mentioned, Lord L. asked Sir Charles, What was the danger from which he relieved their Uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

'Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal
'eminence and integrity: He was settled at Cambray:
'He had great dealings in the manufactures of cam-
'bricks and lace. His Brother John, a very profligate
'man, had demanded of him, and took it ill that he
'denied him, a thousand guineas; for no better rea-
'son, but because he had generously given that sum
'to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he
'pleaded, he was as nearly related to his Brother as
'were those his children. No plea is too weak for
'folly and self-interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr.
'Danby had often given this Brother large sums,
'which he squandered away almost as soon as he re-
'ceived them.

'My Father used to make remittances to Mr.
'Danby for my use; for his dealings in other
'branches of commerce extended to the South of
'France and Italy: This brought me acquainted with
'him.

'He

'He took a great liking to me. I ſaw him firſt at 'Lyons; and he engaged me to viſit him at Cambray, 'whenever I ſhould go to Paris or Flanders.

'Accompanying a friend, ſoon after, to Paris, I 'performed my promiſe.

'He had a villa in the Cambreſis, at a ſmall di-'ſtance from the city, which he ſometimes called his '*cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone 'houſe: He valued it for its elegance. Thither, after 'I had paſſed two days with him at his houſe in the 'city, he carried me.

'His Brother, enraged at being refuſed the ſum he 'had ſo unreaſonably demanded, formed a plot to get 'poſſeſſion of his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was 'a bachelor, and it was known, had, to that time, 'an averſion to the thought of making his will.

''The wretch, in ſhort, hired three ruffians to 'murder him. The attempt was to be made in this 'little houſe, that the fact might have the appearance 'of being committed by robbers; and the cabinets 'in the bed chamber, if there were time for it, after 'the horrid fact was perpetrated, were to be broke 'open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that ap-'pearance. The villains were each to be rewarded 'with a thouſand crowns, payable on the wicked 'man's getting poſſeſſion of his Brother's fortune; 'and they had fifty crowns a piece paid them in hand.

'Their unnatural employer waited the event at Ca-'lais, tho' he told them he ſhould be at Dunkirk.

'I had one ſervant with me, who lay with a man-'ſervant of Mr. Danby in a little room over the 'ſtable, about an hundred yards from the houſe. 'There were only conveniences in the houſe for Mr. 'Danby and a friend, beſides two women-ſervants in 'the upper part of it.

'About midnight I was alarmed by a noiſe, as of 'violence uſed at the window of Mr. Danby's room.

'Mine communicated with his. The faſtening of the 'door was a ſpring-lock, the key of which was on my 'ſide.

'I ſlipt on my cloaths in an inſtant, and, drawing 'my ſword, ruſhed into the next room, juſt as one 'villain, with a large knife in his hand, had ſeized 'the throat of Mr. Danby, who, till then, was in a 'ſound ſleep. The ſkin of his neck, and one hand 'lifted up to defend himſelf, were ſlightly wounded 'before I ran the ruffian into the ſhoulder, as I did 'with my ſword, and in the ſame moment diſarmed 'him, and threw him, with violence from the bed, 'againſt the door. He roared out, that he was a dead 'man.

'A ſecond fellow had got up to the window, and 'was half in: He called out, to a third below, to 'haſten up after him on a ladder, which was gene-'rally left in an outhouſe near the little garden.

'I haſtened to this ſecond fellow, who then fired a 'piſtol, but happily miſſed me; and who, feeling my 'ſword's point in his arm, threw himſelf, with a litlte 'of my help, out of the window, upon the third 'fellow, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked 'him off: And then both made their eſcape by the 'way they came.

'The fellow within had fainted, and lay weltring 'in his blood.

'By this time, the two women-ſervants had let in 'our men, who had been alarmed by the report of 'the piſtol, and by the ſcreams of the women from 'their window; for they ventured not out of their 'chamber till they were called upon for entrance, by 'their fellow-ſervant from below.

'The two footmen, by my direction, bound up 'the ruffian's ſhoulder: They dragged him down 'into the hall: He ſoon came to himſelf, and offered 'to make an ample confeſſion.

'Poor Mr. Danby had crept into my room, and in

'a corner

'a corner of it had fainted away. We recovered him 'with difficulty.

'The fellow confeſſed, before a magiſtrate, the 'whole villainy, and who ſet him at work: The 'other two, being diſabled by their bruiſes from flying 'far, were apprehended next day. The vile Brother 'was ſent after to Dunkirk, according to the intel- 'ligence given of him by the fellows; but he having 'informed himſelf of what had happened, got over 'from Calais to Dover.

'The wounded man, having loſt much blood, re- 'covered not. They were all three ordered to be 'executed; but, being interceded for, the ſurviving 'villains were ſent to the gallies.

'It ſeems they knew nothing of Mr. Danby's 'having a gueſt with him: If they had, they owned 'they would have made their attempt another night.'

We were about to deliver our ſentiments on this extraordinary event, when Sir Charles turning to Lady L. Let me aſk you, ſaid he (the ſervant being withdrawn) Has Charlotte found out her own mind?

Yes, yes, Sir; I believe ſhe has opened all her heart to Miſs Byron.

Then I ſhall know more of it in ten minutes, than Charlotte would let me know in as many hours.

Stand by, every-body, ſaid the humorous Lady— Let me get up, and make my Brother one of my beſt courteſies.

Sir Charles was juſt then called out to a meſſenger, who brought him Letters from town. He returned to us, his complexion heightened, and a little diſcompoſed.

I intended, madam, ſaid he, to me, to have craved the honour of your company for half an hour in my Lord's library, on the ſubject we were talking of: But theſe Letters require my immediate attention. The meſſenger muſt return with my anſwers to two of

them, early in the morning. You will have the goodneſs, looking round him, to diſpenſe with my attendance on you at ſupper. But perhaps, madam, to me, you will be ſo good, as, in one word, to ſay, No, or Yes, for Charlotte.

Miſs Gr. What, Sir, to be *given up* without a preface!—I beg your pardon. *Leſs* than *ten words* ſhall not do, I aſſure you, tho' from my Siſter Harriet.

Sir Ch. Who given up, Charlotte? *yourſelf?* If ſo, I have my anſwer.

Miſs Gr. Or Lord G.—I have not ſaid which. Would you have my poor Lord rejected by a ſlighting monoſyllable only?

Lady L. Mad girl!

Miſs Gr. Why, Lady L. don't you ſee that Sir Charles wants to take me by *implication?* But my Lord G. is neither ſo ſoon loſt, nor Charlotte ſo eaſily won. Harriet, if *you* would give up yourſelf at a firſt queſtion, then I will excuſe you if you give up *me* as eaſily; but not elſe.

Harriet. If Sir Charles thinks a conference upon the ſubject unneceſſary—Pray don't let us give him the trouble of holding one. His time, you ſee, is very precious.

Can you gueſs, Lucy, at the humour I was in when I ſaid this?—If you think it was a very good one, you are miſtaken; yet I was ſorry for it afterwards. Fooliſh ſelf-betrayer! Why ſhould I ſeem to wiſh for a conference with him? But that was not all—To be petulant with ſuch a one, when his heart was diſtreſſed; for ſo it proved: But he was too polite, too great, ſhall I ſay? to take notice of my petulance. How little does it make me in my own eyes!

Had I, ſaid he, ever ſo eaſily obtained a knowlege of my Siſter's mind, I ſhould not have known how to depend upon it, were it not ſtrengthened, madam,

from

from your lips. the conference, therefore, which you gave me hopes you would favour me with, would have been abſolutely neceſſary. I hope Miſs Byron will allow me to invite her to it to-morrow morning. The intended ſubject of it is a very ſerious one with me. My Siſter's happineſs, and that of a man not unworthy, are concerned in it, lightly as Charlotte has hitherto treated it. He bowed, and was going.

Miſs Gr. Nay, pray, Brother—You muſt not leave me in anger.

Sir Ch. I do not, Charlotte. I had rather bear with you, than you ſhould with me. I ſee you cannot help it. A lively heart is a great bleſſing. Indulge it. Now is your time.

Dear Doctor, ſaid Miſs Grandiſon, when Sir Charles was gone out, What can be the meaning of my Brother's gravity? It alarms me.

Dr. B. If goodneſs, madam, would make a heart lively, Sir Charles's would be as lively as your own; but you might have perceived by his air, when he entered, that the Letters brought him affected him too much to permit him to laugh off a light anſwer to a ſerious queſtion.

Miſs Gr. Dear Doctor!---But I *do* now recollect, that he entered with ſome little diſcompoſure on his countenance. How *could* I be ſo inattentive?

Harriet. And I, too, I doubt, was a little captious.

Dr B. A *very* little. Pardon me, madam.

Juſt then came in the excellent man.

Dr. Bartlett, I would wiſh to aſk you one queſtion, ſaid he.

Miſs Gr. You are angry with me, Brother.

Sir Ch. No, my dear!---But I am afraid I withdrew with too grave an air. I have been a thouſand times pleaſed with you, Charlotte, to one time diſpleaſed; and when I have been the latter, you have always known it: I had ſomething in my hand that ruffled me a little. But how could patience be patience,

tience, if it were not tried? I wanted to say a few words to my good Dr. Bartlett: And, to say truth, being conscious that I had departed a little abruptly, I could not be easy till I apologized in person for it; therefore came to *ask* the favour of the Doctor's advice, rather than *request* it by message.

The Doctor and he withdrew together.

In these small instances, said my Lord, are the characters of the heart displayed, far more than in greater. What excellence shines out in full lustre, on this unaffected and seemingly little occasion! Fear of offending; of giving uneasiness; solicitude to remove doubts; patience recommended in one short sentence, more forcibly than some would have done it in a long discourse, as well as by example; censuring himself, not from a consciousness of being wrong, but of being *taken* wrong. Ah! my dear Sister Charlotte, we should all edify by such an example---But I say no more.

Miss Gr. And have *you* nothing to say, Harriet?

Harriet. Very little, since I have been much to blame myself: Yet let me remind my Charlotte, that her Brother was displeased with her yesterday, for treating too lightly a subject he had engaged in seriously; and that he has been forced to refer to her friend, rather than to herself, to help him to the knowlege of her mind. O Charlotte! regret you not the occasion given for the expedient? And do you not [Yes, I see you do] blush for giving it? Yet to see him come voluntarily back, when he had left us in a grave humour, for fear the babies should think him angry with them; O how great is he! and how little are we!

Miss Gr. Your servant, Sister Harriet!—You have made a *dainty* speech, I think: But, great and good as my Brother is, we know how it comes to pass, that your pretty imagination is always at work to aggrandize the man, and to lower the babies!

Harriet.

Harriet. I will not ſay another word on the ſubject. You are not generous, Charlotte.

She took my hand: Forgive me, my dear—I touch'd too tender a ſtring. Then turning to Miſs Jervois, and with the other hand taking hers, Why twinkles thus my girl?—I charge you, Emily, tell me all you think.

I am thinking, ſaid ſhe, that my Guardian is not happy. To ſee him bear with every-body; to have him keep all his troubles to himſelf, becauſe he would not afflict any-body, and yet ſtudy to lighten and remove the troubles of every-body elſe—Did he not ſay, that he ſhould be happy, but for the unhappineſs of other people?

Excellent young creature! ſaid Miſs Grandiſon: I love you every day better and better. For the future, my dear, do not retire, whatever ſubjects we talk of. I ſee, that we may confide in your diſcretion. But, well as you love your Guardian, ſay nothing to him of what women talk to women. My Lord L. is an exception, in *this* caſe: He is one of us.

Harriet. O Miſs Grandiſon! what a mixt character is yours! How good you can be, when you pleaſe! and how naughty!

Miſs Gr. Well, and you like me, juſt now?—That's the beauty of it; to offend and make up, at pleaſure. Old Terence was a ſhrewd man: The falling out of Lovers, ſays he (as Lord L. once quoted him) is the renewal of Love. Are we not now better friends, than if we had never differed? And do you think that I will not, if I marry, exerciſe my huſband's patience now-and-then for this very purpoſe?—Let *me* alone, Harriet: Now a quarrel; now a reconciliation; I warrant I ſhall be happier than any of the yawning ſee-ſaws in the kingdom. Everlaſting *ſummers* would be a grievance.

Harriet. You may be right, if you are exceeding *diſcreet* in your perverſeneſſes, Charlotte; and yet if you

you *are*, you will not lay out for a quarrel, I fanſy. The world, or you will have better luck than your Brother ſeems to have had, will find you opportunities enow, for exerciſing the tempers of both, without your needing to ſtudy for occaſions.

Miſs Gr. *Study* for them, Harriet! I ſha'n't ſtudy for them, neither: They will come of courſe.

Harriet. I was about to aſk a queſtion—But 'tis better let alone.

Miſs Gr. I *will* have it. What was your queſtion? Don't you ſee what a good-natured fool I am? You may ſay any-thing to me: I won't be angry.

Harriet. I was going to aſk you, If you were ever concerned two hours together, for any fault you ever committed in your life?

Miſs Gr. Yes, yes, yes; and for two-and-twenty hours: For ſometimes the inconveniencies that followed my errors, were not preſently over, as in a certain caſe, which I'll be hang'd if you have not in your head, with that ſly leer that ſhews the rogue in your heart: But when I got rid of conſequences, no bird in ſpring was ever more blyth. I carolled away every care at my harpſichord.—But Emily will think me mad—Remember, child, that Miſs Byron is the woman by whoſe mind you are to form yours: Never regard *me*, when *ſhe* is in company.---But now (and ſhe whimſically aroſe, and opened the door, and ſaying *Begone*, ſhut it, and coming to her place) I have turned my folly out of door.

Friday morn. ſeven o'clock.

I HAVE written for theſe two days paſſed at every opportunity; and, for the two nights (hardly knowing what ſleepineſs was) two hours, each night, have contented me. I wonder whether I ſhall be ſummoned by-and-by to the propoſed conference; but I am equally ſorry and apprehenſive, on occaſion of the Letters which have given Sir Charles Grandiſon ſo much

much anxiety: Foreign Letters, I doubt not!—I wiſh this ugly word *foreign* were blotted out of my vocabulary; out of my memory, rather. I never, till of late, was ſo narrow-hearted—But that I have ſaid before, twenty times.

I have written---How many ſheets of paper---A monſtrous Letter---Pacquet, rather. I will begin a new one, with what ſhall offer this day. Adieu, till-by and-by, my Lucy.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Friday, March 24.

THE conference, the impatiently expected conference, my Lucy, is over: And what is the reſult?---Take the account of it, as it was brought on, proceeded with, and concluded. Miſs Grandiſon and her Lovers were not our only ſubjects. I will ſoon be with you, my dear.---But I'll try to be as minute as I uſed to be, notwithſtanding.

Notwithſtanding what?--

You ſhall hear, Lucy.

Sir Charles gave us his company at breakfaſt. He entered with a kind of benign ſolemnity in his countenance; but the benignity increaſed, and the ſolemnity went off, after a little while.

My Lord ſaid, he was very ſorry that he had met with any-thing to diſturb him, in the Letters that were brought him yeſterday. Emily joined by her eyes, tho' not in ſpeech, her concern with his Lordſhip's: Miſs Grandiſon was ſedately ſerious: Lady L. had expectation in her fine face; and Dr. Bartlett ſat like a man that was determined to be ſilent. I had apprehenſion, and hope, I ſuppoſe, ſtruggling in mine, as I knew not whether to wiſh for the expected conference, or not.

Let

Let us think of nothing, my Lord, in this company, ſaid he, but what is agreeable.

He enquired kindly of my health, and laſt night's reſt, becauſe of a ſlight cold that had affected my voice: Of Emily, Why ſhe was ſo ſad? Of Lady L. and my Lord, When they went to town? Of Miſs Grandiſon, Why ſhe looked ſo *meditatingly?* that was his word---Don't you ſee, Miſs Byron, ſaid he, that Charlotte looks as if ſhe had not quite ſettled the humour ſhe intends to be in for the next half-hour?

Charlotte looks, I believe, Sir, replied ſhe, as if ſhe were determined to take her humour for the next half-hour from yours, whether grave or airy.

Then, returned he, I will not be grave, becauſe I will not have you ſo.---May I hope, madam by-and-by, addreſſing himſelf to me, for the honour of your hand, to my Lord's library?

Sir, I will—I will—attend you—heſitated the ſimpleton; but ſhe can't tell how ſhe looked,

Thus, Lucy, was the matter brought on:

He conducted me to my Lord's library.—How did I ſtruggle with myſelf for preſence of mind! What a mixture was there of tenderneſs and reſpect in his countenance and air!

He ſeated me; then took his place over-againſt me. I believe I looked down, and conſcious, and filly; but there was ſuch a reſpectful modeſty in his looks, that one could not be uneaſy at being now-and-then, with an air of languor, as I thought, contemplated by him: Eſpecially as, when ever I reared my eye-lids to caſt a momentary look at him as he ſpoke, I was always ſure to ſee his eye withdrawn: This gave more freedom to mine, than it poſſibly otherwiſe could have had. What a bold creature, Lucy, ought *ſhe* to be who prefers a bold man! If ſhe be *not* bold, how ſilly muſt ſhe look under his ſtaring confident eye! How muſt *her* want of courage add to his ſelf-conſequence!

Thus

Thus he began the ſubject we were to talk of.

I will make no apology for requeſting the favour of this conference with one of the moſt frank and open-hearted young Ladies in the world: I ſhall have the honcur, perhaps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one ſubject [How my heart throbbed]: But that which I ſhall begin with, relates to my Lord G. and *our* Siſter Charlotte. I obſerve, from hints thrown out by herſelf, as well as from what Lady L. ſaid, that ſhe intends to encourage his addreſſes; but it is eaſy to ſee, that ſhe thinks but ſlightly of him. I am indeed apprehenſive, that ſhe is rather induced to favour my Lord, from an opinion that he has my intereſt and good wiſhes, than from her own inclination. I have told her, more than once, that hers are, and ſhall be, mine: But ſuch is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted, that ſhe prefers my Lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, Sir—But why ſhould I ſay *believe*, when Miſs Grandiſon has *commiſſioned* me to own, that Lord G. is a man whom ſhe greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns?

Does ſhe, *can* ſhe, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G. not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom ſhe at preſent knows? In other words, Is there *any* man that you think ſhe would prefer to Lord G.? I am extremely ſolicitous for my Siſter's happineſs; and the more, becauſe of her vivacity, which, I am afraid, will be thought leſs to become the wife, than the ſingle woman.

I dare ſay, Sir, that if Miſs Grandiſon thought of any other man in preference to Lord G. ſhe would not encourage his addreſſes, upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's ſpirit and vivacity, who has been diſappointed by a failure of ſuppoſed merit in her firſt Love (if we may ſo call it) ſhould be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* ſtriking qualities. She can play

with

with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G. is a worthy, tho' not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G. She cannot, in the same man, have every-thing. But if Lord G. consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam, you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has no part in the question; Lord G. wants not understanding: He is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: He is also a mild man: He will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, Sir, has authorized me to say, That if you approve of Lord G's addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of every thing relating to settlements, she will be entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, Sir, has known Lord G. some time: His good character is well known: And I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence, in *every* engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, If you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G.?

I believe, Sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman, was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and, probably,

never

never will again. Had ſhe meant any-thing by it, I dare ſay, ſhe would not have put the queſtions about him in the manner ſhe did.

I believe ſo. I love my Siſter, and I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not bear, for *her* ſake, that were ſhe to behold him in the light hinted at, he ſhould imagine he had reaſon to think ſlightly of my Siſter, for the correſpondence ſhe carried on, in ſo private a manner, with a man abſolutely unworthy of her. But I hope ſhe meant nothing, but to give way to that vein of railliery, which, when opened, ſhe knows not always how to ſtop.

My ſpirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—O my dear Miſs Grandiſon! ſaid I, I was *afraid* ſhe had forfeited, partly, at leaſt, what ſhe holds moſt dear, the good opinion of her Brother!

Forgive me, madam, 'tis a generous pain that I have made you ſuffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all the ſecrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankneſs calls for equal frankneſs: You would inſpire it, where it is not. My Siſter, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not loſt any of my love. I love her, with all her faults; but muſt not be blind to them. Shall not praiſe and diſpraiſe be juſtly given? I have faults, great faults, myſelf: What ſhould I think of the man who called them virtues? How dangerous would it be to me, in that caſe, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to ſelf-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myſelf?

This, Sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miſs Byron.

But, Sir, it would be very hard, that an indiſcretion (I *muſt* own it to be ſuch) ſhould faſten reproach upon a woman who recovered herſelf ſo ſoon, and whoſe virtue was never ſullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would: And therefore it was in tender-

neſs

neſs to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an aliance with a man of Mr.Beauchamp's nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, Sir, that my dear Miſs Grandiſon will run no riſque of being ſlighted, by any *other* man, from a ſtep which has coſt her ſo dear in her peace of mind— I heſitated, and looked down.

I know, madam, what you mean. Altho' I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G. or any other man, as much juſtice, as I would do him. I was ſo apprehenſive of my Siſter's indifference to Lord G. and of the difference in their tempers, tho' both good, that I did my utmoſt to diſſuade him from thinking of her: And when I found that his Love was fixed beyond the power of diſſuaſion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderſon; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himſelf, that the indifference, with which ſhe had hitherto received his addreſſes, was principally owing to the difficulty of her ſituation; which being now ſo happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her, by his affection and gratitude. And now, madam, give me your opinion— Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope ſhe can) by indulgence, by Love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit ſhe ſhould ſtill be more careful to reſtrain her vivacity if ſhe marry a man to whom ſhe thinks ſhe has ſuperior talents, than ſhe need to be if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, that if ſhe ſhould ſhew herſelf capable of returning ſlight for tenderneſs; of taking *ſuch* liberties with a man who loves her, after ſhe had given him her vows, as ſhould depreciate him, and, of conſequence, *herſelf*, in the eye of the world; I ſhould be apt to forget that I had more than *one* Siſter: For, in caſes of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does

Does not this man, Lucy, ſhew, us that, goodneſs and greatneſs are ſynonymous words!

I think, Sir, replied I, that if Lord G. prove the good-natured man he ſeems to be; if he diſlike not that brilliancy of temper in his *Lady*, which he ſeems not to value *himſelf* upon, tho' he may have qualities, at leaſt, *equally* valuable; I have no doubt but Miſs Grandiſon will make him very happy: For has ſhe not great and good qualities? Is ſhe not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, Sir, that ſhe is. And can it be ſuppoſed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her ſo far beyond the bounds of prudence and diſcretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation ſhe will have entered into requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G. by telling him, that he is at liberty to viſit my Siſter, at her coming to town; or, if ſhe come not ſoon (for he will be impatient to wait on her) at Colnebrook?

I dare ſay you may, Sir.

As to articles and ſettlements, I will undertake for all thoſe things: But be pleaſed to tell her, that ſhe is abſolutely at her own liberty, for me. If ſhe ſhall think, when ſhe ſees further of Lord G.'s temper and behaviour, that ſhe cannot eſteem him as a wife ought to eſteem her huſband; I ſhall not be concerned, if ſhe diſmiſs him; provided that ſhe keeps him not on in ſuſpenſe, after ſhe knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example ſet her by the beſt of women.

I could not but know to whom he deſigned this compliment; and had like to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this ſubject is concluded. I have already written a Letter to Sir Walter, as at the requeſt of my Siſter, to put an end, in the civilleſt terms, to his hopes. My Lord G. will be

impatient

impatient for my return to town. I ſhall go with the more pleaſure, becauſe of the joy I ſhall be able to give him.

You muſt be very happy, Sir; ſince, beſides the pleaſure you take in doing good for its own ſake, you are intitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleaſures of every one you know.

He was ſo nobly modeſt, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed, at my entrance into my Lord's ſtudy, would fall to my ſhare: And I had, beſides, been led into a preſence of mind, by being made a perſon of ſome conſequence in the Love-caſe of another: But I was ſoon to have my whole attention engaged in a ſubject ſtill nearer to my heart; as you ſhall hear.

Indeed, madam, ſaid he, I am not *very* happy in myſelf. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happineſs of others, to intitle myſelf to a ſhare of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, Sir—and I ſtopt. I believe I ſighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I ſhould want it.

There ſeems, ſaid he, to be a mixture of generous concern, and kind curioſity, in one of the loveliеſt and moſt intelligent faces in the world. My Siſters have, in your preſence, expreſſed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myſelf in a manner uncertain as to the event that muſt, in ſome meaſure, govern my future deſtiny, I would have gratified it; eſpecially as my Lord L. has, of late, joined in it. The criſis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you ſaid ſo, Sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half ſo often, ſince he ſpoke them.

The criſis, madam, *is* at hand: And I had not intended to open my lips upon the ſubject till it was over, except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole

affair, and indeed every affair of my life: But, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankneſs of yours. If you will be ſo good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my ſituation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleaſure, what I ſhall relate, to my two Siſters and Lord L. You four ſeem to be animated by one ſoul.

I am extremely concerned, Sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling ſimpleton [one cheek feeling to myſelf very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimſon, perhaps to the eye] that any-thing ſhould make you unhappy. But, Sir, I ſhall think myſelf favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy: I almoſt wiſh I had not heard it myſelf.

LETTER XX.

Miſs Byron. *In Continuation.*

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with a hiſtory of all that part of my life which I was obliged to paſs abroad from about the Seventeenth to near the Twenty-fifth year of my age; tho' perhaps it has been as buſy a period as could well be, in the life of a man ſo young, and who never ſought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett ſhall be at liberty to ſatisfy your curioſity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I have correſponded for years with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condeſcenſion; for I found the following queſtions often occur to me, and to be of the higheſt ſervice in the conduct of my life—'What

'account ſhall I give of this to Dr. Bartlett?' 'How, 'were I to give way to *this* temptation, ſhall I re- 'port it to Dr. Bartlett?'—Or, 'Shall I be a hypo- 'crite, and only inform him of the beſt, and meanly 'conceal from him the worſt?'

Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a ſecond conſcience to me: And many a good thing did I do, many a bad one avoid, for having ſet up ſuch a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more neceſſary that I ſhould, as I am naturally paſſionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early diſtinguiſhed (Pardon, madam, the ſeeming vanity) by a Sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, poſſibly, the *more* diſtinguiſhed, as, for my ſafety-ſake, I was as ſtudious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank, or celebrated for beauty, as moſt young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it ſo much to be wondered at, that I had advantages which every one who travels, has not. Reſiding for ſome time at the principal courts, and often viſiting the ſame places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was conſidered, in a manner, as a native, at the ſame time, that I was treated with the reſpect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France, as Italy. I was very genteelly ſupported: I ſtood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being ſerviceable. They made known to every-body my Father's affection for me; his magnificent ſpirit; the antient families, on both ſides, from which I was deſcended. I kept the beſt company; avoided intrigues; made not myſelf obnoxious to ſerious or pious people, tho' I ſcrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all theſe advantages, I was reſpected beyond my degree.

I ſhould not, madam, have been thus laviſh in my own praiſe, but to account to you for the favour I

ſtood

ſtood in with ſeveral families of the firſt rank; and to ſuggeſt an excuſe for more than one of them, which thought it no diſgrace to wiſh me to be allied with them.

Lord L. mentioned to you, madam, and my Siſters, a Florentine Lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her perſon, and miſtreſs of a great fortune in poſſeſſion, which is entirely at her own diſpoſal; having not Father, Mother, Brother, or other near relations. The firſt time I ſaw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her ſight, where a Lady, inſulted by a Lover made deſperate by her juſt efuſal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did, on the occaſion, was generally applauded: Olivia, in particular, ſpoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I ſaw her in company where I was a viſiter: I had not the preſumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman Mr. Jervois gave me to underſtand, that I might be maſter of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: He believed, he ſaid, that matter might be made eaſy—But could I be pleaſed with the change, would ſhe have made it, when paſſion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her perſon: No body queſtioned her virtue; but ſhe was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of Love: I could not have been happy with her, had ſhe been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myſelf to the Lady's face: It *was* a mortification to me, as much for her ſake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it, for ſome time; having been appriſed, that the ſpirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler paſſion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a

Father's arms, and in my native country, which ſubjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniencies that can attend a baniſhed man! Indeed I often conſidered myſelf in this light; and, as the inconveniencies happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myſelf with the thought of having forfeited my Father's love; on the contrary, as the conſtant inſtances which I received of his paternal goodneſs, made me ſtill more earneſt to acknowlege it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborn, Lucy, ſhewing a ſenſibility at my eyes on this affecting inſtance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wiſh I had had more command of myſelf: But conſider, my dear, the affecting ſubject we were upon. I was going to apologize for the trickling tear, and to have ſaid, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodneſs, Sir, affects me: But, with the conſciouſneſs that muſt have accompanied the words, would not that, to ſo nice a diſcerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? Theſe little tricks of ours, Lucy, may ſatisfy our own punctilio, and ſerve to keep us in countenance with ourſelves (and that, indeed, is doing ſomething); but, to a penetrating eye, they tend only to ſhew, that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me ſo much afraid of this man's diſcernment? Am I not an honeſt girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent Lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my ſtory I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that *yet* gives me concern, for her ſake, and as what I find has given ſome amuſement to my Siſter Charlotte's curioſity.

But I haſten to the affair which, of all others, has moſt embarraſſed me; and which, engaging my compaſſion,

paſſion, tho' my honour is free, gives torture to my very ſoul.

I found myſelf not well—I thought I ſhould have fainted.—The apprehenſion of his taking it as I wiſhed him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*) made me worſe. Had I been by *myſelf*, this faintiſhneſs might have come over my heart. I am ſure it was not *that*: But it ſeized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll ſay.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miſs Jervois, ſaid I, leaning upon her—Excuſe me, Sir—And I withdrew to the door: And, when there, finding my faintiſhneſs going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither: I am better, Sir, already; I will return, inſtantly. I muſt beg of you to proceed with your intereſting ſtory.

I was well the moment I was out of the Study. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I ſat too near the fire: That was it, to be ſure; and I ſaid ſo, on my return; which was the moment I had drank a glaſs of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abaſh me by *cauſleſly* laying my diſorder on his ſtory, and by offering to diſcontinue or poſtpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that*; I ſhould eaſily have diſtinguiſhed it, if it had: On the contrary, as I am not generally ſo much affected at the moment when any-thing unhappy befals me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh conſequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Any-thing, thought I, is better than ſuſpenſe. Now will my fortitude have a call to exert itſelf; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this inſtant, this trying inſtant, however, I found myſelf thus brave: So, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to aſſume all my courage; and deſired

him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to ſteady me, leſt my little tremblings ſhould increaſe. The faintneſs *had* left ſome little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by any-thing in his ſtory. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are ſeated two Branches of a noble family, Marquiſes and Counts of Porretta, which boaſts its pedigree from Roman Princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marcheſe della Porretta, who reſides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: His Lady is illuſtrious by deſcent, and ſtill more ſo for her goodneſs of heart, ſweetneſs of temper, and prudence. They have three Sons, and a Daughter—

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldeſt of the Sons is a general officer, in the ſervice of the King of the two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but paſſionate and haughty, valuing himſelf on his deſcent. The ſecond is devoted to the church, and is already a Biſhop. The intereſt of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or as he is ſometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the ſervice of the King of Sardinia. The Siſter is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her perſon, gentle in her manners, and has high, but juſt, notions of the nobility of her deſcent, of the honour of her Sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three Brothers preferred her intereſts to their own. Her Father uſed to call her, *The pride of his life*; her Mother, *Her other ſelf*; *her own Clementina.*

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I be-

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the reſt of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was maſter of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendſhip with a ſet of diſſolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earneſt to make me acquainted. I allowed myſelf to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: But a love of pleaſure had got faſt hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good-nature. He had courage, but not enough to reſiſt their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendſhip could not hold, while each ſtood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In ſhort, we parted, nor held a correſpondence in abſence: But afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniencies, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendſhip was renewed.

It however held not many months: A Lady, leſs celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, againſt warning, againſt promiſe.

On being expoſtulated with, and his promiſe claimed, he reſented the friendly freedom. He was paſſionate; and, on this occaſion, leſs polite than it was natural for him to be: He even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generouſly has he acknowleged ſince, the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the reſult was, they parted, reſolving never more to ſee each other.

Jeronymo purſued the adventure which had occaſioned the difference; and one of the Lady's admirers, envying him his ſuppoſed ſucceſs, hired Breſcian bravoes to aſſaſſinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremoneſe. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at ſome

diſtance from the road. I, attended by two ſervants, happened to be paſſing, when a frighted horſe ran croſs the way, his bridle broken, and his ſaddle bloody: This making me apprehend ſome miſchief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and ſoon beheld a man ſtruggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was juſt ſtopping his mouth, the other ſtabbing him. I leapt out of the poſt-chaiſe, and drew my ſword, running towards them as faſt as I could; and calling to my ſervants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this, they fled; and I heard them ſay, Let us make off; we have done his buſineſs. Incenſed at the villainy, I purſued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trombone*, a kind of blunderbuſs, juſt as he preſented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but ſeeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a ſudden, two others appearing with their horſes, I thought it beſt to retreat, tho' I would fain have ſecured one of them. My ſervants then ſeeing my danger, haſtened, ſhouting, towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) ſeemed as glad to get off with their reſcued companion, as I was to retire. I haſtened then to the unhappy man: But how much was I ſurpriſed, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in diſguiſe, had been actually purſuing his amour!

He gave ſigns of life. I inſtantly diſpatched one of my ſervants to Cremona, for a ſurgeon: I bound up, mean time, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his ſhoulder, the other in his breaſt. He had one in his hip-joint, which diſabled him from helping himſelf, and which I found beyond my ſkill to do anything with; only endeavouring, with my handkerchief, to ſtop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaiſe, ſtept in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had, in another part of

the

the thicket, found his ſervant bound and wounded, his horſe lying dead by his ſide. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaiſe, he being ſtiff with his hurts, and unable to ſtand.

I walked by the ſide of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to ſhorten the way of the expected ſurgeon.

My ſervant ſoon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The ſurgeon dreſſed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld, and knew me; and being told, by the ſurgeon, that he owed his preſervation to me, O Grandiſon! ſaid he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promiſe with you!—How did I inſult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me? You ſhall be the director of my future life, if it pleaſe God to reſtore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: Partly from his having been unſkilfully treated by this his firſt ſurgeon; and partly from his own impatience, and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip joint. Excuſe this particularity, madam. The ſubject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deſerves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona, till he was fit to remove. He was viſited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another: The ſuffering of one, is the ſuffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his Father, Mother, Siſter, for the ſweetneſs of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit ſo delightfully gay and lively, that his company was ſought by every-body.

You will eaſily believe, madam, from what I have ſaid, how acceptable to the whole family the ſervice was which I had been ſo happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bleſs me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the perſon

whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his Letters to his Sister, and to both Brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coldness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himself: Such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had, till *now*, derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: And he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine*; and still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, tho', as I may say, at his own expence (for his reformation was sincere,) a Letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the Bishop, and his Sister; tho' he was loth to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *Father* was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowlege, according to the largeness of his heart to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *Mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian Ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard as her fourth Brother, the preserver of the third. The *Barone* declared, that he should never rest, nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the Barone was removed to Bologna, the

whole

whole family were ſtudious to make occaſions to get me among them. The General made me promiſe, when *my relations*, as he was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The Biſhop, who paſſed all the time he had to ſpare from his dioceſe, at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* Brother, would have me initiate him into the knowlege of the Engliſh tongue.

Our Milton has deſervedly a name among them. The friendſhip that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were uſually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *He* alſo became my ſcholar. The Father and Mother were often preſent; and at ſuch times their Clementina was ſeldom abſent. *She* alſo called me her tutor; and, tho' ſhe was not half ſo often preſent at the lectures as her Brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The Father, as well as the Biſhop, is learned; the Mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education; being brought up by her Uncle, who reſided many years at Paris in a public character: And her Daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever allowed or ſought after by the Italian Ladies. In ſuch company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad againſt my wiſhes, paſſed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioneſs, who opened her heart to me, and conſulted me on every material occurrence. Her Lord, who is one of the politeſt of men, was never better pleaſed than when he found us together; and not ſeldom, tho' we were not engaged in lectures, the fair

Clementina claimed a right to be where her Mother was.

About this time, the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to ſettle in his native country. His Father was a favourite in the court of the Princeſs of Parma, and attended that Lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late King of Spain, where he held a very conſiderable poſt, and lately died there immenſely rich. On a viſit to this noble family, the young Lord ſaw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handſome, a gallant, a ſenſible man; his fortune is very great: Such an alliance was not to be ſlighted. The Marquis gave his countenance to it: The Marchioneſs favoured me with ſeveral converſations upon the ſubject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was neceſſary to know my thoughts, on this occaſion; for the younger Brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family, but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can ſhew you, from my Letters to him, ſome converſations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are perſons of honour, of goodneſs, of generoſity; and who are above reſerve, vindictiveneſs, jealouſy, and thoſe other bad paſſions by which ſome mark indiſcriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impoſſible (diſtinguiſhed as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this Daughter of it, miſtreſs of a thouſand good qualities, and myſelf abſolutely diſengaged in my affections) that my vanity ſhould not ſometimes be awakened, and a wiſh ariſe, that there might be a poſſibility of obtaining ſuch a prize: But I checked the vanity, the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recommend myſelf to the young Lady's favour, tho'

but by looks, by aſſiduities, I ſhould have thought an infamous breach of the truſt and confidence they all repoſed in me.

The pride of a family ſo illuſtrious in its deſcent; their fortunes unuſually high for the country which, by the goodneſs of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and intereſt; the Lady's exalted merits, which made her of conſequence to the hearts of ſeveral illuſtrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his paſſion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young Lady ſo remarkably ſtedfaſt in hers, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty they could reſtrain her from aſſuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that ſhe grudged to a heretic the glory of having ſaved the Barone della Porretta; all theſe conſiderations outweighed any hopes that might otherwiſe have ariſen in a boſom ſo ſenſible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About the ſame time, the troubles, now ſo happily appeaſed, broke out in Scotland: Hardly any-thing elſe was talked of, in Italy, but the progreſs, and ſuppoſed certainty of ſucceſs, of the young invader. I was often obliged to ſtand the triumphs and exultations of perſons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the intereſt of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of ſpirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates which I would gladly have avoided holding: But it was impoſſible. Every new advice from England revived the diſagreeable ſubject; for the ſucceſs of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the reſtoration of what they called the Catholic religion: And Clementina particularly

pleaſed herſelf, that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the boſom of his holy mother, the church: And ſhe delighted to ſay things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, ſhe ſpoke very intelligibly.

I took a reſolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to ſome one of the German courts that was leſs intereſted than they were in Italy, in the ſucceſs of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more deſirous to do ſo, as the diſpleaſure of Olivia againſt me began to grow ſerious, and to be talked of, even by herſelf, with leſs diſcretion than was conſiſtent with her high ſpirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the Marchioneſs firſt: The noble Lady expreſſed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for ſome weeks; but, at the ſame time, hinted to me, with an explicitneſs that is peculiar to her, her apprehenſions, and her Lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and ſhe ſo well ſatisfied the Marquis, in this reſpect, that, on their Daughter's abſolute refuſal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young Lady and I had a conference upon the ſubject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The Father and Mother, unknown to us both, had placed themſelves in a cloſet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: They had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with what they heard me ſay to their Daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young Lady repeatedly refuſing the Count of Belvedere, the younger Brother (ſtill unknown to me, for he doubted not but I ſhould rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in

my

my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion, and my country: He deſired to be commiſſioned to talk to me on thoſe ſubjects, and to his Siſter on her motives for refuſing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his ſpeaking to me on this ſubject; the Marchioneſs giving generous reaſons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refuſal; and undertaking herſelf to talk to her Daughter, and to demand of her her reaſons for rejecting every propoſal that had been made her.

She accordingly cloſeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her, but tears: A ſilence, without the leaſt appearance of ſullenneſs, had for ſome days before ſhewn, that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart: She was, however, offended when Love was attributed to her; yet her Mother told me, that ſhe could not but ſuſpect, that ſhe was under the dominion of that paſſion without knowing it; and the rather, as ſhe was never chearful but when ſhe was taking leſſons for learning a tongue, which never, as the Marchioneſs ſaid, was likely to be of uſe to her.

[‘As the *Marchioneſs* ſaid’—Ah my Lucy!]

The melancholy increaſed. Her tutor, as he was called, was deſired to talk to her. He did. It was a taſk put upon him, that had its difficulties. It was obſerved, that ſhe generally aſſumed a chearful air while ſhe was with *him*, but ſaid little; yet ſeemed pleaſed with every thing he ſaid to her; and the little ſhe did anſwer, tho’ he ſpoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language: But the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and ſhe was ſtudious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curioſity kept up my ſpirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I ſhall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her

Her parents were in the deepeſt affliction. They conſulted phyſicians, who all pronounced her malady to be Love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promiſed her that her heart could wiſh, as to the object; but ſtill ſhe could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once ſhe aſked her woman, who told her that ſhe was certainly in love, Would you have me hate myſelf?—Her Mother talked to her of the paſſion in favourable terms, and as laudable: She heard her with attention, but made no anſwer.

The evening before the day I was to ſet out for Germany, the family made a ſumptuous entertainment, in honour of a gueſt on whom they had conferred ſo many favours. They had brought themſelves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to ſee, whether his abſence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, Whether ſhe would appear at table, or not. She choſe to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered ſpirits. She was exceeding chearful: She ſupported her part of the converſation, during the whole evening, with her uſual vivacity and good ſenſe, inſomuch that I wiſhed to myſelf, I had departed ſooner. Yet it is ſurpriſing, thought I, that this young Lady, who ſeemed always to be pleaſed, and even ſince theſe reveries have had power over her, to be moſt chearful in my company, ſhould rejoice in my departure; ſhould ſeem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one elſe kindly regrets: And yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the leaſt affected. When acknowlegements were made to me of the pleaſure I had given to the whole family, ſhe joined in them: When my health and happineſs were wiſhed, ſhe added *her* wiſhes by chearful bows, as ſhe ſat: When they wiſhed to ſee me again, before I went to England, ſhe did the ſame. So that my heart was

dilated:

dilated: I was overjoyed to ſee ſuch a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, ſhe ſtood forward to receive my compliments, with a polite French freedom. I offered to preſs her hand with my lips: My Brother's deliverer, ſaid ſhe, muſt not affect this diſtance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preſerve my tutor where-ever he ſets his foot (and in Engliſh, God convert you too, Chevalier!) May you never want ſuch an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: O my Grandiſon! ſaid he, and flung his arms about my neck; and will you go?—Bleſſings attend you!—But what will become of a Brother and Siſter, when they have loſt you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a ſervant whom I ſhall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inſpruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your Siſter's health continues.

She muſt, ſhe ſhall be yours, ſaid he, if I can manage it. Why, why, will you leave us?

I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſay this: He had never before been ſo particular.

That cannot, cannot be, ſaid I. There are a thouſand obſtacles—

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that Lady's indiſcretion, of the propoſals that had been made me, relating to her; and of my declining them. I aſſured him, that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correſpondence, and I took leave of one of the moſt grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inſpruck the expected Letter, which acquainted me, that this ſunſhine laſted no longer than the next day!

The

The young Lady's malady returned, with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her Brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She ſhut herſelf up in her chamber, not ſeeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did ſhe anſwer to two or three queſtions that her woman aſked her; but, ſetting her chair with its back towards her, over-againſt a cloſet in the room, after a profound ſilence, ſhe bent forwards, and, in a low voice, ſeemed to be communing with a perſon in the cloſet.—'And you ſay he is actually gone? Gone 'for ever? No, not for ever!'

Who gone, madam? ſaid her woman. To whom do you direct your diſcourſe?

'We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So 'bravely to reſcue my Brother, and to purſue the bra-'voes; and as my Brother ſays, to put him in his 'own chaiſe, and walk on foot by the ſide of it—'Why, as you ſay, aſſaſſins might have murdered 'him: The horſes might have trampled him under 'their feet.' Still looking as if ſhe were ſpeaking to ſomebody in the cloſet.

Her woman ſtept to the cloſet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the courſe of her ideas; but ſtill ſhe bent forwards towards it, and talked calmly, as if to ſomebody in it: Then breaking into a faint laugh, 'In love!—that is ſuch a ſilly notion: And 'yet I love every-body better than I love myſelf.'

Her Mother came into the room juſt then. The young Lady aroſe in haſte, and ſhut the cloſet-door, as if ſhe had ſomebody hid there, and, throwing herſelf at her Mother's feet, My dear, my ever-honoured Mamma, ſaid ſhe, forgive me for all the trouble I have cauſed you—But I will, I muſt, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confeſſor, taking advantage of confeſſions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, tho' only ſuch as a Siſter might bear to a Brother, but which he had ſuſpected might come to be of conſequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young Lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a ſcene ſo melancholy. How I affict your tender heart, my good Miſs Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did—Poor young Lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of ſcenes ſo melancholy. Pray, Sir, proceed, ſaid I: What a heart muſt that be, which bleeds not for ſuch a diſtreſs! Pray, Sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr. Bartlett's taſk to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do, was tried: But her confeſſor, who, however, is an honeſt, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He ſaw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family: He knew that the younger Brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: He had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles; and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raiſed ſuch a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the Ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart, and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life, by an Uncle to whoſe care ſhe was committed by her dying Father, was received both as a companion and a bleſſing, by the Ladies of the family ſhe has now for many years lived with. She is an Engliſh woman, and a Proteſtant; but ſo very diſcreet, that her being ſo, tho' at firſt they hoped to proſelyte her, gives

them

them not a leſs value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman-catholics. Theſe two Ladies, and this their companion, were viſiting one day at the Marcheſe della Porretta's; and there the diſtreſſed Mother told them the mournful tale: The Ladies, who think nothing that is within the compaſs of human prudence impoſſible to their Mrs. BEAUMONT, wiſhed that the young Lady might be entruſted for a week to her care, at their own houſe at Florence.

It was conſented to, as ſoon as propoſed; and Signora Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and ſhe (as every-body elſe) having a high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they ſet out for Florence.

Here, again, for ſhortening my ſtory, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: She gave her advice to the family upon it. They were reſolved (Signor Jeronymo ſupporting her advice) to be governed by it. The young Lady was told, that ſhe ſhould be indulged in all her wiſhes. She then acknowleged what thoſe were; and was the eaſier for the acknowlegement, and for the advice of ſuch a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna much more compoſed than when ſhe left it. The tutor was ſent for, by common conſent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the General, being preſent. In that, the terms to be propoſed to the ſuppoſed happy man were ſettled; but they were not to be mentioned to him, till after he had ſeen the Lady: A wrong policy, ſurely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his Letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, whom he had it now, at laſt, in his power to reward: And he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be ſuch, as it was impoſſible but he muſt find his very great

great advantage in them: As to fortune, to be ſure, he meant.

The friend ſo highly valued could not but be affected with the news: Yet, knowing the Lady, and the family, he was afraid that the articles of Reſidence and Religion would not be eaſily compromiſed between them. He therefore ſummoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in ſuſpenſe.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her Mother's preſence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception from both Mother and Daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the ſuppoſed happy man *Brother*. The Marquis was ready to recognize the *fourth* Son in him. A great fortune additional to an eſtate bequeathed her by her two Grandfathers, was propoſed. My Father was to be invited over, to grace the nuptials by his preſence.

But let me cut ſhort the reſt. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to ſettle in Italy; only once, in two or three years, was allowed, if I pleaſed, for two or three months, to go to England; and, as a viſit of curioſity, once in her life, if their Daughter deſired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What muſt be my grief, to be obliged to diſappoint ſuch expectations as were raiſed by perſons who had ſo ſincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my diſtreſs: So little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they ſuppoſed to be in an error that would inevitably caſt him into perdition! But when the friendly Brother implored my compliance; when the excellent Mother, in effect, beſought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child*'s head; and when the tender the amiable Clementina, putting *herſelf* out of the queſtion, urged me, for my ſoul's ſake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He

[He ſtopt—His handkerchief was of uſe to him, as mine was to me—What a diſtreſs was here!]

And what, and what, Sir, ſobbing, was the reſult? Could you, *could* you reſiſt?

Satisfied in my own faith; Entirely ſatisfied! Having inſuperable objections to that I was wiſhed to embrace!—A Lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my Country to be the ſacrifice, if I complied! But I *laboured*, I *ſtudied*, for a compromiſe. I muſt have been unjuſt to Clementina's merit, and to my own Character, had ſhe not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before reſolved to ſhut my eyes againſt; her Rank next to princely; her Fortune high as her rank; Religion; Country; all ſo many obſtacles that had appeared to me inſuperable, removed by themſelves; and no apprehenſion left of a breach of the laws of hoſpitality, which had, till now, made me ſtruggle to behold one of the moſt amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.—I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myſelf with paſſing only three months, in every year, in my native country. I propoſed to leave her entirely at her liberty, in the article of religion; and, in caſe of children by the marriage, the Daughters to be educated by *her*, the Sons by *me*; a condition to which his Holineſs himſelf, it was preſumed, would not refuſe his ſanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great ſacrifice to Compaſſion, to Love.—What *could* I more!

And would not, Sir, would not Clementina conſent to this compromiſe?

Ah the unhappy Lady! It is this reflection that ſtrengthens my grief. She *would* have conſented: She was earneſt to procure the conſent of her friends upon theſe terms. This her earneſtneſs in my favour, devoted as ſhe was to her religion, *excites* my compaſſion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What ſcenes, what diſtreſsful ſcenes, followed!—

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The noble Father forgot his promiſed indulgence; the Mother indeed ſeemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngeſt Brother was ſtill, however, firm in my cauſe; but the Marquis, the General, the Biſhop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the leſs, becauſe they conſidered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour in the ſame proportion as they thought it honourable to me; a *private*, an *obſcure* man, as now they began to call me. In ſhort, I was allowed, I was *deſired*, to depart from Bologna; and not ſuffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, tho' on her knees ſhe begged to be allowed a parting interview—And what was the conſequence?—Dr. Bartlett muſt tell the reſt.—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wiſh me to make them one more viſit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpoſe?

I ſaw his noble heart was too much affected, to anſwer queſtions, had I had voice to aſk any.

But, O my friends! you ſee how it is! Can I be ſo unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett ſay, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himſelf ſay, that he has ſuffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of ſleepleſs nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandiſon!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am ſure,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new Letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles ſaw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and ſooth me.

I have

I have often, ſaid he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you ſee anything you ſhall wiſh to ſee, in the free and unreſerved correſpondence we have held. You, that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find ſomething, perhaps, in a ſtory like this, to engage their curioſity. On their honour and candor, I am ſure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to heaven it were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleaſure and *yours!*

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my Compaſſion was engaged; but that my Honour was free: I *think* it is ſo. But when you have ſeen all that Dr. Bartlett will ſhew you, you will be the better able to judge *of* me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miſs Byron, than by any woman in the world.

Who, Sir, ſaid I, knowing only ſo far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but muſt wiſh her to be—

Ah Lucy! there I ſtopt—I had like to have been a falſe girl!—And yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to ſay what I was going to ſay?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that Love is a narrower of the heart. Did I not uſe to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all ſelfiſhneſs? But am I ſo now?

And now, madam, ſaid he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—A tenderneſs *ſo* ſpeaking in his eyes; a reſpectfulneſs *ſo* ſolemn in his countenance; he juſt touched it, and withdrew his hand] What ſhall I ſay?—I cannot tell what I *ſhould* ſay—But you, I ſee, can pity me—You can pity the noble Clementina—Honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—Yet I cannot be unjuſt, ungenerous—ſelfiſh!—

He aroſe from his ſeat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—Pardon me for

the

the trouble I ſee I have given to a heart that is capable of a ſympathy ſo tender—

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me ſee his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionleſs, and a ſtatue.

A violent burſt of tears recovered me to ſenſe and motion; and juſt then Miſs Grandiſon (who, having heard her Brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, ſuppoſing he would return) hearing me ſob, ruſhed in.—O my Harriet! ſaid ſhe, claſping her arms about me, What is done?—Do I, or do I not, embrace my Siſter, my *real* Siſter, my Siſter Grandiſon?

Ah my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—No Siſter! It muſt not, it cannot be! The Lady is—But lead me, lead me out of this room!—I don't love it! ſpreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—Tears that flowed not only for myſelf, but for Sir Charles Grandiſon and the unhappy Clementina: For, gather you not, from what he ſaid, that ſomething diſaſtrous has befallen the poor Lady? And then, ſupporting myſelf with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L's ſtudy, and up ſtairs into my own chamber; ſhe following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, ſaid I, for ſix minutes: I will attend you then, in your own dreſſing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myſelf into a chair, indulged my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two Siſters, who, hand-in-hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had paſſed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their Brother was to be pitied, not blamed: And that if they would allow me to recollect ſome things that were moſt affecting, I would attend them;

and they ſhould have my narrative the more exact, for the indulgence.

They ſtaid no longer with me than to ſee me a little compoſed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: He enquired more than once of my health; ſaying to his Siſter Charlotte, That he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excuſed himſelf from dining with us. Poor man! What muſt be his diſtreſs!—Not able to ſee us, to ſit with us!

I would have excuſed myſelf alſo, being not very fit to appear; but was not permitted.

I ſat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner; yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The ſervants eyes were irkſome to me; ſo were Emily's (dear girl!) gliſtening as they did, tho' ſhe knew not for what, but ſympathetically, as I may ſay; ſhe ſuppoſing, that all was not as ſhe would have it.

She came up ſoon after to me—One word, my deareſt madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it:) Tell me only that there is no miſunderſtanding between my Guardian and you!—Tell me only *that*—

None, my dear!—None, none at all, my Emily!

Thank God! claſping her hands together; thank God! If there were, I ſhould not have known whoſe part to take!—But I won't diſturb you—And was going.

Stay, ſtay, my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily! I aroſe; took her hand: My ſweet girl! ſay, Will you live with me?

God for ever bleſs you, deareſt madam!—*Will* I? It is the wiſh next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonſhire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will

will be your handmaid ; and I will love you better than I love my Guardian, if poſſible.

Ah my dear ! but how will you live without ſeeing your Guardian now-and-then ?

Why, he will live with us, won't he ?

No, no, my dear !—And you would chooſe, then, to live with him, not with me ; would you ?—

Indeed but I won't—Indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me ; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, Why theſe tears, madam ? Why this grief ?—Why do you ſpeak ſo quick and ſhort ? And why do you ſeem to be in ſuch a hurry ?

Do I ſpeak quick and ſhort ? *Do* I ſeem to be in a hurry ?—Thank you, my love, for your obſervation. And now leave me : I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe ; and I ſet about compoſing myſelf.

I was obliged to her for her obſervation : It was really of uſe to me. But you muſt think, Lucy, that I muſt be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—Was it not particular ?—To break from me ſo *abruptly*, as I may ſay—And what he ſaid with looks ſo earneſt ! Looks that ſeemed to carry more meaning than his words : And withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—But you will give me your opinion of all theſe things. I can't ſay but I think my ſuſpenſe is over ; and in a way not very deſirable—Yet—But why ſhould I puzzle myſelf? What muſt be, muſt.

At afternoon-tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my Lord and the two Ladies, tho' ſhe was preſent, ſome account of what had paſſed, but briefly ; and I had juſt finiſhed, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles inſtantly addreſſed me with apologies for

the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: He trembled. *Why* did he hesitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own, that I was very much affected by the melancholy story. The poor Lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied—But remember, Sir, what you promised Dr. Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the Doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I *was* at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursued my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed, that I did not return to company.—No, indeed!

Yet I pity him, at my heart: How odd is it, then, to be angry with him?—So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe) never met together, in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—Yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: Then, I hope, we shall have every-thing before us.

Saturday, March 25.

HE [Yet why that disrespectful word?—Fie upon me, for my narrowness of heart!] *Sir Charles* is setting out for town. He cannot be happy, himself: He is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friend so. He can *enjoy* the happiness of his *friends!* O the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worst? If Sir Charles Grandison cannot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G's happiness; and as that

will

will ſecure, if not her own fault, the happineſs of his Siſter, he will not be deſtitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—But in time, I hope, I ſhall *deſerve*, as well as be eſteemed, to be the girl of my Grandmamma and Aunt; and then, of courſe, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday Noon.

SIR CHARLES is gone; and I have talked over the matter again with the Ladies and Lord L.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very *beſt* of my recollection—*They all will have it*, That Sir Charles's great ſtruggle, his great grief, is owing—His great ſtruggle (I don't know what I write, I think—But let it go) is between his *Compaſſion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *Love*—for—Somebody elſe.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compaſſion*, Lucy!—The compaſſion of ſuch a heart—It muſt be *Love*—And ought it not to be ſo to *ſuch* a woman?—Tell me—Don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina; who loves, againſt the principles of her religion; and, in that reſpect, againſt her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conſcience? What a fatality in a Love ſo circumſtanced!—To *love* againſt *inclination!* What a ſound has that! But what an abſurdity is this paſſion called Love? Or, rather, of what abſurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumſcribed by the laws of reaſon, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me laſting diſturbance!

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DR. Bartlett has deſired me to let him know what the particular paſſages are, of which I more immediately

diately wiſh to be informed, for our better underſtanding the unhappy Clementina's ſtory, and has promiſed to tranſcribe them. I have given him a liſt in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have aſked for ſome particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not ſo immediately intereſting: The hiſtory of Olivia, of Mrs. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned, between himſelf and Signor Jeronymo: But, Lucy, the particulars I am moſt impatient for, are theſe:

His firſt conference with Lady Clementina on the ſubject of the Count of Belvedere; which her Father and Mother overheard.

The conference he was deſired to hold with her, on her being firſt ſeized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly chearful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is any-where accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowlege a paſſion ſo ſtudiouſly concealed from the tendereſt of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienna.

What regard his propoſals of compromiſe, as to religion and reſidence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The moſt important of all, Lucy—The laſt diſtreſsful parting: What made it neceſſary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's ſituation now is.

If the Doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we ſhall be able to account for their deſiring him to reviſit them at Bologna, after ſo long an abſence, and for his ſeeming to think it will be to no purpoſe to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the anſwer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more ſuſpenſe, I beſeech you, Sir Charles Grandiſon! No more ſuſpenſe, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett! My heart ſickens at the thought of further ſuſpenſe. I cannot bear it!

Adieu,

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my Letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my ſubject) on weakneſſes and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Colnebrook, Monday, Mar. 27.

DR. Bartlett, ſeeing our impatience, aſked leave to take the aſſiſtance of his Nephew in tranſcribing from Sir Charles's Letters the paſſages that will enable him to perform the taſk he has ſo kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already preſented us with the following tranſcripts. We have eagerly peruſed them. When *you* have done ſo, be pleaſed to haſten them up, that my Couſin Reeves's may have the ſame opportunity. *They* are ſo good as to give chearfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my Couſin, who dined with us yeſterday, bid me tell you. O my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandiſon! But he had the happineſs of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was ſo nobly laid by the beſt and wiſeſt of Mothers.

Dr. Bartlett's *firſt Letter.*

MY taſk, my good Miſs Byron, will be eaſy, by the aſſiſtance you have allowed me: For what is it, but to tranſcribe parts of Sir Charles's Letters, adding a few lines here and there, by way of connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the moſt intereſting circumſtances can throw upon it, to ſo many worthy perſons as are permitted a ſhare in this confidence.

The firſt of your commands runs thus—

I ſhould imagine, ſay you, *that the debate Sir Charles mentions, between himſelf and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their firſt acquaintance, muſt be not only curious, but edifying.*

They *are*, my good Miſs Byron: But as I preſume that you Ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the *other* articles [See, Lucy, I had better not have diſſembled!] I will only at preſent tranſcribe for you, with ſome ſhort connexions, two Letters; by which you will ſee how generouſly Mr. Grandiſon ſought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed ſchemes, in conjunction with, and by the inſtigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprizes.

You will judge from theſe Letters, madam (without ſhocking you by the recital) what were the common-place pleas of thoſe libertines, deſpiſers of marriage, of the laws of ſociety, and of WOMEN, but as they were ſubſervient to their pleaſures.

To the Barone della Porretta.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandiſon, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendſhip he profeſſes for him be ſuch a one, as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but ſuch as conſtitutes the eſſence of true friendſhip? Allow me, on this occaſion, to ſay, that your Grandiſon has ſeen more of the world than moſt men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to ſee. I was ſent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who came out to be the moſt intriguing and profligate of thoſe to whom a youth was ever entruſted. I ſaw in *him*, the inconvenience, the odiouſneſs, of libertiniſm; and, by the aſſiſtance of an excellent monitor, with whom I hap-

I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be falſe ſhame, and cowardice, if I did not ſay) by the Divine aſſiſtance, I eſcaped ſnares that were laid to corrupt my morals: Hence my deareſt friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him ſome of the leſſons that were of ſo much uſe to myſelf.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myſelf, that I have ſeen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the courſe of the converſations that have been held in our ſelect meetings at Padua, and at Rome; in which the cauſe of virtue and true honour has been diſcuſſed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your requeſt, I have of late ſo often met: But of *you* I ſtill have hopes, becauſe you continue to declare, that you prefer my friendſhip to theirs. You think that I was diſguſted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not anſwer: But, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unſucceſsfully; but ſtill they renewed the charge, and we had the ſame arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit therefore (yet not without regret) the ſociety I cannot meet with pleaſure: But let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to ſtand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to *them*; we cultivated, with mutual pleaſure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this aſſociation. Let us be to each other, what we were for the firſt month of our intimacy. You have noble qualities; but are diffident, and too often ſuffer yourſelf to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wiſhed to

have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper, of some of them, and urge to you others: The end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: Nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have shewed me Letters from your noble Father, from your Mother, from the pious prelate your Brother, and others from your Uncle, and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your Sister—All filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful Son, an affectionate Brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer, that if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad Medea,

——*Video meliora, proboque;*
Deteriora sequor.——

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf?—Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions: And the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity, that he cannot be still more perfect!—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember, my

Lord, that true goodneſs is an uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct; and that true generoſity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Beſides, who, tho' in the leaſt guilty inſtance, and where ſome falſe virtue may hold out colours to palliate an exceſs, can promiſe himſelf to ſtop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawleſs appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He ſuffers himſelf to be a led man!—O that he would chooſe his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart, would have a ſiſter-virtue to encourage the noble flame, inſtead of a vice to damp it.

Juſtly do you boaſt of the nobility of your deſcent; of the excellency of every branch of your family: Bear with my queſtion, my Lord; Are you determined to ſit down ſatisfied with the honour of your anceſtors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reaſon to applaud *their* worthineſs: Will you not give them cauſe to boaſt of *yours?*

In anſwer to the earneſt entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have ſaid, that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the ſtate—But what ought the *men* to be, who form upon women ſuch expectations?

Can you, my dear Lord, deſpiſe matrimony, yet hold it to be a ſacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wiſhing to have the Siſter I have heard you mention with ſuch high delight and admiration, ſtrengthen your family-intereſt in the female line, determine againſt adding to its ſtrength in the male?

You have ſuffered yourſelf to ſpeak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women, for their illiterateneſs: Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the

ſame natural genius's that uſed to diſtinguiſh the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cauſe of Virtue, and of the Sex, can hardly be ſeparated.

But, O my Friend, my Jeronymo, have I not too much reaſon to fear, that guilty attachments have been the cauſe of your ſlighting a legal one?—That you are ſtudying for pretences to juſtify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us conſider the objects of your purſuit—Alas! there have been more than one!—Are they women ſeduced from the path of virtue by yourſelf?—Who otherwiſe perhaps would have married, and made uſeful members of ſociety?—Conſider, my friend, what a capital crime is a ſeduction of this kind!—Can you glory in the virtue of a Siſter of your own, and allow yourſelf in attempts upon the Daughter, the Siſter, of another? And, let me aſk, How can that crime be thought pardonable in a man, which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot aſſociate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman, who has parted with her honour? What, in ſuch a guilty attachment, muſt be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reaſon to deſpiſe her, or the dupe of one who deſpiſes him?

It is the important leſſon of life (allow me to be ſerious on a ſubject *ſo* ſerious) in this union of ſoul and body, to reſtrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences, and profligate aſſociations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to ſuppoſe, that nature has deſigned them to be ſuperior to women. The higheſt proof that can be given, of ſuch ſuperiority, is, in the protection afforded by the

ſtronger

ſtronger to the weaker. What can that man ſay for himſelf, or for his proud pretenſion, who employs all his arts to ſeduce, betray, and ruin, the creature whom he ſhould guide and protect—Sedulous to ſave her, perhaps, from every foe, but the devil and himſelf!

It is unworthy of a man of ſpirit to be ſolicitous to keep himſelf within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniencies attending the breach of them. The laws were not made ſo much for the direction of good men, as to circumſcribe the bad. Would a man of honour wiſh to be conſidered as one of the latter, rather than as one of thoſe who would have diſtinguiſhed the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been diſcriminated by human ſanctions? Men are to approve themſelves at an higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not Public Spirit, Virtue, and a ſenſe of Duty, have as much influence on a manly heart, as a new face? How contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no ſhare!

Virtuous Love, my dear Jeronymo, looks beyond this temporary ſcene; while guilty attachments uſually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconſtancy, on one ſide or the other, ſeldom fails to put a diſgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflections upon them do towards ſoftening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can ſenſual pleaſure be the great end of an immortal ſpirit in this life?

That pleaſure cannot be laſting, and it muſt be followed by remorſe, which is obtained either by doing injuſtice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when ſhe forfeits her honour, degrade herſelf, not only in the ſight of the world, but in the ſecret thoughts of even a profligate lover, deſtroying her own conſequence with him?

Build

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and abſolutions: I enter not into thoſe ſubjects on which we differ as Catholics and Proteſtants: But if we would be thought men of true greatneſs of mind, let us endeavour ſo to act, as not, in eſſential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want abſolution, or incur penances. Surely, my Lord, it is nobler not to offend, than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me aſk, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me ſeek for ſuch, and make them the cement of our friendſhip.

Religion out of the queſtion, conſider, what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples ſet by you and your acquaintance to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular ſucceſſion in families be kept up? You, my Lord, boaſt of your deſcent, both by Father's and Mother's ſide: Why will you deprive *your* children of a diſtinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a bleſſing to their parents! But what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of diſgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to ſupport, no fair example to imitate, but muſt be warned by their Father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trod?

How delightful the domeſtic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a Siſter, a Daughter, that ſhall be received there with tender love; to ſtrengthen your own intereſt in the world by alliance with ſome noble and worthy family, who ſhall rejoice to truſt to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the ſource of infinite delights.

But

But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Muſt not my Jeronymo even eſtrange himſelf from his home, to conceal from his Father, from his Mother, from his Siſter, perſons ſhut out by all the laws of honour from their ſociety? The perſons, ſo ſhut out, muſt hate the family to whoſe *intereſts* theirs are ſo contrary. What ſincere union then, what fameneſs of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his paſſion?

But the preſent hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, 'that the welfare and 'order of ſociety ought to be maintained by ſubmiſ-'ſion to divine and human laws; but *his* ſingle ex-'ception for himſelf can be of no importance.' Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every one excepts himſelf, and offends in the inſtance that beſt ſuits his inclination, what a ſcene of horror will this world become! Affluence and a gay diſpoſition tempt to licentious pleaſures; penury and a gloomy one to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this univerſal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worſe, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiouſneſs*, and under the guiſe of love and truſt, than *his* who deſpoiled me of my ſubſtance, and had *neceſſity* to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *leaſt*, kindly, theſe expoſtulations, tho' ſome of them are upon ſubjects on which our converſations have been hitherto ineffectual. I ſubmit them to your conſideration. I can have no intereſt in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendſhip with which I deſire to be thought

Moſt affectionately Yours.

You

You have heard, my good Miſs Byron, that the friendſhip between Mr. Grandiſon and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: Once it was, by the unkindly taken freedom of the expoſtulatory Letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill brooked oppoſition in any purſuit his heart was engaged in. When puſhed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandiſon could not be over-ſolicitous to keep up a friendſhip with a young man who was under the dominion of his diſſolute companions; and who would not allow of remonſtrances, in caſes that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniencies by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr Grandiſon and he meeting by accident at Padua, their friendſhip, at the preſſing inſtances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himſelf reformed; Mr. Grandiſon hoped he was: But, ſoon after, a temptation fell in his way, which he could not reſiſt. It was from a Lady who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had ſpread her ſnares for Mr. Grandiſon before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her ſlighted advances taking poſſeſſion of her heart, ſhe hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occaſion was given by the following Letter, which Mr. Grandiſon thought himſelf obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona:

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a Lady, who, tho' of family and fortune, has ſhewn but little regard to her character. How frail are the reſolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not reproach—Yet I cannot but regret, that I muſt loſe your company in our projected viſits to the German courts:

courts: This, however, more for your ſake than my own; ſince to the principal of them I am no ſtranger. You have excuſed yourſelf to me: I wiſh you had a better motive: But I write rather to warn, than to upbraid you. This Lady is miſtreſs of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conqueſt; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a ſingular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of womens eſpecially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the firſt for whom this Lady ſpread her blandiſhments, a man ſo amiable as he is, might the more aſſuredly have depended on the love ſhe profeſſes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reaſon to look upon her as their own. You propoſe not to marry her. I am ſilent on this ſubject. Would to heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expoſtulate. Well do I know the vehemence with which you are wont to purſue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I reſtrain myſelf. Only let me add, that the man who ſhall boaſt of his ſucceſs with this Lady, may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himſelf engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this purſuit, for your own ſake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: But, alas! it boaſts no further intereſt in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I ſubſcribe to the latter part of the ſentence the once better-regarded name of

GRANDISON.

And what was the conſequence? The unhappy youth, by the inſtigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandiſon, with a noble diſdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation;

beration; and told him, that he never would meet, as a foe, the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my Lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you Jeronymo, have many. If we meet again, I do assure you, it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.

* *

AND now, madam, let me give you, in answer to your second enquiry,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her Father and Mother, unknown to either of them, overheard.

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise Lost before them: And that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young Lady had any particular regard for him.

Clementina. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier, to be in love with your Milton, Sir: But I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?

Grandison. I did not propose him to you, madam: Your Brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not begun with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being every-thing at once?

Clem.

Clem. You have; and I own my fault.—But to have done, for the preſent, with Milton; What ſhall I do to acquit myſelf of the addreſſes of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why *would* you acquit yourſelf of the Count's addreſſes?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my Papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your Papa *may* be a little *diſpleaſed* with you; tho' he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the Count, without aſſigning a reaſon.

Clem. Is it not reaſon enough, that I don't like him;

Gr. Give me leave to ſay, that the Count is a handſome man. He is young; gallant; ſenſible; of a family antient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good natured: He adores you—

Clem. And ſo let him, if he will: I never can like him.

Gr. Dear Lady! You muſt not be capricious. You will give the moſt indulgent parents in the world apprehenſion that you have caſt your thoughts on ſome other object. Young Ladies, except in a caſe of preposſeſſion, do not often reject a perſon who has ſo many great and good qualities as ſhine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a Father's and Mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I ſuppoſe you have been ſpoken to, to talk with me on this ſubject—It is a ſubject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, Madam.

Clem. I did ſo; becauſe it is uppermoſt with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot ſee the Count with my Father's eyes: My Father deſerves from me every inſtance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for a huſband.

Gr. One reaſon, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: A fawning,

fawning, cringing man, I think.—And a ſpirit that can fawn, and cringe, and kneel, will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, To whom is he this obſequious man, but to you?—Is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one elſe? Nay, to *you*, the Lover ſhines out in him, but the Man is not forgot. Is the tenderneſs ſhewn in a well-placed Love, the veneration paid to a deſervedly beloved object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it; and ſhall you think the leſs of your Lover, for being the moſt ardent, and, I have no knowlege of the man, if he is not the moſt ſincere, of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate!—I am ſure you have been ſpoken to—Have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I ſhould not *think*, and, of conſequence, not *ſpeak*, ſo highly as I do, of the Count, if he were capable of aſking any man, your Father and Brothers excepted, to plead his cauſe with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, Chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my Mamma ſpoken to you?—Tell me?

Gr. Dear Lady, conſider, if ſhe *had*, what you owe to a Mother, who, deſerving, for her tenderneſs to her child, the utmoſt obſervance and duty, would condeſcend to put her authority into a mediation. And yet, let me declare, that no perſon breathing ſhould make me ſay what I do not think, whether in favour or diſfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no anſwer. I owe implicit, yes, I will ſay implicit, duty to my Mamma, for her indulgence to me: But what you have ſaid is no direct anſwer.

Gr. For the *honour* of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your Mamma, and my Lord too, have wiſhed that their Clementina could or would give one ſubſtantial reaſon why ſhe cannot like the

Count

Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themſelves to acquieſce with it, and the Count be induced to ſubmit to his evil deſtiny.

Clem. And they have wiſhed this to *you*, Sir? And you have taken upon you to anſwer their wiſhes—I proteſt, you are a man of prodigious conſequence, with us all; and by your readineſs to take up the cauſe of a man you have ſo *lately* known, you ſeem to know it, too well.

Gr. I am ſorry I have incurred your diſpleaſure, madam.

Clem. You have. I *never* was more angry with you, than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never were angry with me *before*. I never gave you reaſon. And if I have now, I beg your pardom.

I aroſe to go.

Clem. Very humble, Sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now call me *capricious*, again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be ſo eaſily diſpleaſed, madam.

She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature: I believe I am wrong: But I never knew what it was to give offence to any-body till within theſe few months. I love my Father, I love my Mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wiſh moſt for the continuance of their goodneſs to me, I am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however. I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, diſintereſted. It has been a happineſs that we have known you. You are every-body's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead ſo *very* warmly for a man of whom you know ſo little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth ſon, a fourth brother;

was

was I, dear madam, to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have conſequence given me, I will act ſo, as to deſerve it; at leaſt, my own heart ſhall give it to me.

Clem. Well, Sir, you may be right: I am ſure you *mean* to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the *Count*'s dignity, to apply to you for a ſuppoſed intereſt in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* ſo, to have you interfere where a Father, Mother, and other Brothers [You ſee, Sir, I allow your claim of fourth Brotherhood] are ſuppoſed to have leſs weight: So no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beſeech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more, only—Do n't let the goodneſs of your Father and Mother be conſtrued to the diſadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been poſitive: They have given their wiſhes, rather than their commands. Their tenderneſs for you, in a point ſo *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wiſhes to you, for fear they ſhould not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one ſolid objection to their propoſal—And why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiouſneſs, what you pleaſe; and yet I would not wiſh to diſoblige or offend you; but let *their* indulgence (they never will uſe their authority) have its full merit with you.

Clem. Your ſervant, Sir. I never yet had a ſlight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never ſhall. If you *will* go, go: But, Sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it ſhall be upon languages, if you pleaſe; and not upon Lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But ſurely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.—Let me add, That the Marchioneſs, having acquainted Mr. Grandiſon, that her Lord and ſhe had heard every word that had paſſed, expreſſed

expreſſed her diſpleaſure at her Daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her Lord's name, as well as for herſelf, for the generous part he had taken, told him, that Clementina ſhould aſk his pardon. He begged that, for the ſake of their own weight with her on the ſame ſubject, ſhe might not know that they had heard what had paſſed.

I believe that's beſt, Chevalier, anſwered the Marchioneſs; and I am apt to think, that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wiſh, to make up with you, were ſhe to find you offended with her in earneſt; as you have reaſon to be, as a *diſintereſted* man.

You ſee, Chevalier, I know to whom I am ſpeaking; but both my Lord, and ſelf, hope to ſee her of another mind; and that ſhe will ſoon be Counteſs of Belvedere. My Lord's heart is in this alliance; ſo is that of my Son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, To give you,

The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being ſeized with melancholy [Mr. Grandiſon ſtill not preſuming on any particular favour from Clementina].

The young Lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr. Grandiſon, and the Marquis and Marchioneſs, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom ſhe was diſpleaſed for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, ſeemed to be talking on, tho' without being anſwered.

The dear creature! ſaid the Marquis, tears in his eyes—See her there, now walking ſlow, now with quicker ſteps as if ſhe would ſhake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: But who *is* it that ſhe ſees with pleaſure? Did I think that I ſhould ever behold the pride of my heart, with the

pain

pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says—But, my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak, more than Yes, or No. We cannot engage her in a conversation, no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, Chevalier, said the Marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her, that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence. She prays for us with lifted-up hands: She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: She bows, in acknowleged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle-grove, and hear what passes.

The Marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the General at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit, but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely; told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a Letter to the young Lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: He besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the General, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to any-body; but, a few days since, she heard her young Lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably—Now it is impossible there can be any-thing in it, said the Marchioness: But do you, however, Chevalier, lead to the subject of

Love,

Love, but at diſtance; nor name Marulli, becauſe ſhe will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: She would not endure you, if ſhe thought you imagined her to be in love, eſpecially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this ſurmiſe, my dear, ſaid the Marquis; and yet Marulli was lately in Bologna: But Clementina's ſpirit will not permit her to encourage a clandeſtine addreſs.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and over-heard them talk, as follows:

Camilla. And why, why muſt I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You uſed to love to hold converſe with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but indeed, indeed, I muſt not, I cannot, leave you.

Clem. Officious love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious *ptating* love!—If you loved me, you would wiſh to oblige me.

Cam. I *will* oblige you, my dear young Lady, in every-thing I can—

Clem. Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *beſt* when I am alone: I am *chearfulleſt* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghoſt, you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghoſt of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My deareſt young Lady, let me beſeech you—

Clem. Ay, now you come with your *beſeeches* again: But if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be truſted with myſelf? Were *I* a vile young creature, ſuſpected to be running away with ſome baſe-born man, you could not be more watchful of my ſteps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but ſhe abſolutely forbad her.

Talk till dooms-day, I will not ſay one word more to you, Camilla. I will be ſilent. I will ſtop my ears.

They were both ſilent. Camilla ſeemed to weep.

Now, my dear Chevalier, whiſpered the Marquis, put yourſelf in her ſight; engage her into talk about England, or any-thing: You will have an hour good before dinner. I hope ſhe will be chearful at table: She *muſt* be preſent; our gueſts will enquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head were hurt.

I am afraid, my Lord, that this is an unſeaſonable moment. She ſeems to be out of humour; and pardon me if *I* ſay, that Camilla, good woman as ſhe is, and well-meaning, had better give way to her young Lady's humour, at ſuch times.

Then ſaid the Marchioneſs, will her malady get head; then will it become habit. But my Lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in converſation. I would have her be chearful before the Patriarch, however; he will expect to ſee her. She is as much his delight as ſhe is ours.

I took a little turn; and, entering the walk, which led to the temple, appeared in her ſight; but bowed, on ſeeing her ſitting in it. Her woman ſtood ſilent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my ſteps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and paſſed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what ſhe ſaid,

She aroſe; and ſtepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, ſaid ſhe. Learn Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandiſon—

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: There is ſomebody in the garden who will watch me: Or, you may ſtay, Camilla;

Camilla; I don't care which: Only don't talk to me when I wiſh you to be ſilent.

She went into an alley which croſſed that in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the centre of both, and were very near each other, I bowed: She courteſied; but not ſeeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She ſtopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandiſon, Camilla—repeated ſhe.

May I preſume, madam? Do I not invade—

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teazed me. Are the poets of your country as ſevere upon womens tongues, as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boaſt the ſame inſpiration: Poets write, as other men ſpeak, to their *feeling*.

So, Sir!—You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: But as they are not often intitled to boaſt of judgment (for imagination and judgment ſeldom go together) they may, perhaps, *give* the cauſe, and then break out into ſatire upon the effects.

Don't I ſee before me, in the Orange-grove, my Father and Mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day.—Don't go, Chevalier.

She haſtened towards them. They ſtopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender bleſſings. They led her towards me. You ſeemed engaged in talk with the Chevalier, my dear, ſaid the Marquis. Your Mamma and I were walking in. We leave you.—They did.

The beſt of parents! ſaid ſhe. O that I were a more worthy child!—Have you not ſeen them, Sir, *before* to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthieſt of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expreſſed their concern to you, Sir?—I will not be ſo petulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the ſame ſubject. You are the confident of us all; and your noble and diſintereſted behaviour deſervedly endears you to everybody.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you ſeem to have taken. With *tears*, madam, they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: You will hear your own cauſe ſupported. The rather draw near, and hear all the Chevalier ſeems to be going to ſay; becauſe it may ſave you and me too a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, ſaid I.

But you muſt *not* have done. If you are commiſſioned, Sir, by my Father and Mother, I am, I *ought* to be, prepared to hear all you have to ſay.

Camilla came up.

My deareſt young Lady, ſaid I, what can I ſay? My wiſhes for your happineſs may make me appear importunate: But what hope have I of obtaining your confidence, when your Mother fails?

What, Sir, is aimed at? What is ſought to be obtained? I am not very well: I uſed to be a very ſprightly creature: I uſed to talk, to ſing, to dance, to play; to viſit, to receive viſits: And I don't like to do any of theſe things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irkſome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this ſudden turn, madam, in a Lady ſo young, ſo blooming? Your Father, Mother, Brothers, cannot account for it; and this diſturbs them.

I ſee it does, and am ſorry for it.

No other favourite diverſion takes place in your mind.

mind. You are a young Lady of exemplary piety: You cannot pay a greater obſervance than you always paid, to the duties of religion.

You, Sir, an Engliſhman, an heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* ſo?—Do *you* talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this ſubject, madam: What I meant—

Yes, Sir, I know what you meant—And I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy ſtrange creature. I know not whence the alteration; but ſo it is; and I am a greater trouble to myſelf than I can be to any-body elſe.

But, madam, there muſt be ſome cauſe—And for you to anſwer the beſt and moſt indulgent of Mothers with ſighs and tears only; yet no obſtinacy, no fullenneſs, no petulance, appearing: All the ſame ſweetneſs, gentleneſs, obſervance, that ſhe ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, ſtill ſhining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *ſilent* Daughter; her tenderneſs will not permit her to urge her: And how can you, my Siſter (Allow of my claim, madam) How can you ſtill ſilently withdraw from ſuch a Mother? How can you, at other times, ſuffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to ſtay, yet hardly knowing how to go, becauſe of the *ineffectual* report ſhe muſt make to your ſorrowing Father; yet the cauſe of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes) a ſecret faſt locked up in your own heart?

She wept, and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, How you paint my obſtinacy, and my Mamma's goodneſs! I only wiſh—With all my ſoul I wiſh—that I was added to the duſt of my anceſtors. I who was their comfort, I ſee, now, muſt be their torment.

Fie, fie, my Sifter!

Blame me not: I am by no means fatisfied with *myſelf*. What a miſerable being muſt ſhe be, who is at variance with herſelf?

I do not hope, madam, that you ſhould place ſo much confidence in your fourth Brother as to open your mind to him: All I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehenſive heart of the beſt of Mothers; and, by ſo doing, enable her to relieve the equally-anxious heart of the beſt of Fathers.

She pauſed, ſtood ſtill, turned away her face, and wept; as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commiſſioned to acquaint your Mamma—

But hold, Sir! (ſeeming to recollect herſelf) not ſo faſt—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have anything to reveal, or not?—Inſinuating man! You had almoſt perſuaded me to think I had a ſecret that lay heavy at my heart: And when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, Sir—She ſtopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand) Do not think of receding thus—

You are too free, Sir. Yet ſhe withdrew not her hand.

For a Brother, madam? Too free for a Brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what further would my *Brother?*

Only to implore, to beſeech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent—

Stop, Sir, I beſeech you—What! Whether I have any-thing to reveal, or not?—Pray, Sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a ſecret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will ſave the trouble of enquiries, I may make at leaſt, my *four* Brothers eaſy.

I am pleaſed, however, madam, with your agreeable raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the ſecret *is* revealed; Enquiry will be at an end.

Camilla,

Camilla, here, is continually teazing me with her *perſuaſions* to be *in love*, as ſhe calls it. That is the ſilly thing, in our Sex, which gives importance to yours: A young creature csnnot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but ſhe muſt be in love. I ſhould hate myſelf, were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneaſineſs. I hope, Sir, I hope, that you, my *Brother*, have not ſo poor, ſo low, ſo mean a thought of me.

It is neither *poor*, nor *low*; it is not *mean*, to be in love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I ſaid? You want to—But what I have now ſaid, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I ſaw your inſinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me thoſe lines of your Shakeſpeare; which in your heart, I ſuppoſe, you had the *goodneſs*, or what ſhall I call it? to apply to me. Let me ſee if I can repeat them to you in their original Engliſh.

With the accent of her country, ſhe very prettily repeated thoſe lines:

——*She never told her Love*;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: She pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.——

Now, Chevalier, if you had any deſign in your pointing to theſe very pretty lines, I will only ſay, you are miſtaken; and ſo are all thoſe who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to ſo great a weakneſs.

I meant not at the *time*, madam—
Nor *now*, I hope, Sir—
Any ſuch application of the lines. How could I?

Your refusal of many Lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; tho' approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions—

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the Chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of *your* affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in love for the world, and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your Mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved, that you cannot comply with your Father's views—Perhaps—

Assign one cause, again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!*—Why, Sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself—as I told you.

If it were any-thing that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam; your confessor—

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but *(turning aside, and speaking low)* a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say [*She had dropt behind*]. He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: Which I think, heretic as you are, forgive me, Sir, carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: Tho' Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your Mother, madam, will ask, If you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think every-body should be as unreserved as herself. Your Father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your

mind

mind to me in the character of a fourth Brother. My Lord the Biſhop—

Yes, yes, Sir, interrupted ſhe, all our family worſhips you almoſt. I have myſelf a very great regard for you, as the fourth Brother who has been the deliverer and preſerver of my third. But, Sir, who can prevail upon you, in any-thing you are determined upon?—Had I any-thing upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, ſhuts his eyes againſt conviction, in an article in which his everlaſting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, Sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You ſhall *indeed* be my Brother; and I ſhall free one of the holieſt of men from his apprehenſions on my converſing with ſo determined a heretic as he thinks you. Then ſhall you, *as my Brother*, command thoſe ſecrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your Mamma, to your Confeſſor, to my Lord Biſhop?

Did I not ſay, *If any I have?*

And is your reverend Confeſſor uneaſy at the favour of the family to me?—How cauſeleſs!—Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the ſubject of religion?

Well but, Sir, are you ſo obſtinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my Papa and Mamma firſt bid me do, as my *fourth* Brother: I ſhould be glad that *all* my Brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Mareſcotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this ſubject? And if they anſwer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this ſubject.

I have long intended, Sir, to propoſe this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, tho'

not ſo directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to ſay for it. It will not be heard with patience by ſuch ſtrict profeſſors as either of thoſe you have named. Were I to be queſtioned on this ſubject before the Pope, and the whole ſacred College, I would not prevaricate: But good manners will make me ſhew reſpect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: But I never will enter into debate upon the ſubject as a traveller, a ſojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, Sir, you are an obſtinate man, that's all I will ſay. I pity you; with all my ſoul I pity you: You have great and good qualities. As I have ſat at table with you, and heard you converſe on ſubjects that every one has in ſilence admired you for, I have often thought to myſelf, ſurely this man was not deſigned for perdition!—But begone, Chevalier; leave me. You are an obſtinate man. Yours is the *worſt* of obſtinacy; for you will not give yourſelf a *chance* for conviction.

We have ſo far departed from the ſubject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam. I only beg that my Siſter—

Not ſo far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted ſhe; and turned a bluſhing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your Siſter?

That ſhe will rejoice the moſt indulgent of Parents and the moſt affectionate of Brothers, with a chearful aſpect at table, eſpecially before the Patriarch. Do not, madam, in ſilence—

You find, Sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.—Shall we go thro' your Shakeſpeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewel, Chevalier. I will try to be chearful at table: But, if I am *not*, let not your eye reproach me.—She took another walk.

I was loth, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myſelf

ſelf the conſequence with this amiable Lady, which might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the converſation took; but I thought it no more than juſtice to the whole family, to haſten my departure: And when I hinted to Clementina, that I ſhould ſoon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miſs Byron, is what I find in my patron's Letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young Lady behaved herſelf at table as ſhe was wiſhed to do.

Mr. Grandiſon was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole family, to ſuſpend his departure for a few days.

The youug Lady's melancholy, to the inexpreſſible affliction of her friends, increaſed; yet ſhe behaved with ſo much greatneſs of mind, that neither her Mother nor her Camilla could perſuade themſelves that Love was the cauſe. They ſometimes imagined, that the earneſtneſs with which they ſolicited the intereſt of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate ſpirits; and therefore they were reſolved to ſay little more on that ſubject till they ſhould ſee her diſpoſed to lend a more favourable ear to it: And the Count retired to his own palace in Parma, expecting and hoping for ſuch a turn in his favour: For he declared, that it was impoſſible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cauſe; and, without letting any-body into his opinion, not even Mr. Grandiſon, for fear a diſappointment ſhould affect him, reſolved to make uſe of every opportunity that ſhould offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breaſt of every one of this noble family; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generoſity,

magnanimity, and other great and equally-amiable qualities of Mr. Grandiſon, appeared every day more and more conſpicuous to them all.

I will ſoon, madam, preſent you with further extracts from the Letters in my poſſeſſion, in purſuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my taſk.

Continuation of Miſs Byron's *Letter,*
Begun p. 199.

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the ſetting-out of this ſtory, and the ſhort account of it given by Sir Charles in the library-conference, that I ſhall ſoon pay my duty to you all in Northamptonſhire? I ſhall, indeed.

Is it not ſtrange, my dear, that a Father and Mother, and Brothers, ſo jealous, as Italians, in general, are ſaid to be, of their women; and ſo proud as this Bologna family is repreſented to be of their rank; ſhould all agree to give ſo fine a man, as this is, in mind, perſon, and addreſs, ſuch free acceſs to their Daughter, a young Lady of Eighteen?

Teach her Engliſh!—Very diſcreet in the Father and Mother, ſurely! And to commiſſion him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wiſhed her to marry!—Indeed you will ſay, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of liſtening to all that was to paſs in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were juſtified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: If you will excuſe theſe parents, you may. But I ſay, that *any*-body, tho' *not* of Italy, might have thought ſuch a tutor as this was dangerous to a young Lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and family. In every caſe, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *maſter*, you know: And where there is a *maſter*, a *ſervant* is implied.

plied. Who is it that ſeeks not out for a married man, among the common tribe of tutors, whether profeſſing muſic, dancing, languages, ſcience of any kind? But a tutor ſuch a one as *this*—

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their indiſcretion.

* *

I AM this moment come from the Doctor. I inſinuated to him, as artfully as I could, ſome of the above obſervations. He reminded me, that the Marchioneſs herſelf had her education at Paris; and ſays, that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years; and that the French freedom begins to take place among the people of condition, in a very viſible manner, of the Italian reſerve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he ſays, becauſe of their learning, freedom, and converſableneſs, have been called, by their enemies, French-women.

But you will ſee, that Honour, and the Laws of hoſpitality, were Mr. Grandiſon's guard: And I believe a young flame may be eaſily kept under. Sir Charles Grandiſon, Lucy, is uſed to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once ſaid, that the Life of a good man was a continual warfare with his paſſions.

You will ſee, in the ſecond conference between Mr. Grandiſon and the Lady, upon the melancholy way ſhe was in, how artfully, yet, I muſt own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he paſſes under to her! How officiouſly he *ſiſters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *Siſter* too, you know! He has been *uſed* to this dialect, and to check the paſſions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confeſſing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almoſt gloried in it to them. Have not alſo his

Siſters

Sifters detected me? While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable paſſage cited by her,

——*Never told her Love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek.——

How do I admire her for her ſilence! But yet, had ſhe been circumſtanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been ſo *very* reſerved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two caſes?

Clementina's relations were all ſolicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is ſaid to be a gallant and a handſome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.

What difficulties had Clementina to contend with! It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a Love, which ſhe could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conſcience, acknowlege.

No wonder, then, that ſo excellent a young Lady ſuffered *Concealment, like*

Harriet's relations were all ſolicitous, from the firſt, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's addreſs; nor had *ſhe*: And all his neareſt and deareſt friends were partial to her, and ſoon grew ardent in her favour.

Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reaſon to *endeavour* to conquer a paſſion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conſcience, approved.

Suſpenſe therefore, only, and not *concealment* (ſince every one called upon

like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damaſk cheek.

upon Harriett to acknowlege her Love) could feed on *her* cheek.

And is not ſuſpenſe enough to make it pale, tho' it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* caſt? O what tortures has ſuſpenſe given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, ſo much in earneſt in her own perſuaſion, take, in this ſecond conference, could ſhe have ſucceeded, in her ſolicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I dare ſay ſhe would have been leſs reſerved, as to the *cauſe* of her melancholy; eſpecially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: If I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the Doctor's Letter. I can think of nothing elſe.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Tueſday, Mar. 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles ſo much rejoiced the heart of Lord G. who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miſs Grandiſon, till ſhe left Colnebrook; and got hither by our breakfaſt-time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L. and a civil one from Miſs Grandiſon; but ſhe is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy

O Lucy, where is the ſenſe of parading it with a worthy man, of whoſe affection we have no reaſon to doubt, and whoſe viſits we allow?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally ſay hyperbolical things, all, in ſhort, that could be ſaid to a creature of ſuperior order (to an angel); becauſe they know not how to ſay polite, proper, or ſenſible things. In like manner, from the ſame defects in underſtanding, ſome of us women act as if we thought coyneſs and modeſty the ſame thing; and others, as if they were ſenſible, that if they were not inſolent, they muſt drop into the arms of a Lover upon his firſt queſtion.

But Miſs Grandiſon, in her behaviour to Lord G. is governed by motives of archneſs, and, I may ſay, downright roguery of temper. Courtſhip is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no inſtance is ſo ſucceſsful, yet ſo improper, as on that ſubject. She could not ſpare her Brother upon it, tho' ſhe ſuffered by it.

Yet had ſhe a reſpect for Lord G. ſhe could not treat him ludicrouſly. Cannot a witty woman find her own conſequence, but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend?—Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to ſet it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G. has to depend upon—Saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her Brother has over her. I told her, juſt now, that were I Lord G. I would not wiſh to have her mine, on any conſideration. She called me ſilly creature, and aſked me, If it were not one of the trueſt ſigns of Love, when men were moſt fond of the women who were leaſt fit for them, and uſed them worſt? Theſe men, my dear, ſaid ſhe, are very ſorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, ſpaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming ſpirits: I wiſh I could borrow

ſome

ſome of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a ſingle drachm of thoſe over-lively ones which I ſee ſhe will *play off* upon Lord G. Yet he will be pleaſed, at preſent, with any treatment from her; tho' he wants not feeling, as I can ſee already—Don't, Charlotte, ſaid I to her, within this half-hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps ſhe is the ſprightlier, in order to give me, and Lord and Lady L. ſpirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehenſive of the ſtory, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: So is Miſs Grandiſon: And my ſweet Emily, as often as ſhe may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my ſhoulder; and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this hiſtory of Clementina affords an excellent leſſon for the good girl. She bleſſes me for the lectures I read her on this ſubject, and ſays, that ſhe ſees Love is a very ſubtile thing, and, like water, will work its way thro' the banks that are ſet up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily aſked my leave to do ſo. I think, ſaid ſhe, my *heart* loves her; but not ſo well as it does you, I long to know what my Guardian will do about her. How *good* is it in her Father and Mother to love her ſo dearly! Her two elder Brothers one cannot diſlike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth ſaving; i'n't he, madam? But I pity her Father and Mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart ſhe has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his Friends to-morrow, on the Foreſt, in his way to Grandiſon-hall. The Doctor ſays, he expects to hear from him,

him, when there. What! will he go by this houſe, and not call in?—With all my heart—We are *only* Siſters! Miſs Grandiſon ſays, ſhe'll be *hanged* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me*. Afraid of me! A ſign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But as he ſeems to be pre-engaged—Well, but I ſhall ſoon know every-thing, as to that. But ſure he might call in as he went by.

The Doctor ſays, he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the Hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: Upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, ſuch Siſters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* Brother? I really think his Siſters are too acquieſcent.

He has a great taſte, the Doctor tells us, yet not an expenſive one; for he ſtudies ſituation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and diſtort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be ſeen in his works, where he can poſſibly avoid it. For he ſays, He would rather let a ſtranger be pleaſed with what he ſees, as if it were always ſo; than to obtain comparative praiſe by informing him what it was in its former ſituation.

As he is to be a ſuitor for Lord W. before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: He has had very little trouble of that ſort for himſelf, I find.

A very diſturbing thought is juſt come into my head: Sir Charles, being himſelf in ſuſpenſe, as to the cataſtrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over—As ſure as you are alive, Lucy, he had ſeen my regard for him thro' the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehenſive (*generouſly* apprehenſive) for the heart of the poor fool; and ſo has ſuffered Dr. Bartlett to tranſcribe the particulars of the ſtory, that they may ſerve for a check to the over-forward paſſion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myſelf: Near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett, your kindly-intended tranſcripts ſhall cure me: Indeed they ſhall.

But now this ſubject is got uppermoſt again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miſs Grandiſon ſays, that I ſhall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, ſhe ſays, when her Brother is *abſent*—Nor when he is *preſent*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I muſt be ſo very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true ſpirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's houſe for the world: And why? Becauſe he is a ſingle man; and becauſe I think of ſomething—that he perhaps has no notion of. But now I may go and viſit his Siſter without ſcruple, may I not? For he perhaps thinks only of his Clementina—And is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I ſaid, I will *ſoon* be with you.

I told Miſs Grandiſon that I *would*, juſt now—Lovers, ſaid ſhe, are the weakeſt people in the world; and people of punctilio the moſt *un*-punctilious—You have not talked till *now* of going in ſuch a hurry. Would you have it thought that you ſtaid in town for a *particular* reaſon? and, when that ceaſed, valued nobody elſe?—She held up her finger—Conſider! ſaid ſhe.

There is ſomething in this, Lucy. Yet what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett ſays, he ſhall ſoon give me another Letter.

Farewel, my Dear.

LET.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

Wedneſday, Mar. 29.

SIR Charles came hither this morning, time enough to breakfaſt with us.

Lady L. is not an early riſer. I am ſure this Brother of hers is: So is Miſs Grandiſon. If I ſay *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boaſting, becauſe you will, by ſo calling it, acknowlege Early riſing to be a virtue; and if you thought it ſuch, I am ſure you would diſtinguiſh it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: This is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main ſo patiently ſuffered this difference, and not tried to teaze you out of it? Becauſe my Lucy always *ſo well* employs her time when ſhe is *alive*. But would not one the *more* wiſh that well-employed life to be made as long as poſſible?

I endeavoured to be very chearful at breakfaſt; but I believe my behaviour was aukward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the queſtion to the two Siſters, Whether it was not ſo? they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a ſenſe of conſtraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpoſe to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading ſurmiſe, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to haſten to me the hiſtory of Clementina, in order *generouſly* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too ſtrongly taken hold of my fooliſh heart.

But nothing of this was diſcoverable. Reſpect, tender reſpect, appeared, as the Ladies afterwards took notice,

notice, in every word, when he addreſſed himſelf to me; in every look that he caſt upon me.

He ſtudiouſly avoided ſpeaking of the Bologna family. We were not indeed any of us fond of leading to the ſubject.

I am ſure, I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a ſofter paſſion, I dare ſay, in the boſom of a woman, than in that of a man. There *is*, there *muſt be*, I ſhould fanſy, more generoſity, more tenderneſs, in the pity of the one, than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the firſt caſe from my own ſenſibilities, in the other from my apprehenſions] there is, too probably, a mixture of inſult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, muſt the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpleſs* pity of the man ſhe loves!

The Ladies and Lord L. will have it, that Sir Charles's *Love*, however, is not ſo much engaged for Clementina as his *Compaſſion*. They are my ſincere friends: They ſee that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a firſt Love; and they generouſly endeavour to inculcate this diſtinction upon me: But to what purpoſe, when we evidently ſee, from what we already know of this ſtory, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of ſuch a nature, that they cannot be diſpenſed with while this Lady's deſtiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: And tenderneſs, I am ſure, is the ſole motive of my compaſſion for this fair Unfortunate.

Sir Charles ſet out, immediately after breakfaſt, for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to paſs the evening with Lord W. We ſhall all go to town to-morrow.

⁂

WITH this I ſend the Doctor's ſecond pacquet. O my dear! What a noble young Lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her paſſion! A Letter of

Mrs.

Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herſelf an excellent woman) will ſhew you, that Clementina deſerves every good wiſh. Such a noble ſtruggle did I never hear of, between Religion and Love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina: You willt even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are juſt, will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young Lady do more honour to her Sex, than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the moſt vehement, ſuppreſſed from motives of piety, till, poor Lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the Letter, and be loſt, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in ſilent admiration of her fortitude! O my dear! ſhe *muſt* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandiſon! My reaſon, my juſtice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L. and the two Ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They ſay little. What *can* they ſay?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young Lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

Dr. Bartlett's *ſecond Letter.*

YOUR fourth enquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly chearful behaviour of the young Lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandiſon from Bologna, after a courſe of melancholy, is anywhere accounted for?

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the Lady, at Florence, by which ſhe brought her to own her Love, after ſhe had ſo long kept it a ſecret from her Mother, and all her family?*

What I ſhall tranſcribe, in order to ſatisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wiſh to be informed of, reſpecting the fourth.

But

But let me premiſe, That Mrs. Beaumont, at the requeſt of the Marchioneſs, undertook to give an account of the health of the young Lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice, had upon her mind, after ſhe had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that Lady the deſired particulars. The following is a tranſlation of her Letter:

YOUR Ladyſhip will excuſe me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted, that it was not before laſt night that I could give you any tolerable ſatisfaction on the ſubject upon which I had engaged to do myſelf that honour.

I have made myſelf miſtreſs of the dear young Lady's ſecret. Your Ladyſhip gueſſed it, perhaps, *too* well. Love, but a pure and laudable Love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for ſo long a ſpace, and your ſplendid family of all comfort: But ſuch a magnanimity ſhewn, or endeavoured at, that ſhe deſerves to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young Lady has not ſuffered in a conflict between her Duty, her Religion, and her Love?

The diſcovery, I am afraid, will not give pleaſure to your family; yet certainty, in what muſt be, is better than ſuſpenſe. You will think me a managing perſon, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: But it was the task preſcribed me; and you o m-manded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourſelves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The firſt and ſecond days, after our return to Florence, were paſſed in endeavouring to divert her, as our gueſt, in all the ways we could think of: But finding, that company was irkſome to her, and that ſhe only bore with it for politeneſs-ſake; I told the La-

dies,

dies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her ſervice. They acquieſced: And when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, ſhe rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to aſſure me, that my converſation would be balm to her heart, if ſhe could enjoy it without mixt company.

Your Ladyſhip will ſee, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made uſe of my time in the two paſt days to ingratiate myſelf into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina: Excuſe therefore, madam, the freedom of my ſtile.

She engaged me laſt night to give her a leſſon, as ſhe called it, in an Engliſh author. I was ſurpriſed at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah, my dear! ſaid I, what an admirable manner of teaching muſt your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progreſs you have made in ſo ſhort a time, in the acquiring of a tongue that has not the ſweetneſs of your own, tho' it has a force and expreſſiveneſs that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She bluſhed—Do you think ſo? ſaid ſhe—And I ſaw, by the turn of her eye, and her conſciouſneſs, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without puſhing her, juſt then, upon the ſuppoſed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with diſtinction, as the Marquis had deſired I would.

She ſaid, She could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the Count, I thought they were intitled to know her objections; and to judge of the reaſonableneſs or unreaſonableneſs of them. Indeed, my dear, ſaid I, you do not, in this point, treat your Father and Mother with the dutifulneſs that their indulgence deſerves.

She

She ſtarted. That is ſeverely ſaid; is it not, madam?

Conſider of it, my dear, and if you pronounce it ſo, after an hour's reflection, I will call it ſo, and aſk your pardon.

I am afraid, ſaid ſhe, I am in fault. I have the beſt and moſt indulgent of parents. There are ſome things, ſome ſecrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One ſhould perhaps be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowlegement, my dear, ſaid I, is more generous than the occaſion given for it: But if you will not think me impertinent—

Don't, don't, aſk me too cloſe queſtions, madam, interrupted ſhe; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am perſuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unboſoming of ſecrets is the cement of faithful Friendſhip, and true Love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart reſts not, till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the intereſting events; and this communicativeneſs knits the true Lover's knot ſtill cloſer. But what a ſolitarineſs, what a gloom, what a darkneſs, muſt poſſeſs that mind which can truſt no friend with its inmoſt thoughts! The big ſecret, when it is of an intereſting nature, will ſwell the heart till it is ready to burſt, Deep melancholy muſt follow—I would not for the world have it ſo much as thought, that I had not a ſoul large enough for friendſhip. And is not the eſſence of friendſhip communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very ſoul into that of a true friend?

Why, that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be ſo circumſtanced, as not to have a true friend; or, if ſhe has near her a perſon to whom ſhe *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbiddingneſs in the

perſon; a difference in years; in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman—We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: But Camilla's fault is teazing, and always harping upon one ſtring, and that by my friends commands: It would be therefore more laudable to open my mind to my Mother, than to her; as it would be the ſame thing.

Very true, my dear: And as you have a Mother, who is leſs of the mother than ſhe would be of the ſiſter, the friend; it is amazing to me, that you have kept ſuch a Mother in the dark ſo long.

What can I ſay?—Ah, madam!—There ſhe ſtopt. At laſt ſaid, But my Mother is in the intereſt of the man I cannot love.

The queſtion recurs—Are not your parents intitled to know your objections to the man whoſe intereſt they ſo warmly eſpouſe?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deſerves a better wife than I can make him. I ſhould reſpect him very much, had I a Siſter, and he made his addreſſes to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *gueſs* the reaſon why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candor, with that friendſhip, of the requiſites of which we have been ſpeaking, whether I am right or not?

She heſitated. I was ſilent in expectation.

She then ſpoke, I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reaſon to be ſo, if you think me unworthy of your friendſhip.

What is your gueſs, Mrs. Beaumont?

That you are prejudiced in favour of ſome other man; or you could not, if you had a Siſter, wiſh her a Huſband that you thought unworthy of yourſelf.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional ſtrength.

O Mrs.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you preſs upon me! If impertinently, ſay ſo; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither; yet you diſtreſs me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the perſon were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowleged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! how cloſely you urge me! What can I ſay?

If you have any confidence in me—If you think me capable of adviſing you—

I *have* confidence: Your known prudence—And then ſhe made me compliments, that I could not deſerve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *gueſs* again—Shall I?

What would you gueſs?

That there is a man of low degree—Of low fortunes—Of inferior ſenſe—

Hold, hold, hold—And do you think that the Clementina before you is ſunk *ſo* low?—If you do, Why don't you caſt the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *gueſs* again—That there is a man of a royal houſe; of ſuperior underſtanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you gueſs that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your Ladyſhip had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Proteſtants, than of Mahometans: Nor, indeed, are zealous Proteſtants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in perſons of whatever denomination.

I would not however, madam, like a ſudden froſt, nip the opening bud.

There is, ſaid I, a young ſoldier of fortune, who has breathed forth paſſionate wiſhes for Clementina.

A ſoldier of fortune, madam! with an air of diſdain. There cannot be ſuch a man living, that can have his wiſhes anſwered.

Well, then, to ſay nothing of *him*; there is a Roman Nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borgheſe houſe—Permit me to ſuppoſe *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was eaſy, while I was at a diſtance.

But if the Chevalier Grandiſon [She coloured at his name]—has done him ill offices—

The Chevalier Grandiſon, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you ſure, madam, that the Chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be truſted. They don't ſtrike till they are ſure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved where-ever he goes. He is equally noted for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated ſhe, with warmth.

I own, that he deſerves every-thing from your family. I don't wonder that he is careſſed by you all: But it is amazing to me, that, in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, ſuch a young gentleman ſhould have been admitted—I ſtopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I—that I—She ſtopt, and heſitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to perſons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage—

Nay, madam, now has ſomebody prejudiced you againſt your countryman—He is the moſt diſintereſted of men.

I have heard young Ladies, when he was here, ſpeak of him as a handſome man.

A handſome man! And is not Mr. Grandiſon an handſome man? Where will you ſee a man ſo handſome?

And do you think he is ſo very extraordinary a man, as to *ſenſe*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himſelf* as a man of conſequence.

Nay, madam, don't ſay he is not a *modeſt* man. It is true, he knows when to ſpeak, and when to be ſilent: But he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the leaſt, conceited.

Was there ſo much bravery in his relieving your brother, as ſome people attribute to him in that happy event? Two ſervants and himſelf, well armed; the chance of paſſengers on the ſame road: The aſſaſſins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with—

Dear, dear, Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you converſed? The Scripture ſays, *A prophet has no honour in his own country*; but Mr. Grandiſon has not much from his own country-woman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandiſon ever ſpeak to you of any one man, as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he!—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earneſt in *his* favour than—

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why ſo?

Why ſo!—Why becauſe—becauſe—Why what was it to him—you know?

I ſuppoſe he was put upon it—

I believe ſo.

Or he would not—

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandiſon. You are the only perſon that I ever in my life heard ſpeak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, What are you ſincere thoughts of Mr. Grandiſon, perſon and mind?

You may gather them from what I have ſaid.

That he is a handſome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have ſaid: And I am not ſingular.

But he is a *Mahometan*—

A *Mahometan!* madam.—Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think I have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr. Grandiſon, you would not have ſcrupled to have been Counteſs of Belvedere.

And can you *think*, madam—

Yes, yes, my dear young Lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to ſay.

Be ſincere, my dear young Lady. Cannot a Lover, talking to a ſecond perſon, be ſincere?

What! madam, a man of another religion! A man obſtinate in his errors! A man who has never profeſſed Love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himſelf abſolutely dependent upon his Father's bounty! His Father living to the height of his eſtate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion—

Well then, I may ſafely take up the praiſes of Mr. Grandiſon: You have imputed to me, ſlight, injuſtice, prejudice againſt him: Let me now ſhew you, that the *Prophet* HAS *honour with his countrywoman.* Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has ſpoken of him in my hearing or knowlege—His country has not in this age ſent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every ſenſe of the word. If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your Brother the Barone teſtifies this on his own experience) were loſt in the reſt of the world, it would, without glare

or

or oſtentation, be found in him. He is courted by the beſt, the wiſeſt, the moſt eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good without diſtinction of religion, ſects, or nation: His own countrymen boaſt of him, and apply to him for credentials to the beſt and moſt conſiderable men, in their travels thro' more countries than one: In France, particularly, he is as much reſpected as in Italy. He is deſcended from the beſt families in England, both by Father and Mother; and can be a ſenator of it, whenever he pleaſes. He is heir to a very conſiderable eſtate; and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with ſome of the greateſt families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handſome—

O my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be!—I can no longer reſiſt you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandiſon. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends ſet you to find out the love-ſick girl, how ſhall I, who cannot diſown a ſecret you have ſo fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let them know (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have ſtruggled againſt a paſſion ſo evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their houſe.

He was, in the firſt place, as well you know, the preſerver of a beloved Brother's life; and that Brother afterwards owned, that had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he reſcued him.

My Father and Mother preſented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth Brother; and it was not immediately that I found out, that I *could* have but three Brothers.

My Brother's deliverer proved to be the moſt amiable and humane, and yet braveſt of men.

All my friends careſſed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were ſtood upon: He had free acceſs to us all, as one of us.

My younger Brother was continually hinting to me his wiſhes that I were his. Mr. Grandiſon was above all other reward; and my Brother conſidered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My Confeſſor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than leſſened my eſteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own reſpectful and diſintereſted behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addreſſed me as his *Siſter*, when he put on the familiar friend, in the guiſe of a tutor: I could not therefore arm againſt a man I had no reaſon to ſuſpect.

But ſtill I knew not the ſtrength of my paſſion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was propoſed to me with an earneſtneſs that alarmed me: Then I conſidered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give my friends the reaſon *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepoſſeſſion in favour of another man? A prepoſſeſſion entirely hidden in my own heart.

But ſtill I thought I would ſooner die, than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myſelf: All my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obſtinate Heretic, as I have often called him; the firſt heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*) that my ſoul deteſted not! For he is as tenacious a Proteſtant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not ſtay at home? Or why, if he muſt come abroad, did he ſtay ſo long among us; yet hold his obſtinacy, as if in defiance of the people by whom he was ſo well received?

Theſe were the reproaches that my heart in ſilence often caſt upon him.

I was at firſt concerned only for his *ſoul*'s ſake:

But

But afterwards, finding him eſſential to my earthly happineſs, and yet reſolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earneſt for his converſion for my *own* ſake; hoping that my friends indulgence to me would make my wiſhes practicable; for on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was reſolved either to conquer my paſſion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myſelf! My confeſſor hurt me, by terrors; my woman teazed me; my parents, and two elder Brothers, and all my more diſtant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: The Chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I may ſay: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my Mother, how could I make *any-body*, my confident? My judgment was at war with my paſſion; and I hoped it would overcome. I ſtruggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the ſtruggle was too hard for me. O that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to conſult—Well might melancholy ſeize me—Silent melancholy!

At laſt the Chevalier was reſolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleaſure, did this his reſolution give me! Moſt ſincerely I hoped, that his abſence would reſtore my tranquillity.

What a ſecret triumph did I give myſelf, on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening!—My whole deportment was uniform. I was chearful, ſerene, happy in myſelf, and I made all my friends ſo. I wiſhed him happy where-ever he ſet his foot, and whatſoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the reſt of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleaſure he had given

us, in the time he had beſtowed upon us; and I wiſhed that he might never want a friend ſo agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleaſed with myſelf, as I was not under a neceſſity of putting on ſtiffneſs or reſerve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myſelf ſecure, and ſtood out forwarder than he ſeemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the firſt time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myſelf wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—When the door ſhut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I ſighed at the reflection: But who perceived it?—I never could be inſenſible in a parting ſcene, with *leſs* agreeable friends: It was the eaſier for me to attribute to the gentleneſs of my heart, the inſtant ſenſibility. My Father claſped me to his boſom: My Mother embraced me, without mortifying me by ſaying for what: My Brother the Biſhop called me twenty fond names: All my friends complimented me, but only on my chearfulneſs; and ſaid, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to reſt, pleaſed that I had ſo happily acquitted myſelf; and that poſſibly I contributed to the repoſe of dear friends, whoſe repoſe I had been the cauſe of diſturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: My ſoul was too high-ſet.—You know the reſt; and I am loſt to the joys of this life: For I never, never, will be the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward; and a painful death, in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther ſpeech. She hid her face in my boſom. She ſighed—Dear Lady! How ſhe ſighed!

This,

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has paſſed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble ſtruggle between duty and affection; though her heart was too tender, and, in ſhort, the man's merits too dazling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I ſhould ſend you the particulars: She ſhall be aſhamed, ſhe ſays, to look her Father, her Mother, in the face; and ſhe dreads ſtill more, if poſſible, her confeſſor's being made acquainted with the ſtate of her heart, and the cauſe of her diſorder. But I tell her, it is abſolutely neceſſary for her Mother to know everything that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid will never be effected, but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I muſt think *him* ſo, who will be intitled, by general conſent, to ſo great a bleſſing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: But if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourſelves obliged, ſuch are the young Lady's *own* ſcruples, on the ſcore of religion, to take *pains* to perſuade her to purſue her inclination, and accept Mr. Grandiſon for a huſband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and ſoothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were ſhe to experience *that* contrary now, upon an occaſion ſo very delicate, and in which her Judgment and her Love are, as ſhe hints, at variance, I verily think, ſhe would not be able to bear it.—*That* God direct you for the beſt, whom you and yours have always ſerved with ſignal devotion!

I will only add, That ſince the ſecret which had ſo long preyed upon her fine ſpirits, is revealed, ſhe appears to be much more eaſy than before; but yet ſhe dreads the reception ſhe ſhall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return

ſhall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as ſhe ſays, to ſupport her ſpirits. She is very deſirous to enter into a nunnery. She ſays, She never can be the wife of any other man; and ſhe thinks ſhe ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greateſt veneration and reſpect,

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful humble ſervant,
HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Let me add, my good Miſs Byron, that the Marchioneſs ſent an anſwer to this Letter expreſſing the higheſt obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and incloſed a Letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly-motherly conſolation; inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her: Promiſing, in the name of her Father and Brothers, a moſt indulgent welcome; and aſſuring her, that every-thing ſhould be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

LETTER XXV.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Wedn. Night, Mar. 29.

I Incloſe, my Lucy, the Doctor's *third* pacquet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina; and if you enter impartially into the ſituation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are ſatisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's ſteadineſs in his, you will alſo pity *them*. They are all good; they are all conſiderate. A great deal is to be ſaid for them; tho' much more

for Sir Charles, who inſiſted not upon that change of religion in the Lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confeſſor, tho' not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country.—How deep was his diſtreſs! A mind ſo delicate as his, and wiſhing for the ſake of the Sex, and the Lady and Family, as he did, rather to be repulſed by them, than to be obliged himſelf to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the Lady in her ſweetly-modeſt behaviour, on his firſt viſit before her Mother; but more, for the noble ſpirit ſhe endeavoured to reſume in her converſation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my Grandmother, and Aunt Selby, for that noble apoſtrophe!—'But, O my Religion and my 'Country! I cannot, cannot, renounce you! What 'can this ſhort life give, what can it promiſe, to 'warrant ſuch a ſacrifice!'

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his*; firmly perſuaded, as ſhe is, of the truth of her religion; and loving him with an ardor that he had from the firſt reſtrained in himſelf from hopeleſſneſs.

But to admire her as ſhe deſerves, I ſhould tranſcribe all ſhe ſays, and his account of her whole behaviour.

O my dear! Who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear,

Your HARRIET BYRON.

Dr. Bartlett's *third Letter.*

THE next thing you injoin me in, madam, is,

To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandiſon's reception from the Marchioneſs and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signior Jeronymo.

Mr. Grandiſon was received at his arrival with great

great tokens of eſteem and friendſhip, by the Marquis himſelf, and by the Biſhop.

Signor Jeronymo, who ſtill kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, ſaid he, is the affair, that I have had ſo long in view, determined upon. O Chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: You will be Clementina's: And now indeed do I embrace my Brother—But I detain you not: Go to the happy girl: She is with her Mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle ſpirit: She will not be able to ſay half ſhe thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, ſays Mr. Grandiſon, to her Ladies, in the Marchioneſs's drawing-room. She whiſpered me in the paſſage; Welcome, thrice welcome, beſt of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodneſs!

I found the Marchioneſs ſitting at her toilette, richly dreſſed, as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as ſoon as ſhe had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina ſtood at the back of her Mother's chair. She was elegantly dreſſed: But her natural modeſty, heightened by a glowing conſciouſneſs, that ſeemed to ariſe from the occaſion, gave her advantages that her richeſt jewels could not have given her.

The Marchioneſs ſtood up. I kiſſed her hand—You are welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *ſo* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young Lady had ſhrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale—Excuſe her *voice*, ſaid the condeſcending Mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I muſt be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew

not the terms that were to be preſcribed to me. ‘ Spare me, dear Lady, thought I, ſpare me my con- ‘ ſcience, and take all the world's wealth and glory to ‘ yourſelves: I ſhall be rich enough with Clementina.’

The Marchioneſs ſeated her in her own chair. I approached her: But how *could* I with that grateful ardor, that, but for my doubts, would have ſprung to my lips? Modeſt love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praiſe *wholly* for that which was but *partly* due to it.

I drew a chair for the Marchioneſs, and, at her command, another for myſelf. The Mother took one hand of her baſhful Daughter: I preſumed to take the other: The amiable Lady held down her bluſhing face, and reproved me not, as ſhe did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her Mother aſked me queſtions of an indifferent nature; as of my journey; of the courts I had viſited ſince I left them; when I heard from England; after my Father; my Siſters: The latter queſtions in a kind way, as if ſhe were aſking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour ſhewn me, and *for* the favour ſhewn me! For I queſtioned not but a change of religion would be propoſed, and inſiſted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a ſhort converſation the amiable Daughter aroſe; courteſied low to her Mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid the Marchioneſs, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we ſhould ſo ſoon ſee you again; and on the account we ſee you: But you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modeſty keeps in countenance our forwardneſs.

I bowed—What could I ſay?

I ſhall leave, ſo will my Lord, particular ſubjects to be talked of between the Biſhop and you. You will,

will, if it be not your own fault, have a treaſure in Clementina; and a treaſure with her. We ſhall do the ſame things for her, as if ſhe had married the man we wiſhed her to have when we thought her affections diſengaged. You may believe we love our Daughter—Elſe—

I applauded their indulgent goodneſs.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandiſon, that you love Clementina above all women.

[I had never ſeen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved ſo well, had I not reſtrained myſelf, at firſt, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from conſiderations of the difference in religion; of the truſt and confidence the family placed in me; and by the reſolution I had made, as a guard to myſelf from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I aſſured the Marchioneſs, that I was abſolutely diſengaged in my affections: That, not having preſumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that ſeemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myſelf that ſo great a happineſs was reſerved for me.

She anſwered, That I deſerved it all: That I knew the value they had for me: That Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: That my character was my happineſs: That, however, what the *world* would ſay, had been no ſmall point with them; but that was as good as got over; and ſhe doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generoſity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: And if ſo, would to heaven I had never ſeen Italy!]

The Marquis joined his Lady and me ſoon after. His features had a melancholy caſt. This dear girl, ſaid he, has faſtened upon me part of her malady. Parents, Chevalier, who are bleſſed with even *hopeful* children, are not always happy. This girl—But no

more

more: She is a good child. In the general oeconomy of Providence, none of the ſons of men are unhappy, but ſome others are the happier for it. Our Son the Biſhop will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the Chevalier, my Lord, ſaid the Marchioneſs, the happineſs that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Baſhful enough, I ſuppoſe!

Indeed, my Lord, ſhe cannot look up, anſwered the Lady.

Poor thing! I ſuppoſed it would be ſo.

Why, why, thought I, was I ſuffered to ſee this Mother, this Daughter, before their conditions were propoſed to me!

But what indulgent parents are theſe, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent Daughter? Yet not to be happy!—But how much more unhappily circumſtanced did I think myſelf!—I, who had rather have been rejected with diſdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I reverenced!

Thus far Mr. Grandiſon. This, madam, will anſwer your queſtion, as to the VIth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The Marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandiſon, into the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, Chevalier, ſaid he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bleſs God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowlegements both to Father andSon.

The Marquis then went into public affairs; and ſoon after left us together.

I was conſidering, whether I had beſt tell that ſincere friend my apprehenſions in relation to the articles of religion and reſidence; for he had with an air of

humour

humour congratulated me on the philoſophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered, and whiſpered me, of her own head, as ſhe ſaid, That her young Lady was juſt gone into the garden.

I dare ſay, it *was* of her own head: For Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is conſtantly deſirous of obliging, where ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall not offend any-body.

Follow her then, ſaid Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla ſaid: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, Sir, if you pleaſe. I am afraid of the return of my young Lady's thoughtfulneſs. She ſays, ſhe is aſhamed of the poor figure ſhe made before her Mother: She is ſure ſhe muſt look mean in your eyes. A man to be ſent for, Camilla, ſaid ſhe, in compliment to my weakneſs! Why did not my too indulgent Father bid me conquer my folly, or die! O that I had not owned my attachment! 'Naughty 'Mrs. Beaumont! ſaid ſhe, Had it not been for you, 'my own boſom had contained the ſecret; till ſhame, 'and indignation againſt myſelf, had burſt my heart!' She is reſolved, ſhe ſays, to reſume a ſpirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great apprehenſions are, that, with all this condeſcenſion of her parents, obſtacles will ariſe on *your* part. If ſo, ſhe ſays, ſhe ſhall not be able to bear her own reflections, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto ſo happily eſcaped the ſnares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarraſſed by perverſe accidents that have ariſen from my friendſhips with the *worthy* of the Sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthineſs, and even their piety, the cauſe to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, O my Religion and my Country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this ſhort life give, what can it promiſe, to warrant ſuch a ſacrifice!

I ſaid nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet ſhe ſaw my diſtreſs: She took notice of it. Being firmly perſuaded of the excellency of her own religion, ſhe wondered that a man of reflection and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, ſhe ſaid, as well as the heart of her young Lady, boded an unhappy iſſue to our Loves: Heaven avert it! ſaid the honeſt woman: But what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young Lady—Forgive me, Sir—prefers a man ſhe thinks ſhe ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the Church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praiſed her good intention, and ſincere dealing; and, leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young Lady in the Orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me, as I drew near her; and, ſeeing who it was, ſtopt.

Clementina, armed with conſcious worthineſs, as if ſhe had reſumed the ſame ſpirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condeſcended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that ſhines in that noble aſpect!—Who knows what may be our deſtiny?

I bowed. Veneration, eſteem, and concern, from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeiſance profound.

I was going to ſpeak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, Sir, ſaid ſhe. My Mamma bid me ſay welcome. I could not *then* ſpeak: And ſhe

was

was ſo good to *you*, as to anſwer for my heart. My *voice* is now found: But tell me—Do I ſee the ſame generous, the ſame noble Grandiſon, that I have heretofore ſeen?—Or, do I ſee a man inclined to ſlight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the ſacrifice of all their views?

You ſee, madam, the ſame Grandiſon, his heart only oppreſſed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happineſs deſigned for him may yet be fruſtrated. If it ſhould, how ſhall I be able to ſupport myſelf?

[What a difficult ſituation, my dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my ſuit with ardor, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour.]

What do you fear, Sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I oppoſed the ſtep taken. I declared that I would ſooner die, than it *ſhould* be taken. It was to YOU, they ſaid; and you would know how to receive as you ought the diſtinction paid you. I have a ſoul, Sir, not unworthy of the ſpirit of my anceſtors: Tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I ſhould be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble Lady! And think you, that while my happineſs is not yet abſolutely reſolved upon, I have not *reaſon* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: You will be moſt ſo when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowlege your goodneſs to me as a condeſcenſion.

But ſay; tell me, Sir; Did you not, at firſt receiving the invitation, deſpiſe, in abſence, the Clementina, that now perhaps, in preſence, you have the *goodneſs* to *pity*?

O that the high-ſoul'd Clementina would not think

ſo

ſo contemptibly of the man before her, as ſhe *muſt* think, when ſhe puts a queſtion that would intitle him to infamy, could he preſume to imagine an *anſwer* to it neceſſary!

Well, Sir; I ſhall ſee how far the advances made on the *wrong* ſide will be juſtified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or, ſhall I ſay (I will if you pleaſe) *condeſcenſions* to be made on *yours*.

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be propoſed, with which in honour and conſcience I cannot comply, put my regard for her on ſuch a teſt as this?—I will not ſuppoſe that ſhe is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, ſaid I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: But when your friends are ſo good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I ſhall not be claſſed, by their beloved Daughter, among the loweſt of mankind.

Excuſe me, Sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reaſon to be always afraid of herſelf. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myſelf*; and then, Sir, I ſhall think better of *you*, if better I *can* think: For, after all, did I not more miſtruſt *myſelf* than I do *you*, I ſhould not perhaps be ſo capricious as, I am afraid, I ſometimes am.

The Marquis has hinted to me, madam, That your Brother the Biſhop is to diſcourſe with me on the ſubject now the neareſt to my heart of all others: May I preſume to addreſs myſelf to their beloved Daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepoſſeſs her in my favour before my Lord and I meet?

I will anſwer you frankly, Sir: There are preliminaries to be ſettled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are, do not think myſelf at liberty to hear you upon *any* ſubject that may tend to prepoſſeſſion.

I ac-

I acquieſce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wiſh for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a ſuppoſition of a mutual intereſt between us, as I had hoped ſhe would allow, Clementina might *wiſh* that I would lead to ſome particular diſcourſe. Tho' modeſty becomes ours as well as the other Sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a Lady, in ſome certain caſes. But thus diſcouraged,] Perhaps, madam, ſaid I, the attendance I do myſelf the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the Marquis.

Then, Sir, you will chooſe, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I reſpectfully withdrew; but ſhe taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I ſlowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, ſaid ſhe, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, Sir, I am not ſatisfied with myſelf. I *wiſh*—And there ſhe ſtopt.

What, madam, do you wiſh? Favour me with your wiſhes. If it be in *my* power—

It is *not*, interrupted ſhe—I wiſh I had not been at Florence. The Lady I was with, is a good woman; but ſhe was too hard for me. Perhaps (and ſhe ſighed) had I not been with *her*, I had been at reſt, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleaſure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am *ſo* fretful!—If I hated the bittereſt enemy I have, as *much* as at times I hate myſelf, I ſhould be a very bad creature.

This was ſpoken with an air ſo melancholy, as greatly diſturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of Religion and Reſidence may be agreed upon between the Biſhop and me!

Here, my good Miſs Byron, I cloſe this Letter, Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the Biſhop and him; and I haſten to obey you in your next article. LET-

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

Thurſday Morn. Mar. 30.

I Send you now incloſed the Doctor's fourth Letter: I believe I muſt deſire my Grandmamma and my Aunt Selby to ſend for me down.

We ſhall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleaſure have I had in it?—This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been eaſy and happy; ſince but for *him*, I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandiſon; never had known him. Fame might perhaps have brought to my ears, in general converſation, as other perſons of diſtinction are talked of, ſome of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without coſting me one ſigh. And yet, had it been ſo, I ſhould then have known none of thoſe lively ſenſibilities that have mingled pleaſure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being diſtinguiſhed as a Siſter to the Siſters of ſo extraordinary a man. O that I had kept my fooliſh heart free! I ſhould then have had enough to boaſt of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: And when I had been aſked by my companions and intimates, What diverſions, what entertainments, I had been at? I ſhould have ſaid, 'I have been in 'company and converſed with SIR CHARLES GRAN-'DISON; and been favoured and diſtinguiſhed by all 'his family:' And I ſhould have paſſed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby-houſe, in anſwering their queſtions about all theſe; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *The Fine Gentleman*; and my young friends would have come about me, and aſked me to tell them ſomething more of *The Excellent Man*.

But

But now my ambition has overthrown me: Aiming, wiſhing, to be every-thing, I am nothing, If I am aſked about him, or his Siſters, I ſhall ſeek to evade the ſubject: And yet, what other ſubject can I talk of? For what have I ſeen, what have I known, ſince I left Northamptonſhire, but Him and Them; and what elſe, indeed, ſince I have known this family, have I wiſhed to ſee, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I ſee, ſuffered my childiſh fancies to delude me into a ſhort forgetfulneſs of *his*, of *every*-body's diſtreſſes!—But, O my Lucy, my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's ſake, than for my own! How ſeverely do I pay for my curioſity! Yet it was neceſſary that I ſhould know the worſt. So Sir Charles ſeems to have thought, by the permiſſion he has given to Dr. Bartlett, to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raiſed on reading the Letter I incloſe, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, tho' they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleaſed with the young Lady's faithful Camilla: But, my dear, there is ſo much tenderneſs in Sir Charles's woe—It muſt be Love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: She is a glorious, tho' unhappy young creature. I muſt not have one ſpark of generoſity left in my heart, I muſt be loſt wholly in *Self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

Dr. Bartlett's *fourth Letter.*

AS I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the diſtreſs he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his,

were

were propoſed to him; as they were by the Biſhop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to diſappoint the expectation of perſons ſo deſervedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be diſpleaſed, if I dwell a little more on theſe particulars, tho' they are not commanded from me.

The Biſhop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandiſon with the terms, ſaid, You are ſilent, my dear Grandiſon: You heſitate. What, Sir! Is a propoſal of a Daughter of one of the nobleſt families in Italy; that Daughter a *Clementina*; to be ſlighted by a man of a private family; a foreigner; of dependent fortunes; her dowry not unworthy of a Prince's acceptance? Do you heſitate upon ſuch a propoſal as this, Sir?

My Lord, I am grieved, rather than ſurpriſed, at the propoſal: I was apprehenſive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condeſcending invitation, and at the honours done me, on my arrival, otherwiſe would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon ſome articles in which the Church of Rome and the Proteſtant Churches differ. Mr. Grandiſon would fain have avoided it; but the Biſhop, ſuppoſing he ſhould have ſome advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandiſon more than once, which did not help his cauſe.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: They would carry me into great length; and I have much to tranſcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me ſee of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed; after a paſſage or two, which will ſhew you how that debate, about the difference in religion, went off.

You will call to mind, Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop,

that your church allows of a poſſibility of ſalvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My Lord, our church allows not of its members indulging themſelves in capital errors, againſt conviction: But I hope that no more need to be ſaid on this ſubject.

I think, replied the Biſhop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were ſo firmly rooted in error, as I find you: But to the point on which we began: I ſhould think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourſelves reduced to the neceſſity of reaſoning a private man into the acceptance of our Siſter Clementina. Let me tell you, Sir, that were ſhe to know that you *but heſitate*—He ſpoke with earneſtneſs, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my Lord: You are diſpoſed to be warm. I will not ſo much as *offer* to defend myſelf from any imputations that may, in diſpleaſure, be caſt upon me, as if I were capable of ſlighting the honour intended me of a Lady who is worthy of a Prince. I am perſuaded that your Lordſhip cannot think ſuch a defence neceſſary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconſiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of anceſtors, whom hitherto I have not diſgraced, will give me conſideration. But what, my Lord, is anceſtry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condeſcending invitation. Your Lordſhip would not perſuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and ſince, as you have heard, I have ſomething to offer, when called upon, in ſupport of them.

You will conſider this matter, my dear Chevalier. It is you, I think, that are diſpoſed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our Siſter, wiſh to have you among us: Our church would wiſh it. Such a proſelyte will juſtify us to every other conſideration, and to all our friends. Conſider of it, Grandiſon; but let it not be known to the principals

of

of our family, that you think conſideration neceſſary: The dear Clementina, particularly, muſt not know it. Your *perſon*, Chevalier, is not ſo dear to the excellent creature, as your *ſoul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame ſo pure, and ſo bright.

My diſtreſs, my Lord, is beyond the power of words to deſcribe. I revere, I honour, and will to my laſt hour, the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur or nobility. Their Sons—You know not, my Lord, the pride I have always had to be diſtinguiſhed even by a nominal relation to *them*: And give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you preſcribe, and I ſhall be happy beyond my higheſt wiſh. I deſire not dowry with her. I have a Father on whoſe generoſity and affection I can rely. But I muſt repeat, my Lord, that my principles are ſo well known, that I hoped a compromiſe would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your Siſter. The ſame liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, Sir, to conſider? Are you abſolutely determined?

If your Lordſhip knew the pain it gives me to ſay that *I am*, you would pity me.

Well, Sir, I am ſorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever ſince he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, Chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, ſaid I, that your Lordſhip does not do me juſtice.

He led me into his Brother's apartment.

There, what did I not ſuffer, from the Friendſhip, from the Love of that Brother, and from the urgency of the Biſhop! But what was the reſult?

The Biſhop aſked me, If he were to conduct me to his Father, to his Mother, to his Siſter? Or to allow me to depart without ſeeing them?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to

be thus indicated. I reſpectfully bowed. I recommended myſelf to the favour of the two Brothers, and thro' them to that of the three truly-reſpectable perſons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart ſorely diſtreſſed.

I was unable to ſtir out for the remainder of the day. The ſame chair into which I threw myſelf, upon my firſt coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening Camilla, in diſguiſe, made me a viſit. On my ſervant's withdrawing, revealing herſelf, O Sir, ſaid ſhe, what a diſtracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiouſneſs: I cannot ſtay. But let me juſt tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generoſity will ſuggeſt to you, what is beſt to be done.

As ſoon as you were gone, my Lord Biſhop acquainted my Lady Marchioneſs with what had paſſed between you. O Sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to ſoften everything. My Lady Marchioneſs acquainted by Lord with the Biſhop's report. I never ſaw that good nobleman in ſuch a paſſion. It is not neceſſary to tell you what he ſaid—

In a paſſion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family diſhonoured, Sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthieſt of men, Camilla, ſaid I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The Marchioneſs, in the tendereſt manner, broke the matter to my young Lady: I was preſent. She apprehended, that there might be occaſion for my attendance, and commanded me to ſtay.

Before ſhe could ſpeak all ſhe had to ſay, my young Lady threw herſelf on her knees to her Mamma, and bleſſing her for her goodneſs to her, begged her to ſpare the reſt. I ſee, ſaid ſhe, that I, a Daughter of the Porretta family, *your* Daughter, madam, am refuſed.

Palliate

Palliate not, I beſeech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refuſed. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not ſo baſe in ſpirit, as to need your maternal conſolation on ſuch a contempt as this. I feel for my Papa, for you, madam, and for my Brothers, I feel the indignity. Bleſſings follow the man where-ever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own maſter; and now he has made me my own miſtreſs. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will ſit as light upon me, as it ought. His humility will allow him to be ſatisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my Papa, my Brothers, ſhall not find *me* mean.

The Marchioneſs embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved Daughter. She brought my Lord to her, and reported what her Daughter had ſaid: He alſo tenderly embraced the dear young Lady, and rejoiced in her aſſurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unſeaſonably, as the event ſhewed, Father Mareſcotti, being talked with, was earneſt to be allowed to viſit her: *Then*, he ſaid, was the proper time, the very criſis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his Reverence deſired to attend her.

O let me go, ſaid ſhe, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not ſee Father Mareſcotti, till I can ſee him as I wiſh to ſee him!

But the good Father prevailed: He meant the beſt.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her Mamma went to her, ſhe found her ſpiritleſs, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was ſilent to two or three of her Mother's queſtions; and when ſhe *did* ſpeak, it was with wildneſs; but declaring, without being ſolicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, againſt marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her Mother told her, ſhe ſhould go to Florence, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed: But then the humour was off. Would to Heaven ſhe had gone before ſhe ſaw his Reverence! So they all now wiſh.

Camilla, ſaid ſhe to me, when we were alone, Was it neceſſary to load the Chevalier Grandiſon? Was it neceſſary to inveigh againſt him? —It was ungenerous to do ſo. Was the man obliged to have the creature whoſe forwardneſs had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed againſt. But never, never, let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being deſpiſed, neither.

She aroſe from her ſeat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: She raves: She ſtarts: She neither ſits nor ſtands with quietneſs—She walks up and down her room, at other times, with paſſion and hurry; yet weeps not, tho' ſhe makes every-body elſe weep. She ſpeaks to herſelf, and anſwers herſelf; and, as I gueſs, repeats part of the talk that paſſed between Father Mareſcotti and her: But ſtill, *To be deſpiſed!* are the words ſhe oftenеſt repeats.—*Jeſu!* once, ſaid ſhe—*To be deſpiſed!*—And by an Engliſh Proteſtant! Who can bear that?

In this way, Sir, is Lady Clementina. The ſweeteſt creature!—I ſee, I ſee, you have compaſſion, Sir! You never wanted humanity! Generoſity is a part of your nature! I am ſure you love her—I *ſee* you love her—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, Sir, Lady Clementina's Love extended beyond the limits of this world: She hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the ſenſible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not ſpeak. And had I been able, to what purpoſe ſhould I have pleaded to Camilla the ſuperior attachment which occaſioned an anguiſh that words cannot deſcribe?

What

What can I ſay, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eaſed your own heart; but you have loaded mine—Nevertheleſs, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your Lady's own wiſhes had been complied with; that ſhe had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The firſt natural impulſes of the diſtreſſed heart often point out the beſt alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been purſued! I have great dependence on the generous friendſhip of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do, I will do. I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly-noble family: I never can deſerve their favour. On all occaſions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, ſaid ſhe, to put it into your heart to reſtore the tranquillity of a family which was, till lately, the happieſt in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg of you to excuſe my officiouſneſs. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I ſhall be wanted.

She was haſtening away. Good Camilla, ſaid I, taking a ring of ſome value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (ſhe is above accepting of pecuniary preſents, and ſtruggled againſt this) Accept this as a remembrance, not acknowlegement. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and ſo have no opportunity again to ſee the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been preſcribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I ſhould have refuſed to comply with? How was I anew diſtreſſed, at the account Camilla gave me! But my great conſolation in the whole tranſaction is, that my own heart, on the matureſt deliberation, acquits me: And the rather, as it is impoſſible for me to practiſe a greater piece of ſelf-denial: For can there be on earth a nobler woman than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandiſon received the following Letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo.

I tranſlated it, my good Miſs Byron, at the time I received it. I will ſend you the tranſlation, only.

My dear Chevalier!

SHALL I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my Father, my Mother?—They blame themſelves, for the free acceſs you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her diſcernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, where-ever ſhe found it? Can I therefore blame my Siſter?—Indeed, no. Has ſhe a *Brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myſelf? The dear creature owned, it ſeems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Muſt I therefore accuſe myſelf?—If I regard my intention, gratitude, for a life preſerved by you, and for a ſenſe of my *ſocial* duties (ſoul as well as body indebted to you, tho' a Proteſtant yourſelf) will not ſuffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How ſtrangely is that calamity circumſtanced!

But is there ſo irreconcileable a difference between the two religions?—There is: The Biſhop ſays there is: Clementina thinks there is: My Father, my Mother, think there is,

But does *your* Father think ſo? Will you put the whole matter on that iſſue, Chevalier?

O no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: Yet, ſurely, with leſs reaſon.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a maſter of the queſtion.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina periſh? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life ſo ſucceſsfully to ſave a Brother, exert himſelf to preſerve a Siſter?

Come,

Come, and ſee the way ſhe is in—Yet they will not admit you into her preſence while ſhe is in that way.

The ſenſe ſhe has of her dignity debaſed, and the perpetual expoſtulations and apprehenſions of her zealous confeſſor—Can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of her Sex? At laſt, you ſee, I have found ſomebody to accuſe.—But I come to my motive for giving you this trouble.

It is to requeſt you to make me a viſit. Breakfaſt with me, my dear Chevalier, this morning. You will perhaps ſee nobody elſe.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that ſhe attended you laſt night: She tells me how greatly you are grieved. I ſhould renounce your friendſhip, were you *not*. At my ſoul, I pity you, becauſe I knew, long ſince, your firm attachment to your Religion; and becauſe you love Clementina.

I wiſh I were able to attend *you*; I would ſave you the pain of this viſit; for I know it muſt pain you: But come, nevertheleſs.

You hinted to my Brother, that you thought, as your principles were ſo well known, a compromiſe would be accepted—Explain yourſelf to me upon this compromiſe. If I can ſmooth the way between you—Yet I deſpair that any-thing will do but your converſion. They love your ſoul; *they* think they love it better than you do yourſelf. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boaſt in return?

The General, I hear, came to town laſt night: We have not ſeen him yet. He had buſineſs with the Gonfalionere. I think you muſt not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till laſt night, that the Biſhop broke it to him at that magiſtrate's, our unhappy ſituation. What a diſappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was, to do you honour, and to give his Siſter pleaſure. Ah,

Sir! he came to be preſent at two ſolemn acts: The one your Nuptials, in conſequence of the other.—You muſt not meet. It would go to my heart, to have offence given you by any of my family, eſpecially in our own houſe.

Come, however; I long to ſee you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not uſe to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to

Your ever-affectionate
and faithful friend,
JERONYMO *della* PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family: I longed, before this Letter came, to ſee and to hear from it. The face of the meaneſt ſervant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think, Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the deſire I had once more to enter doors that uſed to be opened to me with ſo much pleaſure on both ſides?

Dr. Bartlett's *fifth Letter.*

MR. Grandiſon thus proceeds: I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He ſat expecting me. He bowed more ſtiffly than uſual, in return to my compliment.

I ſee, ſaid I, that I have loſt my friend.

Impoſſible, ſaid he. It cannot be.

Then ſpeaking of his Siſter, Dear creature! ſaid he. A very bad night. My poor Mother has been up with her ever ſince Three o'clock: Nobody elſe has any influence with her. Theſe talking fits are worſe than her ſilent ones.

What could I ſay? My ſoul was vexed. My friend ſaw it, and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He

He then entered upon the ſubject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the General, ſaid he. I will not, I think, have you ſee each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted while you are with me. If you chooſe not to ſee the General, or my Father or Mother, ſhould they ſtep in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back-ſtairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the leaſt ſufferer in this diſtreſs, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but elſe I cannot conceal myſelf.

This is like you. It is you yourſelf. O Grandiſon! that we could be *real* Brothers!—In ſoul we are ſo. But what is the compromiſe you hinted at?

I then told him, That I would reſide one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion, ſhe ſhould keep her own; her Confeſſor only to be a man of known diſcretion.

He ſhook his head. I'll propoſe it as from yourſelf, if you would have me do ſo, Chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with any-body elſe. I have undertaken for *more* than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, Chevalier, that you, for *my* ſake, for *all* our ſakes—But I know you have a great deal to ſay on this ſubject, as you told my Brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Proteſtants, Proteſtants by deſcent, as I may ſay, 'tis ſtrange you ſhould be ſo very ſtedfaſt. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be ſo very tenacious; ſuch offers, ſuch advantages—And ſurely you muſt love my Sifter. All our family, you ſurely love. I will preſume to ſay, they deſerve your love; and they give the ſtrongeſt proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative anſwer to what he ſaid. My ſtedfaſtneſs was beſt expreſſed, and ſurely it was ſufficiently expreſſed (the circumſtances of the caſe ſo intereſting) by ſilence.

Juſt then came in Camilla. The Marchioneſs, Sir, knows you are here. She deſires you will not go till ſhe ſees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is perſuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an averſion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leaches. The Marquis and the Biſhop are both gone out. They could not bear her ſolicitations to them to *ſave* her, as ſhe called it.

The Marchioneſs ſoon after entered—Care, melancholy, yet tenderneſs, was in her aſpect: Grief for her Daughter's malady ſeemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your ſeat, Chevalier. She ſat down, ſighed, wept; but would not have had her tears ſeen.

Had I not been ſo deeply concerned in the cauſe of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I ſay? I turned my head aſide. I would alſo have concealed *my* emotion; but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor Chevalier, kindly ſaid he, with an accent of compaſſion—

I don't doubt it, anſwered ſhe, as kindly, tho' he ſpoke not out what he had to ſay. He may be obdurate; but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generoſity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You *know* that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a taſk it had.

Jeronymo enquired after his Siſter's health; I was afraid to enquire.

Not worſe, I hope; but ſo talkative! poor thing! She burſt into tears.

I preſumed to take her hand—O madam! Will no compromiſe! Will no—

It

It *ought not*, Chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power, over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic, if ſhe be yours; and you know what we then ſhould think of her precious ſoul!—Better to part with her for ever—Yet, how can a Mother—Her tears ſpoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice, I have left her, ſaid ſhe, contending with the doctors againſt being let blood. She was ſo earneſt with me to prevent it, that I could not ſtay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the aſtoniſhment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herſelf.—A happy eſcape! Thank God! ſaid ſhe—Her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

O my Mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you!—You don't uſe to be cruel; and to leave me with theſe doctors—See! ſee! and ſhe held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her Mother; who, as well as we, was ſpeechleſs with ſurprize—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—And I ran for ſhelter to my Mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Deareſt, deareſt madam, don't let me be ſacrificed. What has your poor child done, to be thus treated?—

O my Clementina!

And O my mamma, too! Have I not ſuffered enough!—

The door opened. She caſt her fearful eye to it, clinging faſter to her Mother.—They are come to take me!—Begone, Camilla [It was ſhe]; begone, when I bid you! They ſha'n't take me—My Mamma will ſave me from them—Won't you, my Mamma? claſping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her boſom. Then lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They ſha'n't have me—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear Brother! you will protect me: won't you?

I aroſe. I was unable to bear this affecting ſcene—She ſaw me.

Good God! ſaid ſhe.—Then in Engliſh breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which ſhe had taken great notice of, when we read that play together—

Angles, and miniſters of grace, defend us!

She left her Mother, and ſtept gently towards me, looking earneſtly with her face held out, as if ſhe were doubtful whether it were I, or not.

I ſnatched her hand, and preſſed it with my lips—O madam!—Deareſt Lady!—I could ſay no more.

It is he! It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her Mother, one hand held up, as in ſurprize, as I detained the other.

The Son's arms ſupported the almoſt fainting Mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's ſake! for my ſake, dear Grandiſon! ſaid he, and ſtopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I haſtened to ſupport the Marchioneſs.

O Chevalier! ſpare your concern for me, ſaid ſhe. My child's *head* is of more conſequence to me, than my own *heart*.

What was it of diſtreſs that I did not at that moment feel!

The young Lady turning to us—Well, Sir, ſaid ſhe, Here is ſad work! Sad work, to be ſure! Somebody is wrong: I won't ſay who.—But *you* will not let theſe doctors uſe me ill—Will you?—See here! ſhewing her bound-up arm to me—what they would have done!—See! They did get a drop or two; but no more. And I ſprung from them, and ran for it.

Her Mother then taking her attention, My deareſt Mamma! How do you!—

O my

O my child! and ſhe claſped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added by *her* grief to the diſtreſsful ſcene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the Marchioneſs: O my deareſt Lady! ſaid ſhe.—The Marchioneſs feeling for her *ſalts*, and taking them out of her pocket, and ſmelling to them; Unclaſp me, Camilla, ſaid ſhe: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whiſpered Camilla: But they ſay, It is highly proper; and they talk of bliſtering!—

Not her head, I hope!—The dear creature, when ſhe uſed to value herſelf upon any-thing, took pride, as well ſhe might, in her hair.

Now you are whiſpering, my Mamma—And this impertinent Camilla is come—Camilla, they ſhall not have me, *I* tell you!—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her Brother begged of her to ſubmit to the operation. Her Mother joined her gentle command—Well, I won't love you, Brother, ſaid ſhe: You are in the plot againſt me—But *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earneſtly in my face, with ſuch a mixture of woe and tenderneſs in her eye, as pierced my very ſoul.

Perſuade her, Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs.

My good young Lady, Will you not obey your Mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you diſtreſs your noble Brother!

She ſtroked her Brother's cheek (it was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably ſoothing—Poor Jeronymo! My deareſt Brother! And have you not ſuffered enough from vile aſſaſſins? Poor dear Brother!—and again ſtroked his cheek—How was I affected!

A freſh guſh of tears broke from his eyes—Ah, Grandiſon! ſaid he.

O

O why, why, ſaid I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This diſtreſs could not have been ſo deep, had not I been preſent.

See! ſee! Chevalier, holding out her ſpread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—He weeps for his Siſter, I believe.—Theſe—Look, my hand is wet with them! are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—See! is wet with a Brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her Mother. It is a grievous thing to ſee men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—Have they ſofter hearts than mine?—Don't weep, Chevalier.—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would ſtroke your cheek too, if it would ſtop your tears.—But what is all this for?—It is becauſe of theſe doctors, I believe.—But, Camilla, bid them be-gone: They ſha'n't have me.

Deareſt madam, ſaid I, ſubmit to your Mamma's advice. Your Mamma wiſhes you to ſuffer them to breathe a vein—It is no more—Your Jeronymo alſo beſeeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wiſh it too, Chevalier?—Do *you* wiſh to ſee me wounded?—To ſee my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be ſo hard-hearted?

Let me join with your Mamma, with your Brother, to entreat it: For your Father's ſake! For—

For *your* ſake, Chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to ſee me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not ſtand this queſtion; put with an air of tenderneſs for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irreſiſtible Lady (O what eloquence in her diſorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earneſtly after my averted face, as if ſhe would not ſuffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it, comfort *you* to ſee me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: But you ſhall not leave me. You ſhall ſee that theſe doctors ſhall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! How did this addreſs to me torture my very ſoul!

Camilla, proceeded ſhe, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her Mother, Will it pleaſe *you* to have me bleed? Will it pleaſe *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And, Sir, Sir, ſtepping to me with quickneſs, Will it pleaſe *you?* —Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in. —What would I not do to pleaſe ſuch kind friends? You grudge not your tears: And as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, Shall not my arm weep?—But do *you* ſtand by me, Chevalier, while it is done. You will? Won't you? — ſeeking again with her eye my averted face.

O that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the reſtoring the peace of mind of this dear Lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own! —But my Conſcience! —Prepoſſeſſed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in diſfavour of that I am wiſhed to embrace; How, thought I, can I make a ſacrifice of my Conſcience!

The dear Lady was then as earneſt for the operation, as before ſhe had been averſe to it: But ſhe did and ſaid every-thing in a hurry.

The Marchioneſs and my friend were comforted, in hopes that ſome relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you ſtand by me, Sir, ſaid ſhe to me. —Come, make haſte. But it ſha'n't be the ſame arm—Camilla, ſee, I can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant—I will *bid* it flow. —Come, make haſte —Are you always ſo tedious?—The preparation in all theſe things, I believe, is worſe than the act. —Pray, pray, make haſte.

They did; tho' ſhe thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, ſaid the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, Chevalier, going to be offered — looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and ſhe bleeding freely.

The doctors were not ſatisfied with a ſmall quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite ſo much as they intended; and her women carried her out of her Brother's apartment into her own, in the chair ſhe ſat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compaſſion and my *beſt* wiſhes followed her.

You ſee your power over the dear girl, Grandiſon, ſaid her Brother.

The Marchioneſs ſighed; and looking at me with kind and earneſt meaning, withdrew to attend her Daughter's recovery.

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

RECeive, my Lucy, the Doctor's ſixth Letter. The fifth has almoſt broken the hearts of us all.

Dr. Bartlett's *ſixth Letter.*

A Scene of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandiſon.

Camilla ſtept in, and ſaid, The General was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the Marchioneſs the diſordered ſtate of mind of his beloved Siſter; who had again fainted away; but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The General will be here preſently, ſaid Jeronymo. Do you chooſe to ſee him?

As, perhaps, he has been told I am here, it would look too particular to depart inſtantly. If he comes not in ſoon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done ſpeaking, when the General entered, drying his eyes.

Your ſervant, Mr. Grandiſon, ſaid he. Brother,

How

How do you? Not the better, I dare ſay, for the preſent affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been ſo deeply affected?—Well, Sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family—

My Lord, I hope I do not deſerve this addreſs!—*Triumph*, my Lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more diſtreſſed than mine.

And is religion, is conſcience, *really* of ſuch force, Chevalier?

Let me aſk that queſtion, my Lord, of your own heart: Let me aſk it of your Brother the Biſhop; of the other principals of your noble family: And the anſwer given will be an anſwer for me.

He ſeemed diſpleaſed. Explain yourſelf, Chevalier.

If, my Lord, ſaid I, you think there is ſo great, ſo eſſential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot conſent that I ſhould keep my own; What muſt I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, tho' on the higheſt temporal conſideration? Make the caſe your own, my Lord.

I *can*. And were I in your ſituation, ſuch a woman as my Siſter; ſuch a family as ours; ſuch a ſplendid fortune as ſhe will have; I believe, I ſhould not make the ſcruples you do. My Brother the Biſhop indeed might not have given the ſame anſwer: He might have been more tenacious.

The Biſhop cannot be better ſatisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my Lord, *from what you have ſaid*, that I may claim the honour of your friendſhip in this great article. It is propoſed to me, that I renounce my religion: I make no ſuch propoſal to your family: On the contrary, I conſent that Lady Clementina ſhould keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handſome proviſion for a diſcreet man, her confeſſor, to attend her, in order to ſecure her in it. As to reſidence; I will conſent to reſide

one

one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if ſhe chooſe not to go to England at all, I will acquieſce; and viſit England myſelf but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandiſon? ſaid Signor Jeronymo; deſirous of promoting the compromiſe.

I will conſent that Daughters ſhall be the Mother's care; the education of Sons muſt be left to me.

What will the poor Daughters have done, Chevalier, ſneeringly ſpoke the General, that *they* ſhould be left to perdition?

Your Lordſhip, without my entering into the opinion of the profeſſors of both religions on this ſubject, will conſider my propoſal as a *compromiſe*. I would not have begun an addreſs upon theſe terms with a princeſs. I do aſſure you, that mere fortune has no byas with me. Preſcribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my ſoul, give up every ducat of your Siſter's fortune.

Then what will you have to ſupport—

My Lord, leave that to your Siſter and me. I will deal honourably with her. If ſhe renounce me on that article, you will have reaſon to congratulate yourſelves.

Your fortune, Sir, by marriage, will be much more conſiderable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: Why then ſhould you not look forward to your poſterity as Italians? And in *that* caſe—

He ſtopt there.—It was eaſy to gueſs at his inference.

I would no more renounce my Country than my Religion: I would leave poſterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myſelf upon; Nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cauſe to be aſhamed of it.

The General took ſnuff, and looked on me, and off me, with an air too ſupercilious. I could not but be ſenſible of it.

I have no ſmall difficulty, my Lord, ſaid I, to bear

the

the hardſhips of my ſituation, added to the diſtreſs which that ſituation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent, without having done anything to reproach myſelf with, either in thought, word, or deed—My Lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my Lord, ſaid Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the caſe before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandiſon has merit ſuperior to that of moſt men; and that our Siſter, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be inſenſible to his.

Whatever were my Siſter's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours*; and generous ones they are: But we all know how handſome men may attach young Ladies, without needing to ſay a ſingle word. The poiſon once taken in at the eye, it will ſoon diffuſe itſelf through the whole maſs.

My honour, yet, my Lord, was never called in queſtion, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, Chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we ſhould not have entered into treaty with you on this ſubject, I do aſſure you; and it piques us not a little to have a Daughter of our houſe refuſed. You don't know the conſequence, I can tell you, of ſuch an indignity offered in this country.

Refuſed! my Lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your Lordſhip's juſtice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble houſe.

He aroſe in anger, and ſwore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I ſtood up too; And if I am, my Lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been uſed to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was diſturbed. He ſaid, He had oppoſed our ſeeing each other. He knew his Brother's warmth; and I, he ſaid, from the ſcenes that had before paſſed, ought perhaps to have ſhewn more pity than reſentment.

It

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your Sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tendereſt ſentiments) as well as to do juſtice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help ſhewing myſelf affected by the word *refuſed*.

Affected by the word refuſed! Sir, ſaid the General—Yes, you have ſoft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make uſe of thoſe that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my Lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the propoſed compromiſe, than to have met with your diſpleaſure.

Conſider, Chevalier, coolly conſider this matter: How ſhall we anſwer it to our country (We are public people, Sir) to the church, to which we ſtand related; to our own character; to marry a Daughter of our houſe to a Proteſtant? You ſay you are concerned for her honour: What *muſt* we, what *can* we ſay in her behalf, if ſhe be reflected upon as a lovesick girl, who, tho' ſtedfaſt in her religion, could refuſe men of the firſt conſideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Engliſhman, carry her off?—

Preſerving nevertheleſs by *ſtipulation*, you will remember, my Lord, her religion.—If you ſhall have ſo much to anſwer for to the world with ſuch a ſtipulation in the Lady's favour, What ſhall I be thought of, who, tho' I am not, nor wiſh to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconſiderable family, if I, againſt my conſcience, renounce my religion and my country, for a conſideration, that, tho' the higheſt in private life, is a partial and ſelfiſh conſideration?

No more, no more, Sir—If you can deſpiſe worldly grandeur; if you can ſet light by Riches, Honours, Love; my Siſter has *this* to be ſaid in her praiſe, that ſhe is the firſt woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philoſopher: And ſhe muſt, I think, take the conſequence of ſuch a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my Lord, it will, ſaid Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandiſon be the philoſopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart, go off ſo lightly; but the levity ſhewn by the General was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the paſt warmth between us forgotten.

I left the Brothers together. As I paſſed through the ſalon, I had the pleaſure of hearing, by a whiſper from Camilla, that her young Lady was ſomewhat more compoſed for the operation ſhe had yielded to.

In the afternoon, the General made me a viſit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiſs ſome things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excuſed myſelf by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my intereſt as to the propoſed compromiſe. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my propoſals in writing.

He aſked me, if my Father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him, That I had forborn to write any-thing of the affair to my Father.

That, he ſaid, was ſurpriſing. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be ſtrict in religion, be it what religion it would, ſhould be uniform. He who could diſpenſe with one duty, might with another.

I anſwered, That having no view to addreſs Lady Clementina, I had only given my Father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family ſo conſiderable: That it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he muſt know: That thoſe hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and reſidence would be an inſuperable obſtacle: But that it was my reſolution, in the ſame hour that I could have any proſpect of ſucceeding, to

lay

lay all before him; and I was ſure of his approbation and conſent to an alliance ſo anſwerable to the magnificence of his own ſpirit.

The General, at parting, with a haughty air, ſaid, I take my leave, Chevalier: I ſuppoſe you will not be in haſte to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely ſenſible of the indignity you have caſt upon us all. I *am*, and ſwore—We ſhall not diſgrace our Siſter and ourſelves, by courting your acceptance of her. I underſtand, that Olivia is in love with you too. Theſe contentions for you may give you conſequence with yourſelf: But Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family-honour. Ours is a firſt family in it. You know not what you have done, Sir.

What you have ſaid, my Lord, I have not deſerved of you. It can *not* be anſwered, at leaſt by me. I ſhall not leave Bologna till I appriſe you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be aſſured, that I cannot have any hope of the honour once deſigned me. I will only add, That my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that ſtep? It was a *baſe* one: It had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a paſſion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been ſpared this inſult from a Brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But thank God, I do not deſerve the treatment.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs BYRON. *In Continuation.*

London, Friday Morning, Mar. 31.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yeſterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miſs Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My Couſin ſays,

ſays, they are inſeparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's ſake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think, that he and his kinſman give up all their time in tranſcribing for us. I ſend you now his ſeventh, eighth, and ninth Letters. In reading the two latter, we were ſtruck (for the two Siſters and my Lord were with us) with the nobleneſs of Clementina Her motive, thro' her whole delirium, is ſo apparently owing to her concern for the Soul of the man ſhe loved (entirely regardleſs of any intereſt of her own) that we all forgot what had been ſo long our wiſhes, and joined in giving preference to her.

Dr. Bartlett's *ſeventh Letter.*

I Had another viſit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandiſon, two hours after the General left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, diſguiſed as before.

I come now, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, with the Marchioneſs's connivance, and, I may ſay, by her command; and at the ſame time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my laſt attendance upon you, tho' no one elſe does, not even the Marchioneſs. He gave me this Letter for you.

But how does the nobleſt young Lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More compoſed than we could have hoped for from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for ſhe has but a very faint idea of having ſeen you this morning.

The Marchioneſs had bid her ſay, that altho' I had now given her deſpair inſtead of hope, yet that ſhe owed it to my merit, and to the ſenſe ſhe had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know, that it was but too likely that reſentments might be carried to an unhappy length; and that therefore ſhe wiſhed I would leave Bologna for the preſent. If happier proſpects preſented, ſhe would be the firſt to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the Letter of my kind Jeronymo. Theſe were the contents:

I Am infinitely concerned, my dear Grandiſon, to find a man equally generous and brave as my Brother is, hurried away by paſſion. You *may* have acted with your uſual magnaminity in preferring your Religion to your Love, and to your Glory. I, for my part, think you to be a diſtreſſed man. If you are not, you muſt be very inſenſible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the diſtinction ſhe honours you with. I muſt write in this ſtile, and think ſhe does honour by it even to my Grandiſon. But ſhould the conſequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you; if, in particular, for my *Brother*; What cauſe of regret would our family have, that a *younger* Brother was ſaved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder?* If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflection, that you ſaved one Brother, and periſhed by the hand of another! Would to God that his paſſion, and your ſpirit, were more moderate! But let me requeſt this favour of you; That you retire to Florence, for a few days, at leaſt.

How unhappy am I, that I am diſabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the General admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his ſoul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's ſake quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more ſedate. I have carried it, that her Confeſſor ſhall not at preſent viſit her; yet he is an honeſt and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miſerable! And can religion be the cauſe of ſo much unhappineſs? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-

morrow;

morrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your

JERONYMO.

I ſent my grateful compliments to the Marchioneſs by Camilla. I beſought her to believe, that my conduct on this occaſion ſhould be ſuch as ſhould merit her approbation. I expreſſed my grief for the apprehended reſentments. I was ſure that a man ſo noble, ſo generous, ſo brave, as was the man from whom the reſentments might be ſuppoſed to ariſe, would better conſider of every-thing: But it was impoſſible for me, I bid Camilla ſay, to be far diſtant from Bologna; becauſe I ſtill preſumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the ſame effect. I aſſured him of my high regard for his gallant Brother; I deplored the occaſion which had ſubjected me to the General's diſpleaſure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known reſolution of long ſtanding, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging, that he might, for that reaſon, the more ſecurely rely upon my care to ſhun any acts of offence either to or from a Son of the Marquis della Porretta; a Brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the moſt excellent and beloved of Siſters!

Neither the Marchioneſs nor Jeronymo were ſatisfied with the anſwers I returned: But what could I do? I had promiſed the General that I would not leave Bologna till I had appriſed him of my intention to do ſo; and I ſtill was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the Marchioneſs, to indulge my hopes of ſome happy turn.

The Marquis, the Biſhop, and General, went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full aſſembly, that Grandiſon, as well from difference in religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: And it was

hinted to the General, that he was equally unworthy of his reſentment.

While the Father and two Brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a ſedate mind. She deſired her Mother to allow her to ſee me: But the Marchioneſs, believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the conſequences, and of incurring blame from the reſt of her family, now eſpecially that they were abſent, and conſulting together on what *was* proper to be done, deſired ſhe would not think of it.

This refuſal made Clementina the more earneſt for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with, had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the ſeveral branches of it: This harmony among them added greatly to the family-conſequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the Confeſſor ſtrengthening the Marchioneſs's apprehenſions of what the conſequence of indulging the young Lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprize of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give into her wiſhes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which tears my heart in pieces.

The young Lady's malady, after ſome favourable ſymptoms which went off, returning in another ſhape; her talkativeneſs continued; but the hurry with which ſhe ſpoke and acted, gave place to a ſedateneſs that ſhe ſeemed very fond of. They did not ſuffer her to go

out

out of her chamber; which ſhe took not well: But Camilla, being abſent about an hour, on her return miſſed her, and alarmed the whole houſe upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was ſearched. From an apprehenſion that they dared not ſo much as whiſper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they ſo carefully ſought after.

At laſt, Camilla ſeeing, as ſhe ſuppoſed, one of the maid ſervants coming down-ſtairs with remarkable tranquillity, as ſhe thought, in her air and manner; Wretch! ſaid ſhe, how compoſed do you ſeem to be in a ſtorm that agitates every body elſe!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the ſuppoſed ſervant.

O my Lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's cloaths! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the Marchioneſs know (ſaid ſhe, to one of the women-ſervants who then appeared in ſight) that we have found my young Lady—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina (to another woman-ſervant) go this inſtant to my Lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus ſhe went on, aſking queſtions of her young Lady, and giving orders, almoſt in the ſame breath, till the Marchioneſs came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which ſhe had thrown herſelf; tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every ſervant, with fatal tidings.

The young Lady ſtood ſtill, but with great compoſure. I *will* go, Camilla, ſaid ſhe; indeed I will. You diſturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wiſh you would be as ſedate and calm as I am: What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—O my ſweet girl! ſaid ſhe, How could you terrify us thus? What's the meaning of this diſguiſe? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own.—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beſide herſelf!

O my dear! ſaid her Mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her) Tell me, ſaid ſhe, tell me, has Laura furniſhed you with this dreſs?

Why no, madam: I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myſelf in Laura's room, while ſhe changed her cloaths: I ſaw where ſhe put thoſe ſhe took off; and when ſhe had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you deſigned?

I am neither afraid nor aſhamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear Mamma, and I'll tell you. Do, let me kiſs away theſe tears.—And ſhe tenderly embraced her Mother.

Why, I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier Grandiſon. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could ſay a great deal to the purpoſe to him; and you told me I muſt not ſee him: So I thought I would not. But then I had other notions came into my head; and I believed, if I could talk freely to him, I ſhould convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I ſay to him, more than perhaps he will my Brother the Biſhop, or Father Mareſcotti. I am a ſimple girl, and can have no intereſt in his converſion; for he has refuſed me, you know: So there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refuſed before: *Was* I, my Mamma? I never will be twice refuſed. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can ſave a ſoul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own.

own. And ſhall I not go? Yes, I ſhall. I know you will give me leave.—She courteſied. Silence is permiſſion! Thank you, madam.—And ſeemed to be going.

Well might her Mother be ſilent. She could not ſpeak; but riſing, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, ſobbed over it her denial (as Camilla deſcribed it); and brought her back, and motioned to her to ſit down.

She whiſpered Camilla, What ails my Mamma? Can you tell?—But ſee how calm, how compoſed, I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and ſhe looked up. And ſo I ſhall tell the Chevalier. I ſhall tell him not to refuſe heaven, tho' he has refuſed a ſimple girl, who was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all theſe things I wanted to ſay to him, and a vaſt deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I ſhall be eaſy.

Will my precious girl be eaſy; broke out into ſpeech her weeping Mother, when you have told the Chevalier your mind? You *ſhall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God reſtore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my Mamma, this is a good ſign—For if I have moved you to oblige me, Why may I not move him to oblige himſelf?—That's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutreſs; and ſo you will let me go—Won't you?

No, my dear, we will ſend for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together: For theſe proud men may be aſhamed, before company, to own themſelves convinced by a ſimple girl.

But, my deareſt Love, Whither would you have gone? Do you know where the Chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla!

Camilla repeated the question, that the young Lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—Then, Why no, truly, said she; I did not think of that: But every-body in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Grandison lives—Don't you think so?—But when shall he come? That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul—If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: Tho' it *will be* so after my Lord and my two Sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: We shall all rejoice in that. Mean time, come with me, my dear—But first resume your own dress—And then we will tell Jeronymo what we have determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: As it also does my Lord and Lady L. and Miss Grandison. No wonder, when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the Letters that give the moving particulars.

Dr. Bartlett's *eighth Letter.*

I Proceed now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, tho' with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the Marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the Marchioness, after first civilities,

Camilla

Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great deſire to talk with you. Who knows, but ſhe may be eaſier after ſhe has been humoured?—She is more compoſed than ſhe was, ſince ſhe knows ſhe may expect to ſee you. Poor thing! ſhe has hopes of converting you.

Would to heaven, ſaid Jeronymo, that compaſſion for her diſordered mind may have that effect upon my Grandiſon, which argument has not had!—Poor Grandiſon! I can pity you at my heart. Theſe are hard trials to your humanity! Your diſtreſs is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, ſaid I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The Marchioneſs rang. Camilla came in. See, ſaid ſhe, if Clementina is diſpoſed now to admit of the Chevalier's viſit; and aſk her, If ſhe will have her Mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the anſwer returned.

Clementina at our entrance was ſitting at the window, a book in her hand. She ſtood up. A great, but ſolemn compoſure appeared in her air and aſpect.

The Marchioneſs went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound reſpect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to ſpeak firſt—*She* could ſpeak. She did, without heſitation—

You are nothing to me now, Chevalier: You have refuſed me, you know; and I thank you: You are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you ſaw what trouble I gave to the beſt of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give ſo much concern to them, muſt make any man afraid of her. But Religion, it ſeems, is your pretence. Now I am ſorry that you are an obſtinate man. You *know* better, Chevalier. I think you *ſhould* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I ſhall attend to every inſtruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, Sir, comfort my Mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my Mamma? taking a hand in each of hers, and kiſſing firſt one, then the other. Be comforted, my Mamma. You ſee I am quite well. You ſee I am ſedate.—Bleſs your Clementina!

God bleſs my child!

She aroſe from her knees; and ſtepping towards me—You are very ſilent, Sir; and very ſad—But I don't want you to be ſad.—Silent I will allow you to be; becauſe the tutored ſhould be all ear. So I uſed to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to ſay to you; but I have forgot it all—Why do you look ſo melancholy, Chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought juſt and fit—Did you not? Tell me, Sir.

Then turning to her weeping Mother—The poor Chevalier cannot ſpeak, madam—Yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—He is ſorry, to be ſure!—Well, but, Sir, turning to me, Don't be ſorry.—And yet the man who once refuſed me—Ah, Chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: But I ſoon got over it. You ſee how ſedate I am now. Cannot you be as ſedate as I am?

What could I ſay? I could not ſooth her: She boaſted of her ſedateneſs. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromiſe have been allowed of, I could have been unreſerved in my declarations. Was ever man ſo unhappily circumſtanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendſhip with me? Why did this excellent Mother bind me to her, by the ſweet ties of kindneſs and eſteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But

But let me aſk you, Chevalier, How could you be ſo *unreaſonable* as to expect, that I ſhould change my religion, when you were ſo very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreaſonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe, you men think, it is no matter for us women to have any conſciences, ſo as we do but ſtudy your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themſelves as Gods of the earth, and on us women but as their miniſtring ſervants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be ſo unreaſonable. You uſed to ſpeak highly of our Sex. Good women, you uſed to ſay, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud that I *was* a woman. How could *you*, Chevalier, be ſo unreaſonable?

May I, madam, to her Mother, acquaint her with the propoſals I made?—She ſeems to think, that I inſiſted upon her change of religion.

It was not deſigned ſhe ſhould think ſo: But I remember now, that ſhe would not let me tell all I had to ſay, when I was making my report to her of what had paſſed between the Biſhop and you. It was enough, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had been refuſed; ſhe beſought me to ſpare the reſt: And ſince that, ſhe has not been in ſuch a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the ſubject. We took it for granted, that *ſhe* knew it all, becauſe *we* did. Could we have yielded to your propoſals, we ſhould have enforced them upon her.—If you acquaint her with what you had propoſed, it may make her think ſhe has not been *deſpiſed*, as ſhe calls it; the notion of which changed her temper, from over-thoughtful to over-lively.

No need of ſpeaking low to each other, ſaid the young Lady. After your ſlight, Sir, you may let me hear *any-thing*.—Madam! you ſee how ſedate I am. I have quite overcome myſelf. Don't be afraid of ſaying *any-thing* before me.

Slight, my deareſt Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witneſs, your honoured Mamma is my witneſs,

that I have not ſlighted you!—The conditions I had propoſed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happieſt of men!

Yes, and me the unhappieſt of women. Why you refuſed me, did you not? And putting both her hands ſpread before her face; Don't let it be told abroad, that a Daughter of that beſt of Mothers was refuſed by any man leſs than a Prince!—Fie upon that Daughter! To be able to ſtand before the proud refuſer! [She walked from me.] I am aſhamed of myſelf!—O Mrs. Beaumont! but for *you!*—My ſecret had been buried here, putting one hand on her boſom, holding ſtill the other before her face.—But Sir, Sir, coming towards me, don't ſpeak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlaſting ſilence be my portion!

How her Mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to ſay to you, I thought: I wanted to convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, Sir: Mine was a pure, diſintereſted eſteem. A voice from heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was ſetting out to convert you. I ſhould have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: *Out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings*; Do you remember that text, Sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—But now I have loſt it—O that impertinent Camilla!—*She* muſt queſtion me—The woman addreſſed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to ſee me ſo ſedate.

I was going to ſpeak—Huſh, huſh, when I bid you! and ſhe put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kiſſed it.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *deſpiſed* girl—

Let me *now* ſpeak, madam—Uſe not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the propoſals I made—

I

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguiſh of my ſoul—Huſh, ſaid ſhe, interrupting, and turning to her Mother—I know nothing of theſe men, madam! Do you think my Mamma, I may believe him? He *looks* as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her Mother was ſilent, through grief.

Ah, Sir! My mamma, tho' ſhe is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She ſtept to her cloſet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, Sir, you muſt not play tricks with me. Give me under your hand, what you have now ſaid—But I will write it, and you ſhall ſign it.

She wrote, in an inſtant, as follows:

The Chevalier Grandiſon ſolemnly declares, That he did, in the moſt earneſt manner, of his own accord, propoſe, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if ſhe might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free uſe of her religion; and to have a diſcreet man, at her choice, for her confeſſor: And that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: And that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you ſign this, Sir?—

Moſt willingly.—

Do then.—

I did.

And you *did* propoſe this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you ſo; but that you were affected at his ſuppoſed refuſal.

Why, to be ſure, madam, interrupted ſhe, it was a ſhocking thing to be *refuſed*.

Would you have wiſhed us, my dear, to comply with theſe terms? Would you have choſen to marry a Proteſtant? A Daughter of the houſe of Porretta, and of the houſe I ſprung from, to marry an Engliſh Proteſtant?

Clementina

Clementina took her Mother aſide; but ſpoke loud enough to be heard:

To be ſure, madam, that would have been wrong: But I am glad I was not refuſed with contempt: That my tutor, and the preſerver of my Jeronymo, did not *deſpiſe* me. To ſay truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and ſo made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the Chevalier's propoſals?

Why no, ſurely, madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my Religion, madam.

So does he, my Love, in his.

That is his *fault*, madam. Chevalier, ſtepping towards me, I think you a very obſtinate man. I hope you have not heard our diſcourſe.

Yes, my dear, he has: And I deſire not but he ſhould.

Would to God, madam, ſaid I to the Marchioneſs, that I had yours and my Lord's intereſt! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might preſume—

But, Sir, you are *miſtaken*, perhaps, ſaid the young Lady. Tho' I anſwer for anſwering's ſake, and to ſhew that I have no doubt of my ſtedfaſtneſs in an article in which my ſoul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obſtinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her Mother aſide: For God's ſake, madam, encourage my preſumptuous hopes. Do you not obſerve already, an alteration in the dear Lady's mind? Is ſhe not more unaffectedly ſedate than ſhe was before? Is not her mind quieter, now ſhe knows that every-thing was yielded up that honour and conſcience would permit to be yielded up? See that ſweet ſerenity almoſt reſtored to thoſe eyes, that within theſe few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, Chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it

did,

did, I cannot allow of my Daughter's marrying a man ſo bigotted to his errors. Excuſe me, Sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I ſhould have more hopes of you, and leſs objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be reſiſted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with ſuch a family—

Ah Chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the ſweet Lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what ſhe was, the joy of every heart; and what ſhe may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And ſhall not the noble Clementina have her Mother for her advocate? God is my witneſs, that your Clementina's happineſs is, more than my own, the object of my vows. Once more, for your Clementina's ſake (What, alas! is *my* ſake to that) on my knee, let me requeſt your interceſt: That, joined to my Jeronymo's, and if the dear Lady recede not, if ſhe blaſt not theſe budding hopes, will, I doubt not, ſucceed.

The young Lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, Riſe, Chevalier:—Shall I raiſe the Chevalier, madam?—I don't love to ſee him kneel. Poor Chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with every-body? Why do you weep?—My Mamma weeps too!—What ails every-body?

Riſe, Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs. O this ſweet prattler! She will burſt my heart aſunder?—You cannot, Sir, prevail (I cannot *wiſh* that you ſhould) but upon our own terms. And will not this ſweet ſoul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandiſon!

What a fate is mine! riſing: With a ſoul penetrated by the diſorder of this moſt excellent of women, and by the diſtreſs given by it to a family, every ſingle perſon of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard hearted! What is it I deſire,

but

but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conſcience is ſatisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it, one, about which, tho' I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have ſcruples, *more* than ſcruples, that my heart can juſtify, and my reaſon defend! You have not, madam, yourſelf, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earneſtneſs, now on me, now on her weeping Mother—And at laſt, breaking ſilence [Her Mother could not ſpeak] and taking her hand, and kiſſing it, I don't, ſaid ſhe, comprehend the reaſon of all this. This houſe is not the houſe it was: Who, but I, is the ſame perſon in it? My Father is not the ſame. My Brothers neither: My Mamma never has a dry eye, I think: But I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—O my Mamma! What would you ſay to your girl, if *ſhe* refuſed comfort? Then kneeling down, and kiſſing her hand with eagerneſs I beſeech you, my dear Mamma, I *beſeech* you, be comforted; or lend me ſome of your tears—What ails me that I cannot weep for you!—But, turning to me, See, the Chevalier weeps too!—Then riſing, and coming to me, her hand preſſing my arm—Don't weep, Chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my Brother's preſerver! What ails you?—Be comforted!—Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, ſtill preſſing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this!—You ſee what an example I, a ſilly girl, can ſet you—Affecting a ſtill ſedater conntenance.

O Chevalier! ſaid the weeping Mother, and do you ſay your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! would to Heaven it were given me to reſtore

my

my child!—O Chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—But *you* are immoveable!

How can that be ſaid, madam, when I have made conceſſions, that a princely family ſhould not, on a *beginning* addreſs, have brought me to make? May I *repeat*, before Lady Clementina—

What would he repeat to me? interrupted ſhe. Do, madam, let him ſay all he has a mind to ſay. If it will make his poor heart eaſy, why let him ſay all he would ſay—Chevalier, ſpeak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy, if I could.

This, madam, ſaid I to her Mother, is too much! Excellent young Lady!—Who can bear ſuch tranſcendent goodneſs of heart, ſhining through intellects ſo diſturbed!—And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumſtanced than I am?

O my Clementina! ſaid her Mother, dear child of my heart! And could you conſent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You ſee, Chevalier, I will put *your* queſtions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own anceſtors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I preſume, madam, to put the queſtion in my own way?—But yet I think it may diſtreſs the dear Lady, and not anſwer the deſirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* intereſt in my favour; and of the acquieſcence of the Marquis and your Sons with my propoſals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear inſolent, unreaſonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the eaſier by ſuch a repreſentation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I muſt indeed deſpair.

Had

Had I any hope of carrying your cauſe, I know not what might be done: But I muſt not ſeparate myſelf from my family, in this great article.—My dear! to Clementina, you ſaid you ſhould be eaſier in your mind, if you were to talk to the Chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your Father and Brothers will be here to-morrow—And then, Chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to ſay to him. And, as I thought I had no *intereſt* in what I had to ſay—

Would you wiſh, my dear, to be left alone with the Chevalier? Can you recollect any-thing that you had intended to ſay to him, had you made him the viſit you deſigned to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, Sir (You have been my tutor, and many excellent leſſons have you taught me—tho' I don't know what is become of them!—Ought I) to wiſh my Mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have any-thing to ſay to you, that I could not ſay before her?—I think not.

The Marchioneſs was retiring. I beg of you, madam, ſaid I, to ſlip unobſerved into that cloſet. You *muſt* hear all that paſſes. The occaſion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or cenſured, as I ſhall appear to deſerve, in the converſation that may paſs between the dear Lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O Chevalier! You are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courteſied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the Marchioneſs re-entered, and ſlipt into the cloſet.

I conducted the young Lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the cloſet-door, that her Mother might

might hear all that paſſed.—She ſat down, and bid me ſit by her.

I was willing ſhe ſhould lead the ſubject, that the Marchioneſs might obſerve I intended not to prepoſſeſs her.

We were ſilent for a few moments. She ſeemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one ſide, then on the other—At laſt, O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me Engliſh!

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, Chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the beſt of women,

Why ſo I think. But ſhe turned and winded me about moſt ſtrangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How ſo, madam?

How ſo! Why to let her get out of me a ſecret that I had kept from my Mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent Mother.—Now you look, Chevalier: But I ſha'n't tell you what the ſecret was.

I do not aſk you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to ſay to you, I thought. I wiſh that frantic Camilla had not ſtopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to ſay to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me conſider—Why, in the firſt place, I thought you *deſpiſed* me. I was not ſorry for that, I do aſſure you: That did me good. At firſt it vexed me—You can't think how much. I have a great deal of pride, Sir—But, well, I got over that; and I grew ſedate—You ſee how ſedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks ſo or not (I will tell you all my thoughts, Sir) But don't be grieved.—You ſee how ſedate *I* am. Yet I am a ſilly girl; you are thought to be a wiſe man: Don't diſgrace your wiſdom. Fie! a wiſe man to be weaker than a ſimple girl!—Don't let it be ſaid—What was I ſaying?

Yet

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks ſo, or not, you ſaid, madam.

True!—has a Soul to be ſaved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England: Shall I not take ſome with *him*, to teach him the language of Heaven!—No heretic can learn that, Sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the Fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And ſo they are all gone—But this one thing I have to ſay—I deſigned to ſay ſomething like it, at the concluſion of my diſcourſe with you—So it is premeditated, you will ſay: And ſo it is. But let me whiſper it—No I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my bluſhes come already—But (and ſhe put her ſpread hand before her face, as if to hide her bluſhes) Don't look at me, I tell you—Look at the window [I did]. Why, Chevalier, I did intend to ſay—But ſtay—I have wrote it down ſomewhere [She pulled out her pocket-book] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you—She read—'Let me beſeech you, Sir (I was very earneſt, 'you ſee) to hate, to deſpiſe, to deteſt (Now don't 'look this way) the unhappy Clementina, with all 'my heart; but, for the ſake of your immortal Soul, 'let me conjure you to be reconciled to our Holy 'Mother Church!—' Will you, Sir?—following my indeed averted face with her ſweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an Angel of a man: And is it not better to be an Angel in Heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had ſenſibility—Say you will—Not for my ſake—I told you, that I would content myſelf to be ſtill deſpiſed. It ſhall not be ſaid, that you did this for a wife!—No, Sir, your conſcience ſhall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace—She ſtood up with a dignity that was augmented by her

piety;

piety; And I will ſay, 'Now do thou, O beckoning 'Angel (for an angel will be on the other ſide of the river—The river ſhall be death, Sir!—Now do thou) 'reach out thy divine hand, O Miniſter of peace! 'I will wade through theſe ſeparating waters; and I 'wil beſpeak a place for the man, who, many, many 'years hence, may fill it!—And I will ſit next you for 'ever and ever!'—And this, Sir, ſhall ſatisfy the poor Clementina; who will then be richer than the richeſt! So you ſee, Sir, as I told my Mother, I was ſetting out on God's errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear Lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Dr. Bartlett! what did I not ſuffer?

The Marchioneſs was too near for herſelf: She could not bear this ſpeech of her pious, generous, noble Daughter. She ſobbed; ſhe groaned.

Clementina ſtarted—She looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came theſe groans? Did *you* groan, Sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, tho' they ſay you are, But will you be a Catholic, Sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—If I don't reſign to my deſtiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and then I ſhall be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What could I ſay to the dear Lady? Her mind was raiſed above an earthly Love. Circumſtanced as we were, how could I expreſs the tenderneſs for her which overflowed my heart? Compaſſion is a motive that a woman of ſpirit will reject: And how could Love be here *pleaded*, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myſelf in her affection, when I refuſed to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued againſt her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind ſo diſturbed, could not be done: And ought I, in generoſity, in juſtice to her

her family, to have attempted to unſettle her in a faith in which ſhe, and all her family, were ſo well ſatisfied ?

I could only, when I could ſpeak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an Angel of a woman, an ornament of her Sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to wave the ſubject.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, after a ſilence of ſome minutes!—You are an obſtinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not deſpiſe me.—But what ſays your paper?

She took it out of her boſom, and read it. She ſeemed affected by it, as if ſhe had not before conſidered it: And you *really* propoſed theſe terms, Sir? And would you have allowed me the full exerciſe of my religion? And ſhould I have had my Confeſſor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my Confeſſor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my Papa and Mamma? And would you have loved my two other Brothers as well as you do Jeronymo?—And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't ſay, Yes.—But do you ſay, No?

To theſe terms, madam, moſt willingly would I have ſubſcribed: And if, my deareſt Lady, they could have had the wiſhed-for effect, how happy had I been?

Well!—She then pauſed; and reſuming, What ſhall we ſay to all theſe things?

I thought her Mother would take it well, to have an opportunity given her to quit the cloſet, now her Clementina had changed her ſubject to one ſo concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing ſo. She ſlipt out, her face bathed in tears, and ſoon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! ſaid Clementina, paying obeiſance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the Chevalier.

Then,

Then, ſpeaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: He has a tender heart. But huſh, putting her finger to her mouth, and then ſpeaking louder. I have been reading this paper again—

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the Marchioneſs apprehended (the firſt time that I had reaſon to think ſhe was diſinclined to the alliance): For ſhe ſtopt her: My love, ſaid ſhe, you and I will talk of this matter by ourſelves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her Daughter; and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, How was it poſſible that you could withſtand ſuch a heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as ſhe deſerves to be loved: You cannot but act nobly, generouſly; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your Ladyſhip adds diſtreſs to my very great diſtreſs!—*Am* I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man!—But muſt I loſe *your* favour, *your* intereſt? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, Chevalier: And I have now no hopes of you. After this laſt converſation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor ſoul! She began to waver. O how ſhe loves you! I ſee you are *not* to be united: It is impoſſible. And I did not care to permit a Daughter of mine further to expoſe herſelf as it muſt have been to no manner of purpoſe.—You are concerned.—I ſhould pity you, Sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourſelf, happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect ſuch a turn in my diſfavour from the Marchioneſs.

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear Lady, to whoſe piety and admirable heart I am ſo much indebted? I be-

I believe it may as well be deferred, Chevalier.

Deferred, madam!—The Marquis and the General come; and my heart tells me, that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, Sir.

If it muſt, I ſubmit—God for ever bleſs you, madam, for all your goodneſs! God reſtore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me!* Time, and my own not diſapproving conſcience, may—But a more unhappy man never paſſed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiſs her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla haſtened after me. Chevalier, ſays ſhe, my Lady aſks, If you will not viſit Signor Jeronymo?

Bleſſings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot ſee him. I ſhall *complain* to him. My heart will burſt before him. Commend me to that true friend. Bleſſings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Bartlett!—But the Mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the abſence of her Lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of ſhewing more favour to me, than, as things were circumſtanced, it was proper ſhe ſhould ſhew me: Yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way ſhe was in, was not eaſily diverted from any-thing ſhe took ſtrongly into her head; and they never had accuſtomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this Letter, do you not own, that this man, and this woman, can only deſerve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the ſame opinion, I am ſure: And this Letter will

convince

convince you, that *more* than his compaſſion, that his *Love* for Clementina, was engaged. And ſo it *ought*. And what is the inference but this—That your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervor, my dear, in a ſecond Love, that was in a firſt. Do you think there can?

Dr. Bartlett's *ninth Letter.*

THE young Lady, proceeds Mr. Grandiſon, after I had left her, went to her Brother Jeronymo. There I ſhould have found her, had I, as her Mother motioned by Camilla, viſited my friend: But when I found he was likely to ſtand alone in his favour to me; when the Marchioneſs had ſo unexpectedly declared herſelf againſt the compromiſe; I was afraid of diſturbing his worthy heart, by the grief which at the inſtant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo ſent me, within three hours after I left their palace.

His Siſter, making Camilla retire, ſhewed him the paper which ſhe had written, and made me ſign, and aſked him what ſhe knew of the contents.

He knew not what had paſſed between his Mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her, that I had actually made thoſe propoſals. He aſſured her, that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my diſtreſs.

She pitied me. She thought, ſhe ſaid, that I had not made any overtures, any conceſſions; that I deſpiſed her; and ſenſibly aſked, Why the Chevalier was ſent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind, as to religion, ſaid ſhe.

Then, after a pauſe, He never could have perverted me, proceeded ſhe: He would have allowed me a confeſſor, would he not?

He would, anſwered Jeronymo.—

And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—

He would, replied he.

Well, Brother, and I ſhould have been glad perhaps to have ſeen England once; and he would perhaps have brought over his Siſters and his Father to viſit us: And he praiſes them highly, *you know*. And if I were their Siſter, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me?* I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know*; and they *muſt* be courteous: Are they not *his* Siſters? And don't you think his Father would love me? I ſhould have brought no diſhonour into his family, *you know*.—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo: He is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his Soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Mareſcotti is a ſevere man, *you know*; and he has been always ſo much conſulted, and don't love the Chevalier, I believe: So that I fanſy, if I were to have a venerable ſweet-tempered man for my confeſſor, between *my* Love, and my *confeſſor*'s Prudence, we ſhould gain a Soul.—Don't you think ſo, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many ſins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know!*

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, ſhe ſaid, that I was not yet gone. He is *ſo* tender-hearted, Brother! *that* is my dependence: And you ſay, he loves me. Are you ſure of that?—But I have reaſon to think he does. He ſhed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not ſhed one tear. Well, I'll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whiſpering accent—My Mamma is coming; Huſh, Jeronymo! let Huſh be the word!—

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my Mamma: The impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my ſhadow!

My Lady deſires to ſee you, Lady Clementina, in her dreſſing-room.

I obey. But where is the Chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone ſome time.

Ah, Brother! ſaid ſhe, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! ſaid Jeronymo, without ſeeing me! Unkind Grandiſon! He did not uſe to be ſo unkind.

This was the ſubſtance of the advices ſent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had paſſed between the Marchioneſs and me, that he might not, by his friendſhip for me, involve himſelf in difficulties.

In the morning I had a viſit from Camilla, by her Lady's command; with excuſes for refuſing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not diſpleaſed with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not diſreſpect. She ſhould ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the deſired relation could have taken place. Her Lord, and her Brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called) with the General and the Biſhop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the Count's eldeſt Son, Signor Sebaſtiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the leſs, as her beloved Daughter was more compoſed than before, and gave ſedate anſwers to all the queſtions put to her. But, nevertheleſs, ſhe wiſhed that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's ſake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wiſhed to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: And as from herſelf, and in confidence, that her young Lady was greatly concerned, that I did not wait on her again before I went away: That ſhe fell into a ſilent fit upon it; and that her Mamma, on her not anſwering to her queſtions, for the firſt time, chid her: That this gave her great diſtreſs, but produced what they had ſo much wiſhed for, a flood of

tears; and that now she frequently wept, and lamented to her, What *should* she do? Her Mamma, did not love her, and her Mamma talked against the Chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her but the Chevalier and Jeronymo! It would be better for her to be in England, or any-where, than to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me, that the Marquis, the Count his Brother, and the General, had indeed blamed the Marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young Lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: They seemed now all of a mind, she said; That were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not, by any means, be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened; my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater, and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's Uncle, and his eldest Son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her; but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes. Her Father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her Mother joined him; but she threw herself at her Mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again*. They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The General and the Bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: And I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined, that the *husband* would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a ſervant's intelligence out of the family ſhe belonged to, unleſs ſome one of it authorized her to give it me. Yet, you muſt believe, I wanted not anxious curioſity on a ſubject ſo intereſting. I thanked her; but ſaid, that it might, if diſcovered, lay her under inconveniencies which would grieve me for her ſake. She had the good ſenſe to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the ſame day, I had a viſit made me which I little expected: It was from Father Mareſcotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, eſpecially if he be in Holy Orders, and comes to us in the guiſe of friendſhip, with the charge of hypocriſy: But partiality may be at the bottom of the accuſation. Father Mareſcotti is a zealous Roman-catholic: I could not hope either for his intereſt, or affection: He could not but wiſh to fruſtrate my hopes. As a man in earneſt in his own principles, and who knew how ſtedfaſt I was in mine, it was his duty to oppoſe this alliance. He is, perhaps, the honeſter man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender paſſions. As to that of Love, he ſeemed to have drawn his concluſions from general obſervations: He knew not how to allow for particular conſtitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of ſuch a heart as Clementina's. Love he thought was always a poor blind boy, led in a ſtring, either by Folly, or Fancy; and that once the impetus got over, and the Lady ſettled into the common offices of life, ſhe would domeſticate herſelf, and be as happy with the Count of Belvedere, eſpecially as he is a very worthy man, as if ſhe had married the man once moſt favoured. On this preſumption, it was a condeſcenſion in ſuch a man, to come to me, and to declare himſelf my friend; and adviſe me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I profeſſed to venerate; and you will

hear that his condeſcenſion was owing to a real greatneſs of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank; more ſo than he expected, as he owned. He told me, that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices againſt him. The kinder then in him, I ſaid, that he condeſcended to make me ſo friendly a viſit. I aſſured him, that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed ſometimes thought him ſevere; but that convinced me that he was very much in earneſt in his religion. I was ſenſible, I ſaid, that we ought always to look to the intention; to put ourſelves in the ſituation of the perſons of whoſe actions we preſumed to judge; and even to think well of auſterities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected ourſelves.

He applauded me; and ſaid, I wanted ſo little to be a Catholic, that it was a thouſand pities I was not one: And he was perſuaded, that I ſhould one day be a proſelyte.

This Father's buſineſs was, to convince me of the unfitneſs of an alliance between families ſo very oppoſite in their religious ſentiments. He went into hiſtory upon it. You may believe, that the unhappy conſequence which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princeſs Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them: But I obſerved to him, That the Monarch was the ſufferer, by the zeal of the Queen for her religion, and not the Queen, any otherwiſe than as ſhe was involved in the conſequences of thoſe ſufferings which ſhe had brought upon him. In ſhort, Father, ſaid I, We Proteſtants, ſome of us, have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a perſecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the perſon is more honeſt and worthy.

I lamented, that I was ſent for from Vienna, upon

hopes,

hopes, tho' my principles were well known, that otherwiſe I had never preſumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong ſtep: And valued himſelf that he had not been conſulted upon it; and that when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed againſt it.

And I am *afraid*, Father, ſaid I—

He interrupted me—Why, I believe ſo!—You have made ſuch generous diſtinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I muſt *own*, I have not been an idle obſerver on this occaſion.

He adviſed me to quit Bologna. He was profuſe in his offers of ſervice in any other affair; and, I dare ſay, was in earneſt.

I told him, That I choſe not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done ſomething blame-worthy. I had ſome hopes of being recalled to my Father's arms. I ſhould ſet out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of ſuch a long-wiſhed-for call: And then, ſaid I, Adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I ſhould have been happy, had I never ſeen it, but in the way for which I have been accuſtomed to cenſure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was ſuch, as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuſe, he kneeled down at the door of my antechamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my converſion. He could not have given me, any other way, ſo high an opinion of him: No, not, had he offered me his intereſt with Clementina, and her family. I embraced him; as he did me: Tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this viſit; and, recommending myſelf to his frequent prayers, told him, That he might be aſſured of all the reſpectful ſervices he ſhould put it in my power to

render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a preſent worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, ſaid he, ſaw a Proteſtant that I loved, before. Your mind is ſtill more amiable than your perſon. Lady Clementina, I ſee, might have been happy with you: But it was not fit, on *our* ſide. He ſnatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips; and haſtened from me, leaving me at a loſs, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of ſight; my mind labouring as under a high ſenſe of obligation to his goodneſs.

Religion and Love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our reliſh for the things of both worlds, What pity is it, that they ſhould ever run the human heart either into enthuſiaſm, or ſuperſtition; and thereby debaſe the minds they are both ſo well fitted to exalt!

I am equally ſurpriſed and affected by the contents of the following Letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody ſaw by whom. The Daughter of the Lady at whoſe houſe I lodge, found it, and gave it to one of my ſervants for me.

DON'T be ſurpriſed, Chevalier; don't think amiſs of me for my forwardneſs. I heard ſome words drop (ſo did Camilla, but ſhe can't go out to tell you of them) as if Somebody's life was in danger. This diſtracts me. I am not treated as I was accuſtomed to be treated. They don't love me now—They don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, Chevalier! You, who are always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I ſuppoſe. Nothing now is ſaid, but *You ſhall, Clementina*—from thoſe who uſed to call me Siſter, and dear Siſter, at every word.

They ſaid, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand—I know from whom they

they have that. From myſelf. I ſaid ſo to Mrs. Beaumont; but ſhe need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again, for that. They ſay I *ſhall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, Chevalier: I wiſh I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; elſe I had not ſaid it to Mrs. Beaumont: But let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart: That heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me—Something—I won't tell you what—And then they ſent for Somebody—And Somebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me ſo—Somebody is not ſo much to blame as they will have it he is: And that Somebody did make propoſals—Did you not, Chevalier?—I had like to have betrayed myſelf—I ſtopt juſt in time.

But, Chevalier, I'll tell you a ſecret—Don't ſpeak of it to any-body—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me, that the Count of Belvedere is to come again.—Are you not ſorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another ſecret—And that is, what I intend to ſay to him—'Look you 'here, my Lord, you are a very good ſort of man; 'and you have great eſtates: You are very rich: 'You are, in ſhort, a very good ſort of man; but 'there is, however, a man in the world with whom I 'had rather live in the pooreſt hermitage in a wilder-'neſs, than with you in the richeſt palace in the 'world.' After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you ſaid he was not, he will be anſwered—Every-thing you ſaid to me in former happy times, I remember. You always ſaid things to me, that were fit to be remembred. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no ſuch man. But this, you know, will be a ſufficient anſwer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think ſo?

Here I have been tormented again!— Would you think it? I have been pleading for Somebody, boldly, confidently. I ſaid I could depend upon his honour! Ah, Chevalier! Don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!— They won't let me ſee Somebody— They won't let me ſee my poor Jeronymo!— You, and I, and Jeronymo, are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care. They will quite harden me.

But juſt now my Mamma— O ſhe is the beſt of mothers!—My Mamma tells me, She will not perſuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear Mamma, as I told her, I will be patient, and good: But don't let them inveigh againſt the Chevalier, then. What harm has he done?— Was he not— Ah! Sir, now I bluſh!—Was he not ſent for?—And did he not weep over me?— Yet is he none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were ſure of your approbation!— Well, but what do you think my Mamma ſaid—Ah, Clementina! ſaid ſhe, would to God the Chevalier for *his own ſake* (yes, ſhe ſaid for *his own ſake*; and that made a great impreſſion upon me; it was ſo good, you know, of my Mamma) that the Chevalier was in England, or a thouſand miles off. So, Sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard ſome words, and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them— Get away to England as ſoon as you can— Beſure do!— And ſome months hence, bring your two Siſters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be ended, you know: And you ſhall take a houſe, and then I can go and viſit your Siſters, you know, and your Siſters will viſit us. You will come ſometimes with them; Won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will paſs part of our time: They ſhall perfect me in my Engliſh: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I ſuppoſe, at leaſt, as I do of Engliſh: And we will viſit every court, and every city,

So,

So, God bleſs you, Sir, and get away, as ſoon as you can. I put no name; for fear this ſhould miſcarry, and I ſhould be found out— Ah, Sir! they are very ſevere with me! Pity me: But I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for You!*

Theſe laſt five words were intended to be ſcratched out; and are but juſt legible.

How the contents of this Letter afflict me! Words cannot expreſs what I feel! I ſee, evidently, that they are taking wrong meaſures with the tendereſt heart in the world; a heart that never once has ſwerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boaſt a relation to it. Harſh treatment, and which is beſides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with ſuch a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had peruſed it, aſk for an audience of a Mother ſo indulgent, and give her my diſintereſted advice upon it? Once I could have done ſo; and even, in confidence, have ſhewn her this very Letter: But now ſhe is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's ſake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a Lover to her!— *Threatening* her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they ſhould *court* her to go thither!— Not ſuffer her to ſee her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in diſgrace too!— How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct! I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and adviſed gentle meaſures, were he not out of their conſultations— As to the threatened *reſentments*, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's ſufferings are everything! My ſoul diſdains the thought of faſtening myſelf upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued, will ſwell. It will be put upon *over*-valuing itſelf. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: But when I am trampled upon, or deſpiſed, *then* it is moſt proud. I would call myſelf a *Man*, to a Prince, who

ſhould unjuſtly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raiſed: Yet againſt whom? Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has ſeen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, tho' not cauſed by me (I bleſs God for that!) has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not ſee if it be poſſible for me to gratify myſelf, and ſerve them in her reſtoration? Setting quite out of the queſtion the General's cauſeleſs reſentments, and the engagement I have laid myſelf under not to leave it without appriſing him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I reſolved to wait the iſſue of the new meaſures they have fallen upon. The dear Lady has declared herſelf in my favour. Such a frank declaration muſt ſoon be followed by important conſequences.

THE third day after the arrival of her Father and Brothers from Urbino, I received the following billet from the Marquis himſelf:

Chevalier Grandiſon,

WE are in the utmoſt diſtreſs. We cannot take upon us to forbid your ſtay at Bologna; but ſhall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our Daughter, that you are gone to England, or ſome far diſtant part of Italy. Wiſhing you happy, I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

To this I wrote as follows:

My Lord,

I Am exceſſively grieved for your diſtreſs. I make no heſitation to obey you. But as I am not conſcious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations;

tions; let me hope, that I may be allowed a farewel visit to your Lordship, to your Lady, and to your three Sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting, which, from the knowlege I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your Lordship's

Ever obliged, and
affectionate humble Servant,
GRANDISON.

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: But my dear Jeronymo insisted, that it was worthy of his Friend, his Deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form, to visit and take leave of the family: And two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man for the last time (and some of them for the first) who was thought, by his request, to have shewn a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, tho' a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be) I received the following Letter from my friend Jeronymo:

My dearest Grandison,

TAKE the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comport yourself, to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of

Of them will be preſent, the Count my Father's Brother, and his Sons Sebaſtiano and Juliano, my Aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow Lady, as you know, and her Daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my Siſter's age, between whom and my Siſter uſed to be, as you have heard, the ſtricteſt friendſhip and correſpondence; and who inſiſted on being preſent on this occaſion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Mareſcotti will be preſent. He is become your very great admirer.

My Father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraws the moment he has made them, you muſt not be ſurpriſed.

My Mother ſays, that as it is the laſt time that ſhe may ever ſee you, and as ſhe really greatly reſpects you, ſhe ſhall not be able to leave you while you ſtay.

The General, I hope, will behave with politeneſs.

The Biſhop loves you; but will not, however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the ſame room. If he be more ſilent than uſual on the ſolemn occaſion, you will not do him injuſtice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the ſituation of the dear creature who muſt not appear, but who is more intereſted in the occaſion of the congreſs than any perſon who will be preſent at it.

What paſſed between you and her at the laſt interview, has greatly impreſſed her in your favour. The Biſhop, the General, and my Father, ſoon after their return from Urbino, made her a viſit in her dreſſing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own Religion, and of the errors of the pretended Reformed, which they called, and I *ſuppoſe* are, *damnable*. They found her ſteady in her abhorrence of

the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational anſwers, and compoſed behaviour: They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleaſure, to enter into farther talk with her: But when they mentioned you to her, ſhe, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, ſaid, It had given her great pleaſure, and eaſe of mind, to find that ſhe was not *deſpiſed* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The General had hardly patience; he walked to the farther end of the room: My Father was in tears: The Biſhop ſoothed her, in order to induce her to ſpeak her whole mind.

He praiſed you. She ſeemed pleaſed. He led her to believe, that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if ſhe would declare herſelf; and aſked her queſtions, the anſwers to which muſt either be an avowal or a denial of her Love; and then ſhe owned, That ſhe preferred the Chevalier Grandiſon to all the men in the world; ſhe would not, againſt the opinion of her friends, wiſh to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, ſaid the General, though he continue a Heretic?

He might be converted, ſhe ſaid. And he was a ſweet-tempered and compaſſionate man: And a man of ſenſe, as *he* was, muſt ſee his errors.

Would ſhe run the riſque of her own ſalvation?

She was ſure ſhe ſhould never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverſeneſs.

Her reliance on his goodneſs to enable her to be ſtedfaſt, was humble, and not preſumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proſelyte; and God would not forſake a perſon ſo well intending. Was ſhe not to be allowed her confeſſor? Her confeſſor ſhould be appointed by themſelves. She did not doubt but the Chevalier would conſent to that.

The Biſhop, you know, can be cool when he pleaſes. He bore to talk further with her.

My Father was ſtill in tears.

The General had no longer patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his diſpleaſure. It is true, Grandiſon, when it was propoſed to ſend for you from Vienna, I, ſanguine in my hopes, had expreſſed myſelf as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic—Your love, your compaſſion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by ſuch a ſtep taken on our ſide—I had no notion that on ſuch a ſurprize, with ſuch motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myſelf, and with a heart ſo ſenſible, could have been ſo firm: But theſe thoughts are all over—This, however, expoſes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my Mother and Uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my *ſoul*, as in our firſt acquaintance; and the preſerver of my life— Miſerable as that has been, the preſerver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* purſuit, in which had I periſhed, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my Siſter's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to reſtore her; who, I ſaid, loved you becauſe you were a virtuous man; and that her Love was not only founded in virtue, but was Virtue itſelf.

My Brother told me, that I was as much beſide myſelf with my notions of gratitude, as my Siſter was with a paſſion leſs excuſable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high ran words between us.

The Biſhop, mean time, went on with a true Church ſubtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boaſted afterwards of his art. But what was

there

there in it to boaſt of? A mind ſo pure and ſo ſimple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her Sex, and motives of Religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He aſked her, If ſhe were willing to leave her Father, Mother, Brothers, and Country, to go to a ſtrange land; to live among a hated people?

No, ſhe ſaid; you would not wiſh her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, That ſhe muſt, when married, do as her Huſband would have her.

She could truſt to your honour.

Would ſhe conſent that her children ſhould be trained up Heretics?

She was ſilent to this queſtion. He repeated it.

Well, my Lord, if I muſt not be allowed to chooſe for myſelf; only let me not hear the Chevalier ſpoken of diſreſpectfully: He does not deſerve it. He has acted by me with as much honour, as he did by my Brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—And don't let me have *other* propoſals made me; and I will be contented. I had never ſo much diſtinguiſhed him, if every-body had not as well as I.

He was pleaſed to find her anſwers ſo rational: He pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion, that you ſhould be deſired to quit Bologna: And your abſence, and a little time, he was ſure, would ſecure her health of mind.

But when her Aunt Sforza and her Couſin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting queſtions about you, abſolutely determined in your favour.

She anſwered the objections they made againſt you, with equal warmth and clearneſs. She ſeemed ſenſible of the unhappy way ſhe had been in, and would have it, that the laſt interview ſhe had with you, had

helped

helped to calm and reſtore her: And ſhe hoped that ſhe ſhould be better every day. She praiſed your behaviour to her: She expatiated upon, and pitied, your diſtreſs of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the Biſhop had reported; and, upon repeating the converſation, would have it, upon experience, that ſoothing ſuch a paſſion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be uſed, and that ſhe was to be ſhamed out of a Love ſo improper, ſo irreligious, ſo *ſcandalous*, to be encouraged in a Daughter of their houſe with a Heretic; and who had ſhewn himſelf to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new meaſures. They forbad her to think of you: They told her, That ſhe ſhould not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your underſtanding; and brought to prove what they ſaid againſt the latter, your obſtinate adherence to your *muſhroom* religion, ſo they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedneſs of your VIIIth Henry; in the ſuperſtition of a child his ſucceſſor; and in the arts of a vile woman who had martyred a Siſter Queen, a better woman than herſelf. They inſiſted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addreſſes, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modeſty, her paſſion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earneſt requeſt to ſee her Father, he was prevailed upon to refuſe her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza and her Daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never ſee her, but they inveigh againſt you as an artful, an intereſted man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebaſtiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My Mother ſhuns her; and indeed avoids me: But

as

as ſhe has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they ſuppoſe the wrongeſt ſtep that could have been taken; ſhe declares herſelf neutral, and reſigns to whatever ſhall be done by her Lord, by his Brother, her two Sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: But I am ſure, in her heart, that ſhe approves not of the new meaſures; and which are alſo, as I have reminded the Biſhop, ſo contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they begin to think of once more ſending my Siſter, or of prevailing on her to come hither: But Clementina ſeems not to be deſirous of going again to her; we know not why; ſince ſhe uſed to ſpeak of her with the higheſt reſpect.

The dear ſoul ruſhed in to me yeſterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! ſaid ſhe, they will drive me into deſpair. They hate me, Jeronymo—But I have written to Somebody!—Huſh! for your life, huſh.

She was immediately followed in by her Aunt Sforza, and her Couſin Laurana, and the General; who, tho' he heard not what ſhe ſaid, inſiſted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! ſaid ſhe, Muſt I not ſpeak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to ſay to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to viſit me: They, however, have had the civility to deſire my excuſe. They are ſure, they ſay, they are in the right way: And if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their meaſures, if they find theſe new ones ineffectual. But my Siſter will be loſt, irrecoverably loſt; I foreſee that.

Ah Grandiſon! And can you ſtill—But now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy *Grandiſon!* I will ſay. If you are not ſo, you cannot deſerve the affection of a Clementina.

But are *you* the Somebody to whom ſhe has written? *Has* ſhe written to you? Perhaps you will find

find ſome opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether ſhe has, or not. Camilla is forbidden to ſtir out of the houſe, or to write.

The General told me, juſt now, that my gratitude to you ſhewed neither more nor leſs, than the high value I put upon my own life.

I anſwered; That his obſervation *convinced* me, that he put a much leſs upon mine, than I, in the ſame caſe, ſhould have put upon his.

He reconciled himſelf to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't ſay *convinced*, Jeronymo. I love not myſelf better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with ſuch a man? He *does* love me.

My Mother, as I ſaid, is reſolved to be neutral: But, it ſeems, ſhe is always in tears.

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My Mother ſtept in juſt now—To my queſtion after my Sifter's health; Ah, Jeronymo! ſaid ſhe, All is wrong! The dear creature has been bad ever ſince yeſterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and ſilence, child! You and I have nothing to anſwer for.—Yet my Clementina, ſaid ſhe—Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will ſee, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandiſon! What will you do among us?—I wiſh you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, ſhall I ever have of ſeeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved ſo unexceptionably in a caſe ſo critical?

You muſt not think of the dear creature: Her head is ruined: For your *own* ſake, you muſt not. We are all unworthy of you: Yet, not *all:* All, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendſhip will juſtify my claim to another exception)

Your afflicted

JERONYMO.

LET-

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs BYRON. *To Miſs* SELBY.

O My Lucy! What think you!—But it is eaſy to gueſs what you muſt think. I will, without ſaying one word more, incloſe

Dr. Bartlett's *tenth Letter.*

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my viſit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myſelf with; and therefore had no other concern upon me but what aroſe from the unhappineſs of the noble Clementina: That indeed was enough. I thought I ſhould have ſome difficulty to manage my own ſpirit, if I were to find myſelf inſulted, eſpecially by the General. Soldiers are ſo apt to value themſelves on their knowlege of what, after all, one may call but their trade, that a private gentleman is often thought too ſlightly of by them. Inſolence in a great man, a rich man, or a ſoldier, is a *call* upon a man of ſpirit to exert himſelf. But I hope, thought I, I ſhall not have this call from any one of a family I ſo greatly reſpect.

I was received by the Biſhop; who politely, after I had paid my compliments to the Marquis and his Lady, preſented me to thoſe of the Urbino family to whom I was a ſtranger. Every one of thoſe named by Signor Jeronymo, in his laſt Letter, was preſent.

The Marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: The Marchioneſs put her handkerchief to her eyes; but withdrawing it again, looked upon me with tenderneſs; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my reſpects to the General with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderneſs due to our friendſhip; and congratulated

him

him on ſeeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes gliſtened with pleaſure; yet it was eaſy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew ſtronger as the firſt emotions at ſeeing me enter, gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta ſeemed to meaſure me with his eye.

I addreſſed myſelf to Father Mareſcotti, and made my particular acknowlegements to him for the favour of his viſit, and what had paſſed in it. He looked upon me with pleaſure; probably with the more, as this was a farewel viſit.

The two Ladies whiſpered, and looked upon me, and ſeemed to beſpeak each other's attention to what paſſed.

Signor Sebaſtiano placed himſelf next to Jeronymo, and often whiſpered him, and as often caſt his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, becauſe my generous friend ſeemed pleaſed with what he ſaid.

His Brother, Signor Juliano, ſat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young men.

A profound ſilence ſucceeded the general compliments.

I addreſſed myſelf to the Marquis: Your Lordſhip, and you, madam, turning to the Marchioneſs, I hope will excuſe me for having requeſted the favour of being once more admitted to your preſence, and to that of three Brothers, for whom I ſhall ever retain the moſt reſpectful affection. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the firſt families in it has done me the higheſt honour, without taking ſuch a leave as might ſhew my gratitude.—Accept, my Lords, bowing to each; Accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the Marchioneſs, my reſpectful thanks for all your goodneſs to me. I ſhall, to the end of my life, number moſt of the days that I have paſſed at Bologna among its happieſt, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The Marquis ſaid, We wiſh you, Chevalier, very happy; happier than—He ſighed, and was ſilent.

His Lady only bowed. Her face ſpoke diſtreſs. Her voice was loſt in ſighs, tho' ſhe ſtruggled to ſuppreſs them.

Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop, with an air of ſolemnity, you have given us many happy hours: For them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himſelf, will ſay more: He is the moſt grateful of men. We thank you alſo for what you have done for him.

I cannot, ſaid Jeronymo, expreſs ſuitably my gratitude: My prayers, my vows, ſhall follow you whitherſoever you go, beſt of friends, and beſt of men!

The General, with an air and a ſmile that might have been diſpenſed with, oddly ſaid, High pleaſure and high pain are very near neighbours: They are often guilty of exceſſes, and then are apt to miſtake each other's houſe. I am one of thoſe who think our whole houſe obliged to the Chevalier for the ſeaſonable aſſiſtance he gave to our Jeronymo. But—

Dear General, ſaid Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption: The intent of this meeting is amicable. The Chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; yet nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwiſe, ſaid the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; elſe, I *know* where it lies: In ſhort, among ourſelves. The Chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: We were all obliged to him: But to let ſuch a man as *this* have free admiſſion to our Daughter—She ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my Lord, Pray, Brother, ſaid the Marquis, Are we not enough ſufferers?

The Chevalier, ſaid the General, cannot but be gratified by ſo high a compliment; and ſmiled indignantly.

My Lord, replied I to the General, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the moſt afflicted man preſent.

Impoſſible! ſaid the Marquis, with a ſigh.

The Marchioneſs aroſe from her ſeat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two Ladies, and the Count, I have reſigned my will to the will of you all, my deareſt friends, and ſhall be permitted to withdraw. This teſtimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: Where-ever the fault lay, it lay not with the Chevalier. He has, from the firſt to the laſt, acted with the niceſt honour. He is intitled to our reſpect. The unhappineſs lies no-where but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is abſolutely out of the queſtion, ſaid the General: It is indeed, Chevalier.

I hope, my Lord, from a deſcendant of a family ſo illuſtrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words, and wounding looks; and that, Sir, as well from your generoſity, as from your *juſtice*.

My looks give you offence, Chevalier!—Do they?

I attended to the Marchioneſs. She came towards me. I aroſe, and reſpectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, I could not withdraw without bearing the teſtimony I have borne to your merits. I wiſh you happy.—God protect you, whitherſoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound reſpect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I ſuppreſſed the riſing tear. I took my ſeat.

I made no anſwer to the General's laſt queſtion, tho' it was ſpoken in ſuch a way (I ſaw by their eyes) as took every other perſon's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her Siſter was retired, hinted, that the laſt interview between the young Lady and me was an unadviſed permiſſion, tho' intended for the beſt.

I then

I then took upon me to defend that ſtep. Lady Clementina, ſaid I, had declared, That if ſhe were allowed to ſpeak her whole mind to me, ſhe ſhould be eaſy. I had for ſome time given myſelf up to abſolute deſpair. The Marchioneſs intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: It was the moſt affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me ſay, That, far from having bad effects on the young Lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a ſubject ſo very intereſting to *every one* preſent, but not more ſo to *any one* than to myſelf. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And ſince it is before us, let me recommend, as the moſt effectual way to reſtore every one to peace and happineſs, *gentle treatment*. The moſt generous, the meekeſt, the moſt dutiful of human minds, requires not harſh treatment.

How do *you* know, Sir, ſaid the General, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken—

And *are* they then harſh, my Lord? ſaid I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of meaſures was reſolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condeſcending, indulgent. I received but yeſterday Letters from my Father, ſignifying his intention of ſpeedily recalling me to my native country. I ſhall ſet out very ſoon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long-deſired end. What may be my deſtiny, I know not; but I ſhall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and diſtreſſed for the beloved Daughter of it. But let me beſpeak you all, for your own ſakes (Mine is out of the queſtion: I preſume not upon any hope on my own account) that you will treat this Angelic-minded Lady with tenderneſs. I pretend to ſay, that I know that harſh or ſevere methods will not do.

The General aroſe from his ſeat, and, with a coun-

tenance of fervor, next to fierceneſs—Let me tell you, Grandiſon, ſaid he—

I aroſe from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who ſat next him, he ſtopt, ſuppoſing me going to him, and ſeemed ſurpriſed, and attentive to my motions: But, diſregarding him, I addreſſed myſelf to that Lady. You, madam, are the Aunt of Lady Clementina: The tender, the indulgent Mother is abſent, and has declared, that ſhe reſigns her will to the will of her friends preſent—Allow me to ſupplicate, that former meaſures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning reaſon did I diſcover in our laſt interview. Her delicacy (Never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be ſatisfied. It *was* ſatisfied, and ſhe began to be eaſy. Were her mind but once compoſed, the ſenſe ſhe has of her duty, and what ſhe owes to her religion, would reſtore her to your wiſhes: But if ſhe ſhould be treated harſhly (tho' I am ſure, if ſhe *ſhould*, it would be with the beſt intention) Clementina will be loſt.

The General ſat down. They all looked upon one another. The two Ladies dried their eyes. The ſtarting tear *would* accompany my fervor. And then ſtepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronymo, ſaid I, my friend, my beloved friend, cheriſh in your noble heart the memory of your Grandiſon: Would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of ſovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Conſider of it.

My Grandiſon, my dear Grandiſon, my friend, my preſerver! You are not going!—

I *am*, my Jeronymo; and embraced him. Love me in abſence, as I ſhall you.

Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a ſmall collation.—We muſt not part with you yet.

I cannot, my Lord, accept the favour. Altho' I had given myſelf up to deſpair of obtaining the hap-

pineſs to which I once aſpired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conſcious of miſbehaviour. I thank you for the permiſſion I had to attend you all in full aſſembly. May God proſper *you*, my Lord; and may you be inveſted with the firſt honours of that church which muſt be adorned by ſo worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my native place, or *where-ever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family ſo reſpectable. Let me, my Lord, be intitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My Lord, ſaid he, to his Father; My Lord, to the General; Grandiſon muſt not go!—and ſat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana ſeemed moved: The two young Lords, Sebaſtiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addreſſed myſelf to the Marquis, who ſat undetermined, as to ſpeech: My venerable Lord, forgive me, that my addreſs was not firſt paid here. My heart overflows with gratitude for your goodneſs in permitting me to throw myſelf at your feet, before I took a laſt farewel of a city favoured with your reſidence. Beſt of Fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child neareſt, and *deſerving* to be neareſt, to your heart. She is all *you* and her *Mother*. Reſtore her to yourſelf, and to her, by your indulgence: That alone, and a bleſſing on your prayers, *can* reſtore her. Adieu, my good Lord: Repeated thanks for all your hoſpitable goodneſs to a man that will ever retain a grateful ſenſe of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he ſaid—He ſeemed in agitation. He could not ſay more.

I then, turning to the Count his Brother, who ſat next him, ſaid, I have not the honour to be fully known to your Lordſhip: Some prejudices from differences in opinion may have been conceived: But if

you ever hear any-thing of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once deſigned him; then, my Lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condeſcenſion of your noble Brother and Siſter in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! ſaid that Lord, in ſome hurry.—I think very well of you. I never ſaw a man, in my life, that I liked ſo well!

Your Lordſhip does me honour. I ſay this the rather, as I may, on this ſolemn occaſion, taking leave of ſuch honourable friends, charge my future life with reſolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I paſſed from him to the General—Forgive, my Lord, ſaid I, the ſeeming formality of my behaviour in this parting ſcene: It is a very ſolemn one to me. You have expreſſed yourſelf *of* me, and *to* me, my Lord, with more paſſion (Forgive me, I mean not to offend you) then perhaps you will approve in yourſelf when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a Son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to obſerve, that paſſion will make a man exalt himſelf, and degrade another; and the juſt medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of, than I ought to be, either in juſtice, or for the honour of a perſon who is dear to every one preſent. My country was once mentioned with diſdain: Think not my vanity ſo much concerned in what I am going to ſay, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Engliſhman: Yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the ſun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My Father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his Son; yet I preſume to add, that that Son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, tho' they are intitled by their rank to reſpect, are princes only to him as they act.

A few words more, my Lord.

I have been of the *hearing*, not of the *ſpeaking* ſide of the queſtion, in the two laſt conferences I had the honour to hold with your Lordſhip. Once you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can ſubdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I ſhould not have remembred this, had I not now, my Lord, on this ſolemn occaſion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I reſpect your Lordſhip *too much*, not to take notice of this angry reception. My ſilence upon it, perhaps, would look like ſubſcribing before this illuſtrious company to the juſtice of your contempt: Yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this*, to demonſtrate that I was not, in my *own* opinion at leaſt, abſolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, you ſo juſtly honour, and which I wiſhed to ſtand in with *you*.

And now, my Lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and, as I have given you no cauſe for diſpleaſure, ſay, that you will remember me with kindneſs, as I ſhall honour you and your whole family to the laſt day of my life.

The General heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any anſwer: The Biſhop aroſe, and, taking him aſide, endeavoured to calm him.

I addreſſed myſelf to the two young Lords, and ſaid, That if ever their curioſity led them to viſit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I ſhould be extremely glad of cultivating their eſteem and favour, by the beſt offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeneſs.

I addreſſed myſelf next to Lady Laurana—May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the choſen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breaſt of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen

your admirable Couſin, and, becauſe of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you, that tender and ſoothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would ſhew to *you*, in any calamity that ſhould befal you. I am not a bad man, madam, tho' of a different communion from yours. Think but half ſo charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his profeſſions, and I ſhall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me ſpoken of.

It is eaſy to imagine, Dr. Bartlett, that I addreſſed myſelf in this manner to this Lady, whom I had never before ſeen, that ſhe might not think the harder of her Couſin's prepoſſeſſions in favour of a Proteſtant.

I recommended myſelf to the favour of Father Mareſcotti. He aſſured me of his eſteem, in very warm terms.

And juſt as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the General came to me: You cannot think, Sir, ſaid he, nor did you *deſign* it, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould be pleaſed with your addreſs to me. I have only this queſtion to aſk, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me aſk your Lordſhip, ſaid I, When do you return to Naples?

Why that queſtion, Sir? haughtily.

I will anſwer you frankly. Your Lordſhip, at the firſt of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promiſed to pay my reſpects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my Lord, I hope, no cauſe to the contrary having ariſen from me, to be received by you with the ſame kindneſs and favour that you ſhewed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O Brother! ſaid the Biſhop, Are you not *now* overcome?

And are you in earneſt? ſaid the General.

I am, my Lord, I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of.

I never

I never intend to ſee it again. I would look upon your Lordſhip as one of thoſe friends: But you ſeem ſtill diſpleaſed with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: Once more I tender it. A man of ſpirit cannot be offended at a man of ſpirit, without leſſening himſelf. I call upon your dignity, my Lord.

He held out his hand, juſt as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conſcious of a ſuperiority in *this inſtance:* I took his hand, however, at his offer; yet pitied him, that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does and ſays.

The Biſhop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, ſaid he, muſt ever make you triumph. O Grandiſon! you are a Prince of the Almighty's creation.

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes, and held out his arms to embrace me.

The General ſaid, I ſhall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occaſion. Indeed, Grandiſon, it is difficult for ſufferers to act with ſpirit and temper at the ſame time.

It *is*, my Lord: I have found it ſo. My hopes raiſed, as once they were, now ſunk, and abſolute deſpair having taken place of them—Would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not any-body.

Yet, ſaid Jeronymo, you have ſome reaſon—To be ſent for as you were—

He was going on—Pray, Brother, ſaid the General—And turning to me, I may expect you, Sir, at Naples?

You may, my Lord. But one favour I have to beg of you mean time. It is, That you will not treat harſhly *your* dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to ſay, *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other requeſt on my own account: And that is, That you will tell her, that I took my leave of your whole family, by

their kind permiſſion; and that, at my departure, I wiſhed her, from my ſoul, all the happineſs that the beſt and tendereſt of her friends can wiſh her! I make this requeſt to you, my Lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, becauſe the tenderneſs which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too ſenſibly for her peace.

Be pleaſed my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the Marchioneſs. Would to Heaven—But Adieu, and once more Adieu, my Jeronymo. I ſhall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God reſtore your Siſter, and heal you!

I bowed to the Marquis, to the Ladies, to the General, to the Biſhop, particularly; to the reſt in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out at the door. The ſervants had planted themſelves in a row; not for ſelfiſh motives, as in England: They bowed to the ground, and bleſſed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purſe of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their ſight. God be with you, my honeſt friends! ſaid I; and departed—O, Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much diſtreſſed!

And now, my good Miſs Byron, Have I not reaſon, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the taſk you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon, now wonder that your Brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet you all ſay, I muſt proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatneſs of this man's behaviour! What a preſumption was it in your Harriet, ever to aſpire to call ſuch a one hers!

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

THIS Lady Olivia, Lucy, what can *ſhe* pretend to—But I will not puzzle myſelf about her. Yet *ſhe* pretend to give diſturbance to ſuch a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next Letter; or ſhe would not have been named by *me*.

Dr. Bartlett's *eleventh Letter.*

MR. Grandiſon, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in diſguiſe, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new diſturbance. But I will not mix the ſtories.

The next morning he received a Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a tranſlation of it:

My deareſt Grandiſon,

HOW do you?—Ever-amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of laſt night obtain for you! not a ſoul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared, That, were you a Catholic, it would be a *merit* to love you. Yet ſhe reluctantly praiſed you, and once ſaid, What, but *ſplendid ſins*, are the *virtues* of a *Heretic?*

Our two Couſins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wiſh. My Father wept like a child, when you were gone; and ſeemed to enjoy the praiſes given you by every one. The Count ſaid, He never ſaw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and addreſs, and your calmneſs and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and ſeveral times forgot that I ailed anything.

I begin to love Father Mareſcotti. He was with the foremoſt in praiſing you.

The General owned, that he once was reſolved to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, ſaid he, make me a viſit at Naples?—

You may depend upon it, he will, anſwered I.—

I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your addreſs to my Siſter, by the General, rather than by me: And Lady Sforza ſaid, It was a thouſand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeneſs of heart which makes you think ſo well, and ſpeak ſo tenderly, of thoſe of communions different from your own. So much ſteadineſs in your own Religion, yet ſo much prudence, in a man ſo young, they ſaid was aſtoniſhing! No wonder that your character ran ſo high, in every court you had viſited.

My Mother came in ſoon after you had left us. She was equally ſurpriſed and grieved to find you gone. She thought ſhe was ſure of your ſtaying ſupper; and, not ſatisfied with the ſlight leave ſhe had taken, ſhe had been ſtrengthening her mind to paſs an hour in your company, in order to take a more ſolemn one.

My Father aſked her after her Daughter.

Poor ſoul! ſaid ſhe, ſhe has heard that the Chevalier was to be here, to take leave of us.

By whom? By whom? ſaid my Father.

I cannot tell: But the poor creature is half-raving to be admitted among us. She has dreſſed herſelf in one of her beſt ſuits; and I found her ſitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in, does not do.

So the Chevalier ſaid, replied that Lady. Well, let us change it, with all my heart. It is no pleaſure to treat the dear girl harſhly—O Siſter! this a moſt extraordinary man!

That

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is juſt at the door. I could not prevail upon her—

We all looked upon one another.

Three ſoft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know ſhe was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, ſaid the Count: The Chevalier is not here.

Laurana aroſe, and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, How wild ſhe looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not ſeen her for two days before. O how earneſtly did ſhe look round her! withdrawing her hand from her Couſin, who would have led her to a chair, and ſtanding quite ſtill.

Come and ſit by me, my ſweet love, ſaid her weeping Mother.—She ſtept towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: You beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina?

I don't know—Still looking ronnd her, as wanting ſomebody.

Again her Mother courted her to ſit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you ſay.

Her Father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not ſpeak.—Ah, my Father! ſaid ſhe, ſtepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, Sir, faintly ſtruggling, with averted face—You love me not—You refuſed to ſee your child, when ſhe wanted to claim your protection!—I was uſed cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By every-body. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: And ſo I thought I would be contented. My Mamma, too!—But it is no matter. I ſaw it was to be ſo; and I did not care.

By my ſoul, ſaid I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The Chevalier is in the right. You ſee how ſenſible ſhe is of harſh treatment.

Well, well, ſaid the General, let us change our meaſures.

Still the dear girl looked out earneſtly, as for Somebody.

She looſed herſelf from the arms of her ſorrowing Father.

Let us in ſilence, ſaid the Count, obſerve her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his ſhoulder, as he ſat with his back towards her, paſſed him; then to the General; then to Signor Sebaſtiano; and to every one round, till ſhe came to me; looking at each over his ſhoulder in the ſame manner: Then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their full extent, ſhe held up her face meditating, with ſuch a ſignificant woe, that I thought my heart would have burſt.—Not a ſoul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza aroſe, took her two hands, the fingers ſtill claſped; and would have ſpoken to her, but could not; and haſtily retired to her ſeat.

Tears, at laſt, began to trickle down her cheeks, as ſhe ſtood fixedly looking up. She ſtarted, looked about her, and, haſtening to her Mother, threw her arms about her neck; and, hiding her face in her boſom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with ſobs that penetrated every heart.

The firſt words ſhe ſaid, were, Love me, my Mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raiſing her head, and again laying it in her Mother's boſom—If ever you loved me, love me now, my Mamma!—I have need of your love!

My Father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two ſons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himſelf.

He

He wanted as much comfort as his Father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to thoſe of his mind?

My two Brothers returned. This dear girl, ſaid the Biſhop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had ſeemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My Mother's boſom ſeemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still ſhe looked round her.

Suppoſe, ſaid I, ſomebody were to name the man ſhe ſeems to look for? It may divert this wildneſs.

Did ſhe come down, ſaid Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of ſeeing him?

She did.

Let *me*, ſaid the Biſhop, ſpeak to her. He aroſe, and, taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my dear Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fanſied. What made you dreſs yourſelf ſo prettily?

She looked earneſtly at him, in ſilence. He repeated his queſtion—I ſpeak, ſaid ſhe, all my heart; and then I ſuffer for it. Every-body is againſt me.

You ſhall not ſuffer for it: Every-body is for you.

I confeſſed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confeſſed to you, Brother: But what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am ſorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own ſoul!

Yet you never chide your own ſoul!

He turned his face from her to us. She muſt not be treated harſhly, ſaid he. He ſoothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his ſoothings, Did you expect any-body here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither.—Let go my hand, Brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, ſaid ſhe, what you heard ſaid of Somebody's threatening Somebody?—Don't let any-body hear us; drawing her to one end of the room.—

I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myſelf.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, ſaid the Count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleaſed to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream laſt night; and I cannot be eaſy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the Orange-grove, I thought I ſtumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not Somebody here to-night? And was not Somebody to ſup here? And *is* he here?

The General then went to her. My deareſt Clementina; my beloved Siſter; ſet your heart at reſt. Somebody is ſafe: Shall be ſafe.

She took firſt one of his hands, then the other; and, looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, ſaid ſhe.—What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who?—

You know whom I aſk after; but you want ſomething againſt me.

Then ſtepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo!—Did I ſee *you* before? and ſtroked my cheek.—Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, Sir, to the General, do you ſit down. She leaned her arm upon my ſhoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: Do I?

No, my deareſt Clementina.

That's my beſt Brother.—Cruel aſſaſſins!—But the brave man came juſt in time to ſave you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is ſafe, my dear. He could not ſtay.

Did any-body affront him?

No,

No, my love.

Are you ſure nobody did?—*Very* ſure? Father Mareſcotti, ſaid ſhe, turning to him (who wept from the time ſhe entered) You don't love him: But you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, he never did any-thing but good to any one.

Father Mareſcotti, ſaid I, admires him as much as any-body.

Admire him! Father Mareſcotti admire him!—But he does not *love* him. And I never heard *him* ſay one word againſt Father Mareſcotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, What made him go away, then? Was he not to ſtay to ſupper?

He was deſired to ſtay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whiſper you—Did he tell you that I wrote him a Letter?

I gueſſed you did, whiſpered I.

You are a ſtrange gueſſer: But you can't gueſs how I ſent it to him—But huſh, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, Did he ſay nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the General.

With the General! The General won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my Siſter what the Chevalier ſaid to you, at parting.

He repeated, exactly, what you had deſired him to ſay to her.

Why would they not let me ſee him; ſaid ſhe. Am I never to ſee him more?

I hope you will, replied the Biſhop.

If, reſumed ſhe, we could have done any-thing that might have looked like a return to his goodneſs to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular) I believe I ſhould have been eaſy.—And ſo you ſay he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wriſt,

as

as it lay over my ſhoulder: Poor Chevalier!—But huſh, huſh, pray huſh, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her Aunt, and Couſin Laurana. Love me again, madam, ſaid ſhe, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, ſee the Chevalier Grandiſon?

I did.

And did he go away ſafe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preſerved the life of our dear Jeronymo, ſaid ſhe, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to ſay a few words to him. I was aſtoniſhed to find him not here: And then my dream came into my head. It was a ſad dream, indeed!—But, Couſin, be good to me: Pray do. You did not uſe to be cruel. You uſed to ſay, you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miſerable: At times I know I am; and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: But then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do, love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: Indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! What is become of all your fine promiſes? But then every-body loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me, It is all for my good. Naughty Laurana, to wound my heart by your croſſneſs, and then ſay, It is for my good!—Do you think I ſhould have ſerved you ſo?

Laurana bluſhed, and wept. Her Aunt promiſed her, that every-body would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if ſhe would make her heart eaſy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandiſon. I know you love I ſhould be ſo. From this minuteneſs you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are reſolved to take your advice (It was very ſeaſonable) and treat her with indulgence. The Count is earneſt to have it ſo.

CA-

CAMILLA has juſt left me. She ſays, That her young Lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great meaſure, to her being indulged in aſking the ſervants, who ſaw you depart, how you looked; and being ſatisfied that you went away unhurt, and un-affronted.

Adieu, my deareſt, my beſt friend. Let me hear from you, as often as you can.

I JUST now underſtand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earneſt requeſt to my Father, Mother, and Aunt; and been refuſed. She came back from them deeply afflicted, and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: But I muſt, for my own ſake, write ſhorter Letters. Yet how can I? Since, however melancholy the ſubject, when I am writing to you, I am converſing with you. My dear Grandiſon, once more

Adieu.

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy ſtory has coſt me? I cannot dwell upon the ſcenes!— Begone, all thoſe wiſhes that would interfere with the intereſt of that ſweet diſtreſſed Saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to ſee him! She would, moſt probably, have been quieted in her mind, if ſhe had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear, what a generoſity, is there in her Love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L's Study, ſaid to me, that his compaſſion was engaged, but his honour was free: And ſo it ſeems to be: But a generoſity, in return for her generoſity, muſt bind ſuch a mind as his.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

IN the Doctor's next Letter, incloſed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal: I fanſy, my dear, it muſt be a charming thing. I wiſh we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the preſumptuous Harriet had hopes, that ſhe might have been intitled— But no more of theſe hopes— It can't be helped, Lucy.

Dr. Bartlett's *twelfth Letter.*

MR. Grandiſon proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myſelf in viſiting and taking leave of ſeveral worthy members of the Univerſity, with whom I had paſſed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my reſidence in this noble city. In my Literary Journal you have an account of thoſe worthy perſons, and of ſome of our converſations. I paid my duty to the Cardinal Legate, and the Gonfaloniere, and to three of his counſellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewiſe greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their converſation: Such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found, the General had been there to enquire after me.

I ſent one of my ſervants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the General, to the Biſhop, and Jeronymo; and with particular enquiries after the health of the Ladies, and the Marquis; but had only a general anſwer, That they were much as I left them.

The two young Lords, Sebaſtiano and Juliano, made me a viſit of ceremony. They talked of viſiting England in a year or two. I aſſured them of my beſt

beſt ſervices, and urged them to go thither. I aſked them after the healths of the Marquis, the Marchioneſs, and their beloved Couſin Clementina. Signor Sebaſtiano ſhook his head: Very, *very* indifferent, were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardſhip. I told you in their courſe, the ſteps I took in thoſe affairs; and how happy I had been in ſome parts of management. There I hope ſoon to ſee you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, to whoſe care I can ſo ſafely conſign my precious truſt, while I go to Paris, and attend the wiſhed-for call of my Father to my native country, from which I have been for ſo many years an exile.

There alſo I hope to have ſome opportunities of converſing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; reſolving to make another effort to get ſo valuable a perſon to reſtore herſelf to my beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to conſole myſelf, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the diſtreſſes of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I ſhall be ſooner ſo, than I could have been in the ſame circumſtances, had I, from the firſt of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hoſpitality) indulged a paſſion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after conſolation. When ſhe made her unſeaſonable viſit to me at Bologna, ſhe refuſed to return to Florence without me, till I aſſured her, that as my affairs would ſoon call me thither, I would viſit her at her own palace, as often as thoſe affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was, to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had ſettled every-thing for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, tho' ſhe had wrought ſo with Emily, as to induce her to

be

be an earneſt petitioner to me, to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whoſe equipages, and the glare in which ſhe lives, had dazled the eyes of the young Lady.

I WAS impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and juſt as I was ſetting out for Florence, in deſpair of that favour, it being the ſecond day after my farewel viſit, I had the following Letter from him:

I Have not been well, my dear Grandiſon. I am afraid the wound in my ſhoulder muſt be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a ſtrange rate. They promiſed to keep meaſures with the dear creature; but ſhe has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to ſee you.

Poor ſoul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her Father, Mother, Aunt, to permit her to ſee you, but for *five* minutes: That was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my laſt.

Camilla was afraid ſhe would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you— She did; but it laſted not long: For ſhe made an effort, ſoon after, to go out of the houſe by way of the garden. The gardener refuſed his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom ſhe had, by an innocent piece of art, but juſt before, ſent to bring her ſomething from her toilette.

The General went with Camilla to her. They found her juſt ſetting a ladder againſt the wall. She heard them, and ſcreamed, and, leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till ſhe came in ſight of the great caſcade; into which, had ſhe not by a croſs alley been intercepted by the General, it is feared ſhe would had thrown herſelf.

This has terrified us all: She begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and ſhe promiſes to make herſelf eaſy: But it is not thought adviſeable.

Yet

Yet Father Mareſcotti himſelf thought it beſt to indulge her. Had my Mother been earneſt, I believe it had been granted: But ſhe is ſo much concerned at the blame ſhe met with on permitting the laſt interview, that ſhe will not contend, tho' ſhe has let them know, that ſhe did not oppoſe the requeſt.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning — Jeronymo! He will be *gone*, ſaid ſhe; I *know* he will. All I want is, but to ſee him! To wiſh him happy! And to know, If he will remember me when he is gone, as I ſhall him!— Have *you* no intereſt, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* ſee him? Not *once?*

The Biſhop, before I could anſwer, came in queſt of her, followed by Laurana, from whom ſhe had forcibly diſengaged herſelf, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: Gone for ever. Is there ſo much in being allowed to ſay, Farewel, and be happy, Grandiſon! and excuſe all the trouble I have given you?—What has my Brother's preſerver done, what have I done, that I muſt not ſee him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my Lord, ſaid I, ſhe ſhould be complied with. Indeed ſhe ſhould.

My *Father* thinks otherwiſe, ſaid the Biſhop: The *Count* thinks otherwiſe: *I* think otherwiſe. Were the Chevalier a common man, ſhe might. But ſhe dwells upon what paſſed in the laſt interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peeviſhly, you will always think differently from every-body elſe! Mrs. Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? ſaid ſhe.— I don't love her: She tells every-thing I ſay.

Come, my dear love, ſaid Laurana, you afflict your

your Brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict every-body, and every-body afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me ſo impatient: And I have ſomething to ſay to him. My Father won't ſee me: My Mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and ſhe hides herſelf from me!— And I am a priſoner, and watched, and uſed ill!

Here comes my Mother! ſaid Laurana. You now *muſt* go up to your chamber, Couſin Clementina.

So ſhe does, ſaid ſhe: Now I muſt go, indeed!— Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no ſaying nay!— But it is hard! *Very* hard!— And ſhe burſt into tears. I won't ſpeak tho', ſaid ſhe, to my Aunt. Remember, I will be ſilent, madam!—Then whiſpering me, My Aunt, Brother, is not the Aunt ſhe uſed to be to me!— But huſh, I don't complain, you know!

By this I ſaw that Lady Sforza was ſevere with her.

She addreſſed herſelf to her Aunt: You are not my Mamma, are you, Madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my Brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as any-body. But huſh, Jeronymo!—Don't you betray me!—Now my Aunt is come, I muſt go!—I wiſh I could run away from you all!

She was yeſterday detected writing a Letter to you. My Mother was ſhewn what ſhe had written, and wept over it. My Aunt took it out of my Siſter's boſom, where ſhe had thruſt it, on her coming in. This ſhe reſented highly.

When ſhe was led into her own chamber, ſhe refuſed to ſpeak; but in great hurry went to her cloſet, and, taking down her Bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and ſat over-againſt the cloſet-door to obſerve her motions. She came to a place— *Pretty!* ſaid ſhe.

The

The Biſhop had formerly given her a ſmattering of Latin—She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll ſee, Chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, hy what ſhe omitted, and what ſhe choſe, from the Canticles. *Velut unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum*, &c.

[In the Engliſh tranſlation, thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: The upright love thee.*

Look not upon me becauſe I am black, becauſe the ſun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth! where thou feedeſt, where thou makeſt thy flock to reſt at noon: For why ſhould I be as one that turneth aſide by the flocks of thy companions?]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow reſting on the eſcritoire ſhe wrote upon, her hand ſupporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? ſaid her Aunt, ſtepping to her; and, taking up the paper, read it, and took it out of the cloſet with her, unoppoſed; her gentle boſom only heaving with ſighs.

I will write no more, ſo minutely, on this affecting ſubject, my Grandiſon.

They are all of opinion that ſhe will be eaſy, when ſhe knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they ſtrengthen their opinion by theſe words of hers, above-recited: 'Why he will be gone, I tell 'you; and this makes me ſo impatient.'—At leaſt, they are reſolved to try the experiment. And ſo, my dear Grandiſon, you muſt be permitted to leave us!

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays

Your ever-affectionate

JERONYMO.

Mr.

Mr. Grandiſon, having no hopes of being allowed to ſee the unhappy Lady, ſet out with an afflicted heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois ſhould prepare every-thing for his inſpection againſt his return from Naples; and then he ſet out for that city, to attend the General.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himſelf at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had alſo ſome at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave, before he ſet out for Paris: And therefore went to attend the General with the greater pleaſure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The General received me, ſaid Mr. Grandiſon, with greater tokens of politeneſs than affection. You are the happieſt man in the world, Chevalier, ſaid he, after the firſt compliments, in eſcaping dangers by braving them. I do aſſure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myſelf the favour of paying you a viſit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed reſolved to do it, till you propoſed this viſit to me here.

I ſhould have been very ſorry, replied I, to have ſeen a Brother of Lady Clementina in *any* way that ſhould not have made me conſider him as her Brother. But, before I ſay another word, let me aſk after her health. How does the moſt excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my Lord: But it is not for want of ſolicitude. I have ſent three ſeveral meſſengers; but can hear nothing to my ſatisfaction.

Nor can you hear any-thing from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my ſoul, that I cannot. How, my Lord, do the Marquis and Marchioneſs!

Don't aſk. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone—

A dreadful operation, interrupted the General.—

He

He has. Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preſerve my Brother! But, Chevalier, you did not ſave half a life, tho' we thank you for that, when you reſtored him to our arms.

I had no reaſon to boaſt, my Lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and coſt me nothing. The ſervice was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, Chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am ſure, my Lord, I have reaſon to join in the wiſh.

He ſhewed me his pictures, ſtatues, and cabinet of curioſities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the oſtentation of his magnificence and taſte, than to do me pleaſure. I even obſerved an increaſing coldneſs in his behaviour; and his eye was too often caſt upon me with a fierceneſs that ſhewed reſentment; and not with the hoſpitable frankneſs that became him to a viſiter and gueſt who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to ſhew him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his diſcredit than mine, I pitied him for. But what moſt of all diſturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one perſon, whoſe diſtreſſes lay heavy upon my heart.

There were ſeveral perſons of diſtinction at dinner; the diſcourſe could therefore be only general. He paid me great reſpect at his table; but it was a ſolemn one. I was the more uneaſy at it, as I apprehended, that the ſituation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You ſtay with me at leaſt the week out, Chevalier?

No, my Lord: I have affairs of a deceaſed friend at Florence and at Leghorn to ſettle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I ſhall ſet out for Rome, in my way to Tuſcany.

I am ſurpriſed, Chevalier. You take ſomething amiſs in my behaviour.

I cannot ſay that your Lordſhip's countenance (I am a very free ſpeaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleaſure to ſee in it.

By G. Chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I ſee you not here with ſo much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my Lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: But I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowlegement in general.

By *admiration* I mean, all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatneſs of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to inſult me?

I meant to obſerve to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deſerved to be treated: But when I thought your warmth was riſing to the uneaſineſs of your aſſembled friends, inſtead of anſwering your queſtion about my ſtay at Bologna, as you ſeemed to mean it, I invited myſelf to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in ſuch a manner as ſurely could not be conſtrued an inſult.

I own, Grandiſon, you diſconcerted me. I had intended to ſave you that journey.

Was that your Lordſhip's meaning, when, in my abſence, you called at my lodgings, the day after the farewel-viſit?

Not abſolutely: I was uneaſy with myſelf. I intended to talk with you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: But had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have anſwered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you anſwer me now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be anſwered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be anſwered?

My Lord, I will explain myſelf. You had conceived cauſeleſs prejudices againſt me: You ſeemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence: I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes given me, in which I was diſappointed, not by my own fault: Whom ſhall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my deſtruction. For was I not in the midſt of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to ſeek me?—I would chooſe to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law ſuppoſes flight a confeſſion of guilt: Had you made demands upon me that I had not choſen to anſwer, I would have expoſtulated with you. I could perhaps have done ſo as calmly as I now ſpeak. If you would not have been expoſtulated with, I would have ſtood upon my defence: But for the world I would not have hurt a Brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a Son of the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your paſſion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your ſword (a piſtol, had the choice been left to me, I had refuſed for both our ſakes), I would have preſented both ſwords to you, and bared my breaſt: It was before penetrated by the diſtreſſes of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—Perhaps I ſhould only have ſaid, 'If your Lordſhip thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.'

And now, that I am at Naples, let me ſay, that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elſewhere, on my re-

turn, with an unfriendly purpoſe; ſuch, and no other, ſhall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to ſhew it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generoſity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty ſecure themſelves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily ſaid he, and ſtood ſtill, meaſuring me with his eye: And could you hope for ſuch an advantage?

While I, my Lord, was calm, and determined only upon ſelf-defence; while you were paſſionate, and perhaps raſh, as aggreſſors generally are; I did not doubt it: But could I have avoided drawing, and preſerved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your Lordſhip cannot but know my principles.

Grandiſon, I *do* know them; and alſo the general report in your favour for ſkill and courage. Do you think I would have heard with patience of the once propoſed alliance, had not your character—And then he was pleaſed to ſay many things in my favour, from the report of perſons who had weight with him; ſome of whom he named.

But ſtill, Grandiſon, ſaid he, this poor girl!—She could not have been ſo deeply affected, had not ſome Lover-like arts—

Let me, my Lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* ſuch arts been uſed, the Lady could *not* have been ſo much affected. Cannot you think of your noble Siſter, as a Daughter of the two houſes from which you ſprang? Cannot you ſee her, as by Mrs. Beaumont's means we now ſo lately have been able to ſee her, ſtruggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender ſubject?] becauſe of her duty and her religion; and reſolved to die rather than encourage a wiſh that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my Lord, urge this ſubject: But there never was a paſſion ſo nobly contended with. There never was a man more diſ-

intereſted, and ſo circumſtanced. Remember only, my voluntary departure from Bologna, againſt perſuaſion; and the great behaviour of your Siſter on that occaſion, great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowlege what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heavieſt concern.

Indeed, Grandiſon, ſhe ever was a noble girl! We are too apt perhaps to govern ourſelves by events, without looking into cauſes: But the acceſs you had to her; ſuch a man! and who became known to us from circumſtances ſo much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery—

This, my Lord, interrupted I, is ſtill judging from events. You have ſeen Mrs. Beaumont's Letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer, for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that Letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with theſe words: 'Gran-
'diſon will certainly viſit you at Naples. I am afraid
'of your warmth. His ſpirit is well known. All
'my dependence is upon his principles. He will not
'draw but in his own defence. Cheriſh the noble
'viſiter. Surely, Brother, I may depend upon your
'hoſpitable temper. Read over again this Letter,
'before you ſee him.'—I have not yet read it, proceeded the General; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half-aſhamed of myſelf, my dear Grandiſon: I own I wanted magnanimity. All the diſtreſſes of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be diſſatisfied with you: Forgive me, and command my beſt ſervices. I will let our Jeronymo know how

greatly you ſubdued me before I had recourſe to the Letter; but that I have ſince read that part of it which accounts for my Siſter's paſſion, and wiſh I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you:* I am proud of my *Siſter.* Yet I obſerve from this very Letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—Let us not ſay one word more of the unhappy girl: It is painful to me to talk of her.

Not aſk a queſtion, my Lord?—

Don't, Grandiſon, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my ſoul's woe—But they are not worſe than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will preſent you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I muſt depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of ſeveral of my friends here: I have ſome to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reſerved for my return.

You ſtay with me to-night?

I intend it, my Lord.

Well, we will return to company. I muſt make my excuſes to my friends. Your departure to-morrow muſt be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if poſſible, to ſtay longer.

We returned to the company.

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Miſs* SELBY.

REceive now, my dear, the Doctor's thirteenth Letter, and the laſt he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the hiſtories of Mrs. Beaumont, and Lady Olivia.

Dr.

Dr. Bartlett's *thirteenth Letter.*

MR. Grandiſon ſet out next morning. The General's behaviour to him at his departure, was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandiſon, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the ſpirit, and yet with the temper, for which he is noted, when he engages in any buſineſs. He put every-thing in a happy train in fewer days than it would have coſt ſome other perſons months; for he was preſent himſelf on every occaſion, and in every buſineſs, where his preſence would accelerate it: Yet he had embarraſſments from Olivia.

He found, before he ſet out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earneſt requeſt of the Marchioneſs, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing any-thing from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requeſting her to inform him of the ſtate of things in that family, as far as ſhe thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whoſe ſilence to three Letters he had written, he had the moſt melancholy apprehenſions. He let that Lady know, that he ſhould ſet out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of ſervice to the family ſhe favoured with her company.

To this Letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following anſwer:

SIR,

I Have the favour of yours. We are very miſerable here. The ſervants are forbidden to anſwer any enquiries, but generally; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a ſevere operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his abſolute recovery, but that he will be no worſe than he was before the neceſſity for the operation aroſe. Poor man! He forgot

not, however, his Sifter and you, when he was out of the power of the opiates that were adminiſtred to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: Sometimes raving, ſometimes gloomy; and in bonds—Twice had ſhe given them apprehenſions of fatal attempts: They therefore confined her hands.

They have been exceſſively wrong in their management of her: Now ſoothing, now ſevere; obſerving no method.

She was extremely earneſt to ſee you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly ſhe beſought this favour, and promiſed to be eaſy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the ſymptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying at the time when ſhe was ſo deſirous of ſeeing you. I told them, that ſoothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her ſo. Camilla ſhocked me with the deſcription of her rage and deſpair, on the communication. This was followed by fits of ſilence, and the deepeſt melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of ſervice to her: But for two days together ſhe regarded me not, nor any-thing I could ſay to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneaſy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her reſtored to the uſe of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehenſions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occaſion for aſſiſtance, I inſenſibly led that way. She ſat down on a ſeat over-againſt the great caſcade; but ſhe made no motion that gave me apprehenſions. From this time ſhe has been fonder of me than be-

fore.

fore. The day I obtained this liberty for her, ſhe often claſped her arms about me, and laid her face in my boſom; and I could plainly ſee, it was in gratitude for reſtoring to her the uſe of her arms: But ſhe cared not to ſpeak.

Indeed ſhe generally affects deep ſilence: Yet, at times, I ſee her very ſoul is fretted. She moves to one place, is tired of that; ſhifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very fervent in her devotions, and as conſtant in them as ſhe uſed to be: Every good habit ſhe preſerves; yet, at other times, rambles much.

She is often for writing Letters to you; but when what ſhe writes is privately taken from her, ſhe makes no enquiry about it, but takes a new ſheet, and begins again.

Sometimes ſhe draws: But her ſubjects are generally, Angels and Saints. She often meditates in a map of the Britiſh dominions, and now-and-then wiſhes ſhe were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earneſt to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where ſhe has alſo a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That Lady profeſſes to love her; but ſhe cannot be perſuaded out of her notion of harſh methods; which will never do with Clementina.

I ſhall not be able to ſtay long with her. The diſcompoſure of ſo excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good or pleaſure, I ſhould be willing to deny myſelf the ſociety of my dear friends at Florence: But I am perſuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to ſettle her mind, than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, Sir, to ſee you before you leave Italy. It muſt be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propoſe the latter.

I have

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have conſulted are all for ſevere methods, and low diet. The firſt, I think, is in compliment to ſome of the family: She is ſo loth to take nouriſhment, and, when ſhe does, is ſo very abſtemious, that the regimen is hardly neceſſary. She never, or but very ſeldom, uſed to drink any-thing but water.

She took it into her poor head ſeveral times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to ſit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if ſhe were liſtening to ſomebody. She ſometimes ſmiled, and ſeemed pleaſed; looked up, as if to ſomebody, and ſpoke Engliſh. I have no doubt, though I was not preſent when ſhe aſſumed theſe airs, and talked Engliſh, but her diſordered imagination brought before her her tutor inſtructing her in that tongue.

You deſired me, Sir, to be very particular. I have been ſo; but at the expence of my eyes: And I ſhall not wonder if your humane heart ſhould be affected by my ſad tale.

God preſerve you, and proſper you in whatſoever you undertake!

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Beaumont ſtaid at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young Lady.

At taking leave, ſhe aſked her, What commands ſhe had for her?—Love me, ſaid ſhe, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whiſpering her) you will ſee the Chevalier, perhaps, though I muſt not.—Tell him, that his poor friend Clementina is ſometimes very unhappy!—Tell him, that ſhe ſhall rejoice to ſit next him in Heaven!— Tell him, that I ſay he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he ſhuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him, that I ſhall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me aſſurance, that the Lady will love him as well as Somebody elſe would have done.— O Mrs. Beaumont! ſhould the

Chevalier

Chevalier Grandiſon marry a woman unworthy of him, what a diſgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandiſon by this time had prepared everything for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love, was arrived from the Levant, and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's requeſt, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting, engaged to continue by Letter what had been the ſubject of their daily converſations, and tranſmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandiſon's ſentiments and behaviour, on every occaſion; Mr. Beauchamp propoſing him as a pattern to himſelf, that he might be worthy of the Credential Letters he had furniſhed him with to every one whom he had thought deſerving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to viſit.

To the care of the perſon ſo much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandiſon left his agreeable Ward, Miſs Jervois; requeſting the aſſiſtance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promiſed her inſpection; and with the goodneſs for which ſhe is ſo eminently noted, performed her promiſe in his abſence.

He then made an offer to the Biſhop to viſit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he ſet out for Paris.

It was not long before his Father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he ſent for his Ward and his friend.

But, my good Miſs Byron, you will ſay, That I have not yet fully anſwered your laſt enquiry, relating to the preſent ſituation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Grandiſon had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wiſh that they had permitted the interview ſo much deſired by the poor Lady: And when they afterwards underſtood that he was ſent for to England, to take poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate, that farther

diſtance (the notion likewiſe of the ſeas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor Lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: For ſtill an interview with Mr. Grandiſon having never been granted, it was her firſt wiſh.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandiſon, I know not; but it is certain, ſhe herſelf expected to ſee him at the end of every journey; and, while ſhe was moving, was eaſier, and more compoſed; perhaps in that hope.

The Marchioneſs was ſometimes of the party. The air and exerciſe were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her Daughter. Her Couſin Laurana was always with her in theſe excurſions, and ſometimes Lady Sforza; and their eſcorte was, generally, Signors Sebaſtiano and Juliano.

But, within theſe four months paſt, theſe journeyings have been diſcontinued. The young Lady accuſes them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to eſcape from them.

She is, for this reaſon, cloſely confined, and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneaſy in it: But this being done unknown to the General, when he was appriſed of it, he, for reaſons I cannot comprehend, was diſpleaſed, and had her taken out, directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon ſeeing her tutor, her friend, her Chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with ſuch hopes; becauſe they have thereby kept up her ardor for an interview. Could ſhe but once more ſee him, ſhe ſays, and let him know the cruelty ſhe has been treated with, ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied. *He* would pity her, ſhe is ſure, tho' nobody elſe will.

The

The Biſhop has written to beg, that Sir Charles would pay them one more viſit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himſelf the communicating to you, Ladies, his reſolution on this ſubject. I had but a moment's ſight of the Letters which ſo greatly affected him.

It is but *within* theſe few days paſt that this new requeſt has been made to him, in a *direct* manner. The queſtion was before put, If ſuch a requeſt *ſhould* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's preſence wiſhed for.

Mean time the poor Lady is haſtening, they are afraid, into a conſumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, ſtill adores her. The diſorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and ſome of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himſelf, pities her; and declares, that he would run all riſques of her recovery, would the family give her to him: And yet he knows, that ſhe would chooſe to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandiſon, rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generouſly applauds her for preferring her Faith to her Love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another ſevere operation on the next day after the Letters came from Bologna; the ſucceſs of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to ſupport himſelf under ſuch heavy afflictions! For thoſe of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in ſecret for them. A feeling heart is a bleſſing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral ſecurity of innocence; ſince the heart that is able to partake of the diſtreſs of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miſs Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at preſent able, obeyed all your commands

that

that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family. I will defer, if you pleaſe, thoſe which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beaumont (Ladies of very different characters from each other) having ſeveral Letters to write.

Permit me, my good Ladies, and my Lord, after contributing ſo much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the diſtreſſes of life, whether they affect ourſelves or others, to thoſe motives that can alone give ſupport to a rational mind. This mortal ſcene, however perplexing, is a very ſhort one; and the hour is haſtening when all the intricacies of human affairs ſhall be cleared up; and all the ſorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the higheſt joy: When all worthy minds ſhall be united in the ſame intereſts, the ſame happineſs.

Allow me to be, my good Miſs Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L. and Miſs Grandiſon,

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr. Bartlett! How worthy of himſelf is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the Doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning conſolation and inſtruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to ſucceed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not ſolicitous to make known a ſituation ſo embarraſſing to himſelf, and ſo much involved in clouds and uncertainty: But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of

HARRIET BYRON.

END of VOL. III.

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